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332a Genlis, Stephanie Felicité Ducrest de St. A[illegible] Comtesse de

ADELAIDE AND THEODORE;

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OR

LETTERS ON EDUCATION:

CONTAINING

All the Principles relative to three different Plans of Education; to that of Princes, and to those of young Persons of both Sexes.

Translated from the French of Madame la Comtesse de Genlis.

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ADELAIDE AND THEODORE.

LETTER I.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

TWO day ago, being alone in my apartment with *Adelaide*, Miſs *Bridget* entered haſtily, and, calling to me from the door, ſaid, ſhe was certain I ſhould be ſatisfied with the manner in which *d'Ainville* had executed my commiſſion—At that inſtant he came in, leading the moſt charming child I ever ſaw; it was a beautiful little girl, of ſix years and a half, who, on perceiving me, ran to me, holding out her hands—I ſet her on my knee, and aſked *d'Ainville*, who ſhe was—he replied, it is a little orphan; ſhe has loſt her father ſome years, and her mother is juſt dead—Ah! Mamma, ſaid *Adelaide*, you will take care of her! It will be a good action, ſaid *d'Ainville*, for ſhe is with an old woman who cannot afford

to keep her any longer—I will, interrupted I, with pleaſure accept the charge; but what ſhall I do with her till we find a proper ſituation to place her in? Oh! Mamma, let us keep her! She is ſo pretty, and looks ſo mild!—That is impoſſible!—But at leaſt keep her here for ſome days—Well, I conſent to that; and you, *Adelaide*, ſhall have the care of her; I have ſo many other employments... With all my heart... Mamma, ſhe ſhall ſleep in my chamber... Oh! the charming little creature! I will be her Governeſs!... I muſt talk to her in Italian. In ſhort, as all this diſcourſe had paſſed in French, the child did not underſtand one word of it.—*Adelaide*, embracing her tenderly, ſaid, I am going to be your Mamma.—Shall I? At the word *Mamma*, the poor little thing wept bitterly, and cried, I have none! *Adelaide* fell on her neck, and, taking her in her arms, my Mamma will be yours, ſhe ſaid—The child then looked at me, her eyes ſtill full of tears; is it true, ſaid ſhe, that I ſhall remain with you always?... She aſked this queſtion with ſo much ſimplicity, ſo tender an air, and ſweet a tone of voice, that I felt it to the bottom of my heart—Yes, replied I, you ſhall never leave us.—Theſe words made *Adelaide* as happy as the child, and more ſo, when I added, that I was really determined to keep her, becauſe ſhe appeared to be as ſenſible as ſhe was pretty.—But, Mamma! ſaid *Adelaide*, you have promiſed alſo, that I ſhall be her Governeſs—We ſhall ſee that, anſwered I, we will talk about it in the evening.—At half paſt eight, when the child was gone to bed, I had a long converſation on the ſubject with *Adelaide*.—Was you ſerious, ſaid I, when you deſired to have

the care of this little girl?—Yes, indeed, Mamma, I doat on children, and — But you are yourself little more than a child, you are but thirteen years and an half old.—My dear Mamma has sometimes said, that I have a good deal of sense for my age.—That is true; but do you think that you are capable of educating a child? No, Mamma, I am not so vain; but I think, that with your advice and assistance there is nothing one cannot do—if I had a sister of that age, surely I could be of some use—for my own amusement I should teach her some things; I would make her read—I would tell her little stories—and, if she was inattentive, I would rebuke her mildly—for instance, if she should be inquisitive—I know by heart all that I should say to her—I would tell her all that has happened to me—and the *Veillée des quarante*—and the *Bambelina Francese*. — All that would avail nothing, if you did not set her a good example... How would she know that she ought to be attentive, if she see you draw without attending—and play on the harp without looking at your notes?—Mamma, in general, I do attend... Yes, in general, I own you do; but good examples must be shewn constantly to have a proper effect... The fear of spoiling a child by setting a bad example will be a sufficient reason for me to conduct myself well... That may be, and I am rather inclined to let you make the trial—Oh! Mamma, do, I conjure you!—It is very likely, that you will some time or other be married and the mother of a family; if that happens, you will then have gained experience, which will be very useful to your children. —You have goodness of heart and generosity;—I am certain, therefore, that, though you are very

young, you are convinced of the important duty of a Governeſs.—I repeat to you, that it is all comprized in this one point, *always to ſet examples of thoſe virtues you require in others*—I ſhall be watchful of myſelf—You will do right, for nothing is more ſhocking than to ſpoil and corrupt a child born with natural good diſpoſitions.—The bare idea makes one tremble.—You will one day be accountable to God for the unhappineſs of that child; he will ſay, "I *created* her good, and *thou* "*haſt made her wicked:* at *the ſame time*, *barbarous*, "*impious*, *and ſacrilegious*, *thou haſt ſpoiled and diſ-* "*figured my work:* there is no *puniſhment too ſevere* "*for thee.*" Oh, Heavens!—but at the ſame time, there is no reward that a mother like mine has not a right to expect; in ſaying theſe words, *Adelaide* gently touched my face with her's, and I felt her tears run down my cheeks.—You frighten me, Mamma, ſaid ſhe; I dare no longer wiſh to be concerned in the education of this charming little girl.—You are too ſenſible how ſacred this duty is ever to neglect it.—Mamma! you really think ſo!—What joy you cauſe me?—Beſides, if this child ſhould become dear to you... Oh! I ſhall love her paſſionately!... Well, it will coſt you nothing; in endeavouring to make her perfect, you will inſenſibly correct your own faults—and the deſire of deſerving your confidence, and of contributing to your happineſs.—I underſtand you; I will watch over your conduct, I will give you advice, and I deliver the care of this child intirely to you.—Intirely—Oh! my God!—Yes, that is to ſay, ſhe ſhall ſleep in your room, ſhe ſhall not quit you, ſhe ſhall play in the cloſet where you ſtudy; at your leiſure hours you ſhall teach

teach her thoſe little things ſhe is capable of comprehending.—You ſhall in time procure for her thoſe maſters that you think neceſſary; and you will, in ſhort, be her miſtreſs, her Governeſs, and her mother.—Her mother! poor little thing, can I deſerve the name of mother!—Yes, without doubt, if you ſupply that place.—She will then call me Mamma, oh! I wiſh it were to-morrow that ſhe could ſay ſo!—Mamma, you muſt tell her that ſhe muſt obey me, and call me Mamma; for perhaps ſhe will not believe me.—I am ſorry I am ſo little of my age; if you would let me wear heels, I ſhould appear more reſpectable.—It is true, you have not a very ſtriking figure, but reaſon, application, and mildneſs will gain you as much reſpect as high heels.

After this converſation *Adelaide* went to bed, but not before ſhe had looked at her little charge, (who was in a profound ſleep) at the riſk of wakeing her, ſhe embraced her ſeveral times, and doubtleſs dreamed of her during the night.—Early the next morning, even before I was up, ſhe came to me leading her child, and told me ſhe had given her a new name, as ſhe did not like her own.—She calls her *Ermine*, becauſe ſhe is extremely fair, and her manners extremely mild.—*Ermine* is already accuſtomed to her little Mamma, and obeys her ſtrictly.—*Adelaide*, on her ſide, thinks of nothing but ſetting her good examples; ſhe makes her read, ſhe tranſlates my little ſtories into Italian that ſhe may underſtand them; and ſhe has deſired *d'Ainville* to teach her to draw.—Such, my dear friend, are the ſimple means I take to render *Adelaide* capable of bringing up one day or other her eldeſt daughter. She will paſs this important ap-

prenticeſhip under my own eyes; and it will not interfere with any of her other employments, becauſe ſhe has only to attend to a child, whoſe age requires no other care than to correct her if ſhe ſpeaks amiſs, or if ſhe fails in mildneſs and docility. —*Ermine* draws by the ſide of *Adelaide*, who will not ſuffer her to look off, and piques herſelf on ſetting her an example of attention.—We are determined, that *Ermine* ſhall not learn Muſick; we would have her know all ſorts of work; write and caſt accounts perfectly; underſtand French as well as Italian, and have a competent knowledge of Hiſtory.—As ſhe will not play on any inſtrument, ſhe may always follow her ſtudies in *Adelaide*'s apartment, without diſturbing her--*Adelaide*, by obſerving her with care, will learn to know children, their inclinations, their little tricks; in preſiding over her ſtudies ſhe will be accuſtomed to be diligent; ſhe will become more attentive, more ſagacious, more patient; in ſhort, the deſire of being well thought of and eſteemed by her pupil will make her correct many little faults in herſelf, and ripen her underſtanding.

The Roman Ladies, my dear friend, are in general neither handſome nor well dreſſed; they uſe no rouge, nor white and yellow powder, as I had been told-- they have a ſtrong diſlike to perfumes, and never uſe any; and, as they know the French women are always very much perfumed, when they think they ſhall meet any, they fill their noſes with little green leaves to prevent them from ſmelling---I own, I was a little ſurprized the firſt time I ſaw this green appearance half out of the noſes of all the women---*Adelaide* did not ſhew the leaſt aſtoniſhment at this cuſtom, for, ſince the *Veillée des quarante*, nothing ſeems to ſurprize her.

At

At Rome, it is a great mark of politeneſs to place the moſt conſiderable perſon backwards in your coach.---*You* would be unhappy here, becauſe it is not cuſtomary to drive faſt; they think it beneath their dignity; and they never ſtop in the ſtreets; if they have any orders to give to their footmen, they receive them as they walk ſlowly on. ---When the manners are corrupt, faſhion muſt neceſſarily feel it. I cannot give you an idea of what is here called gallantry, nor of the general manner in which they expreſs themſelves.---The man of faſhion, ſpeaking of a woman, deſcribes her very familiarly---as *la Marſeſcotti*---*La Paleſtiane*---*La Barberina*, &c.---Wit is perhaps more common here than in France; but there is no civilized country where education is ſo neglected, and ignorance ſo profound. Beſides, as, in all parts of Italy, all the great Lords, whoſe Palaces are ſo ſumptuous, live like little citizens. It is true, that they are fond of oſtentation, and that on particular occaſions they diſplay great magnificence; but, otherwiſe, they have ſcarce a dinner or ſupper; no eſtabliſhment; and think themſelves well lighted by a ſingle candle; and that they live well on half a crown a day.---With regard to jealouſy, they pretend, that it now exiſts only among the lower people, who poſſeſs it to a terrifying extreme; for here they ſtab, inſtead of boxing as at Paris.---You cannot imagine how common murders are at Rome. The aſſaſſin is always favoured by the people. All the ſhops and houſes are open to him; and he ſaves himſelf in one of the Churches, where he finds an aſylum as ſafe as it is ſacred.---Are theſe the Romans which Hiſtory celebrates? Is it the climate which produces

theſe manners?---It is the form of Government which does every thing.

Adieu, my dear friend, embrace *Conſtantia* for me, and tell her that I will certainly anſwer her pretty letter by the firſt poſt.

LETTER II.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

I Am alſo going to commence travelling, and ſet out on Monday for Spa; my Phyſician wiſhed to ſend me to Plombieres, but I aſſured him that place is ſo tireſome it would be death to me; and that I had a great deſire to ſpend ſome time at the Spa; which he not only conſented to, but ordered me thither immediately. I propoſe taking Madame *Valey* with me, whoſe health is really much impaired ſince her miſcarriage; otherwiſe I ſhould not have thought of indulging the extreme deſire ſhe has of taking this journey; for her late proceedings have intirely overcome the blind affection I once had for her. I expect to meet many acquaintance at the Spa, particularly the Chevalier *d'Herbain*, who ſet out for that place yeſterday, and took *Porphiry* with him, as they are now inſeparable; alſo Madame *de Bleſac*, and her daughter-in-law the little Counteſs *Anatolle*, Monſ. *d'Oſtalis*, and Madame *de Germeuil*, who has been returned only three months to Paris, but ſays her regard for Madame *de Valey* is her only motive for going to the Spa, as ſhe muſt be near her; ſo that connexion is again revived. But never

was

was divine friendſhip ſo much in faſhion as at preſent; for the women are always together; even at ſupper, they run and place themſelves next each other in order to avoid the men, and, if one unfortunately ſlips among them, the whole ſet are diſconcerted, and ſhew viſible marks of diſpleaſure in their countenances; however, ſome people will maintain, that they are as envious and ſatyrical as in our time; and that the men are not eſſentially worſe treated than they were eighteen years ago.—Oh! but, my dear, have you heard that the pretty, the grave, the inſipid Madame *de N*—— has a male friend? Undoubtedly you will be ſurpriſed to hear me ſo poſitively accuſe a perſon who has always had a good reputation; but one may without ſcruple mention Madame *de N*—'s conqueſt, as ſhe talks of it herſelf to every one who will attend to her; otherwiſe, no woman, in my opinion, has a right to attack the character of another, even to her moſt intimate friend. This free confeſſion, however, is ſuppoſed to do infinite honour to Madame *de N*——, and renders her perfectly engaging; all the world commend her ſincerity, and think her integrity and honeſty ought to excuſe every fault; in ſhort, this lover has gained her admiration and friends innumerable.

Upon my word, this is an indulgence which puts one much at one's eaſe, and will eſtabliſh an univerſal freedom, as people will now honeſtly avow their faults and follies; and I hope, in a ſhort time, the dread of telling a falſehood will be ſo great, that villains and cowards will no longer conceal their cheats or their fears. And, from the appearance of things at preſent, there is a proſpect of this happy revolution in our manners

taking place. I heard the other day, a man with whom you are acquainted, presumptuously boast, that he had *taken in* two men at billiards; he undoubtedly did not say *I robbed*, but as *taking in* is a synonymous term for cheating, there is all the reason from this example to believe, that the men will very soon equal the women in sincerity. Farewel, my dear friend, my health is already mended; the very idea of going to Spa has revived me, judge then the benefit I must receive from the waters themselves.

LETTER III.

The Baroness's Answer.

Rome.

SO then, now one is to confess without reserve that one has a lover, and this assurance is to be looked upon as frankness and sincerity!—Formerly, decency would scarcely tolerate a weakness, and now imprudence excuses vice.—"Why "do you say (says *J. J. Rousseau*) that modesty "makes women false? Are the most abandoned "more sincere than others? Quite the contrary, "they are a thousand times more false, they ac- "quire this height of wickedness by the vices "which they cannot divest themselves of, and "which exist only by intrigue and falsehood."—"I know," says *Rousseau* again, "that women, "who openly give themselves up to gallantry, "make a merit of this frankness, and swear that, "inde-

" independent of that, nothing is to be found in " them but what is praiſe-worthy. But I know " alſo, that on that head none but fools will be- " lieve them—The greateſt reſtraint on their ſex " taken away, what can deter them? And what " honour will they value, having renounced that " which particularly belongs to them? Having " made themſelves once eaſy with regard to their " paſſions, they have no occaſion to reſiſt them." —Who can help being ſtruck with the ſolidity of reaſoning in this fine paſſage in *Emilius?*

Adelaide becomes every day more ſenſible; *Ermine* contributes infinitely more than I do towards forming her. The other day, *Adelaide*, for the firſt time ſince *Ermine* has been here, did not draw well, and all the time of ſchooling ſeemed abſent and careleſs. When her leſſon was finiſhed, I ſaid to her very low, you are negligent, you are going to ſet your daughter a bad example.—At theſe words ſhe looked up, and then ſeemed very thoughtful.—A moment after ſhe came to me and ſaid aloud, Mamma, this is my play-time, I beg you will permit me to employ it in drawing—Why? You have drawn your two hours.—Yes, my dear Mamma, but I have been unfortunately inattentive to-day; I aſk you a thouſand pardons; and I will repair my fault.—Obſerve, *Ermine*, ſaid I, what a charming example your little Mamma gives you.—*Adelaide* is too young yet not to commit faults ſometimes, but you ſee how ſhe makes up for them, and therefore ſhe will certainly ſoon be without any.

During this diſcourſe joy ſparkled in the eyes of *Adelaide*, and ſhe immediately brought her porte folio, and for a whole hour applied to her drawing with

with the moſt ſteady attention.—You may ſuppoſe, my dear friend, that I am not a little pleaſed with myſelf for having found ſo ſimple and eaſy a way to improve her.—Beſides, I alſo enjoy the ſatiſfaction, which reſults from doing a good action, in preſerving from miſery a poor little orphan, whoſe fate, without my aſſiſtance, would have been ſo unhappy.—She was ſelected from an hundred others:—ſhe is really charming both in perſon and diſpoſition.—Her firſt education was very good; ſhe was not even born in the ſituation in which I found her.—A variety of accidents ruined her family; and the death of her mother, who had no ſubſiſtence but a ſmall annuity for life, completed her misfortunes.—I preferred an Italian child, becauſe it muſt accuſtom *Adelaide* to that language.—The only perſon in our houſe, who is not very fond of *Ermine*, is Miſs *Bridget*,—who holds the Italian in high contempt, and has no idea of wiſhing to ſpeak it, when one has the happineſs to underſtand Engliſh; ſo that ſhe does not know one word of it, which makes the journey to Italy not very agreeable to her.—She is always angry with the ſervants on account of their *ridiculous jargon*.—Her natural averſion for *d'Ainville* is increaſed, ſince we have talked ſo much Italian; but we muſt overlook all theſe little oddities, on account of her excellent qualities, and the exact manner in which ſhe ſeconds my plan.—Adieu, my dear friend; I wait with impatience for your account of Spa. I am ſure you will recover your health, and am charmed with the life you lead.

LET-

LETTER. IV.

The Baroness to the Viscount.

Naples.

A KIND of epidemical disorder has hastened our departure from Rome, and I shall pass the months of August and September here.—You desire me to send you some account of the women. I am surprised you have not already received a letter I wrote to you from Rome, wherein I mentioned the Roman Ladies.—It is said that their manners are still more corrupt at Naples; however, I was at a ball yesterday, and I returned even edified by the constancy of the Neapolitan Ladies.—They chose a partner for the whole year, and during that time never dance with any other; yet they are said to shew their fidelity in no other kind of engagement.—There is a woman here, of whom they tell you adventures that appear incredible, if they were not confirmed by people of probity: she was at the ball yesterday, and spoke several times to my son.—I observed that *Theodore* did not answer her with great politeness—to-day I reproached him for it; he replied, Madame *de D.* is so despicable!—and, because she is despicable, would you appear to have received an imperfect education? besides, in shewing disrespect to Madame *D.* you fail in that politeness you owe to more deserving women.—How?—Certainly—since Madame *D.* is admitted into company, you cannot be uncivil to her without being uncivil to all the Ladies of the party.—Always remember, that a man of sense and delicacy should appear to behave with respect to

all

all women; and that he can never have the air of a man of diſtinction, if he takes any liberty even with the leaſt amiable:—he ſhould never ſeek the company of thoſe he believes unworthy, but in public he ſhould ever treat them with deference—this conduct will gain him the eſteem of thoſe whoſe intereſt and acquaintance he ought to cultivate;—in ſhort, believe me, it never becomes a man to appear to deſpiſe the other ſex.—For example, what do you think of that young Frenchman whom we ſaw at Rome, and who has followed us here?—The Marquis *de Hernay*.—The ſame; does he ſeem amiable to you?—I would not wiſh to be like him, though he has wit, is not ignorant, and behaves well; but he is ridiculous—infinitely ſo; that is true, becauſe he is always treating women lightly and contemptuouſly. He thinks that kind of familiarity gives him an air of eaſe, and that diſdain is a mark of ſuperiority; he is miſtaken, it only proves that he is a fool, and has been ill educated—yet he has ſenſe, is not that ſurpriſing?—a bad education deſtroys the ſenſe, as it corrupts the heart—he has good parts; his converſation is even ſometimes ſolid. The artiſts at Rome ſay, that he is a judge of pictures and ſtatues; or at leaſt he talks well on thoſe ſubjects.—He ſeems to be acquainted with hiſtory;—how is it then that his company is ſo little deſirable. It is, becauſe he is ſo important, and he ſpoils all t' u things he ſays by a ſeverity of manner, -ſufficiency which is intolerable in moſt peo but in a youth of twenty is abſolutely abſurd, impertinent, and ridiculous.

You ſee, my dear Viſcount, how much I endeavour to diſguſt *Theodore* with pedantry; for, as

you

you juſtly obſerve, the more particular an education is, the more neceſſary it will be found to attend to this point; and be aſſured, that *Theodore* at the age of twenty years will be as modeſt and unaffected as he will be well informed.—Our young men of this age are in general either completely ignorant, or inſupportably pedantic;—they are firſt-rate wits and philoſophers, or, knowing nothing, they deliver themſelves up to the moſt diſorderly lives:--this is the fault of their parents, who inſtil no principles into them, or inſpire them with a fooliſh pretenſion to wit.—I have ſeen a father, ſenſible in other reſpects, diſtribute copies of a letter from his ſon of eighteen, written from his garriſon upon a work of morality lately publiſhed; which ſo elated the unhappy young man as to deprive him of his ſenſes.—In like manner a father ſends his ſon at ſixteen into foreign countries; he bids him, "Go, get inſtruction, and ſtudy mankind."—He goes,—returns—and ſays, "I am inſtructed,—I know the world." His own family believe him: he repeats with vanity and confidence all the common-place obſervations his Governor has taught him.—He aſſerts, that "The Engliſh are deep; the Italians ignorant and ſuperſtitious; the Spaniards barbarians: he extols Engliſh liberty, and exclaims againſt the Inquiſition."—His parents liſten to him with amazement; they admire, quote, praiſe, and in ſhort render him for life an abſurd tireſome blockhead. Will education never be improved on? and will the beſt diſpoſitions and natural parts be for ever given up to the vices and irregularities occaſioned by a neglect of it?

LET-

LETTER V.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

Naples.

THEODORE to-day gained ſome credit, which was very flattering. We dined at the French Ambaſſador's, where one meets the beſt company; there were ſeven or eight people, three or four of them of diſtinguiſhed knowledge and wit; of whom two were Engliſhmen. I had buſineſs with the Ambaſſador, who took me after dinner into his cloſet. I left *Theodore* for near an hour with the company. At our return the converſation was animated, and on the ſubject of literature: the Engliſhmen maintained, againſt the Marquis *d'Hernay*, who pretended to underſtand, and againſt two Italians who really did underſtand Engliſh, that the Paradiſe Loſt was the fineſt poem in any living language. They told us, that to ſupport their opinion they wiſhed to quote many paſſages in the firſt and fourth books, but their memories failed them: they aſked if the Ambaſſador had a Milton? No, ſaid he; but Monſieur *d'Almane* uſed to have it by heart: he, perhaps, can aſſiſt you. My memory, replied I, is not ſo good as it was; my ſon muſt make up for it. Every eye was now turned with ſurpriſe on *Theodore*, who had hitherto liſtened in ſilence to the debates; no one having applied to him. They exclaimed, Does your ſon underſtand Engliſh?—From his infancy, replied I: the lines you allude to being very remarkable, I am ſure he recollects them. *Theodore* endeavours to repeat them! He, bluſhing, recited

near

near 200 verſes without a blunder, and with a juſt Engliſh pronounciation. Much praiſe was given to his memory, and more to his modeſty. When alone, embracing him, I ſaid, 'You have given me great pleaſure: I could not be vain of your repeating Milton; a fool, had he learned it, would have done the ſame: it was your reſerve of modeſty that gave me ſuch ſatisfaction: preſerve theſe valuable qualities, they will increaſe your ſucceſs, and diſarm envy. That merit which is boaſted of will be ever queſtioned; that which others diſcover will inſure praiſe: for our own ſakes, we ſhould endeavour to get the better of the vain wiſh of diſplaying our abilities and knowledge: without our taking any pains there will be opportunities enough of their being made public. *Theodore* agreed to the truth of this reaſoning, and frankly owned the ſatisfaction my approbation of his behaviour gave him. Modeſty is the only virtue in a young perſon to be praiſed with ſafety; other commendations ſerve to render men vain and affected. How many are there, who by being extolled for their ſincerity, eaſe, knowledge, and politeneſs, become blunt, forward, pedantic, and coxcomical? Modeſty cannot be made too much of; nor is it poſſible, ſince in the greateſt extreme it cannot degenerate into a vice: place her in the moſt amiable light to your pupil, and never fear that he can follow her too far.

I am determined, my dear Viſcount, to ſtay ſix months longer in Italy, and not return to France this autumn. I ſpend the winter at Rome, and leave it by the end of February; paſs a month at Florence, the ſame at Turin, and I ſhall be in Languedoc in April: where I ſhall reſide ſeven or eight

eight months: come to me there, if you can, according to our old engagement; if you cannot, I will seek you at Paris. After an absence of two years, I cannot resist the desire of seeing you, and of presenting *Theodore* grown, well formed, and as amiable as possible for one of his age. This dear son!—Who, I hope, will one day be your's.——

LETTER VI.

The Viscountess to the Baroness.

OH! this charming Spa! I shall be ill every year, in order to be sent hither; every thing is here to be met with; variety of company, play, entertainment, dissipation, or retirement; in short, perfect liberty: was you here, nothing would then be wanting. In the mean time I have got a new friend; for how is it possible to appear at the waters without one? She is a person I was acquainted with about fifteen years ago; but at that time I had not an idea I could ever like her: 'tis Madame *de L*—— and now we agree perfectly: I never question any of her pretensions, which, by the bye, do not at all interfere with mine. Her great pleasure is to disconcert modest people, or those who are just entering the world; she is delighted at having a harsh voice, which is really enough to frighten the most courageous; and from inclination she has adapted a blunt manner of expressing herself, and at the same time a pouting, angry countenance; and her great joy is to find that she distresses people, and that they fear her. Now, as I wish to please, rather

rather than produce all these grand effects, we suit each other perfectly: but, in truth, notwithstanding all her odd ways, she has many amiable qualities; for she possesses a great and feeling mind, is extremely frank, and has a fine understanding; she is a person you would avoid, were you only to have a transient view of her; but she attaches you, when you know her better.

We have also another French woman, Madame *de Rainville*, but I have no acquaintance with her; she neither attracts you at first sight, nor attaches you on a nearer acquaintance; she is never one instant free from affectation, is naturally insipid, trivial, and silly; but has undoubtedly been told, that, when people are tired themselves, they are sure to tire others; and she is so deeply struck with this maxim, that she appears eternally entertained; consequently, she is passionately fond of every thing: music, dancing, public diversions, walking, family parties; in short, any thing delights her; she sets up to be an epicure, and not to have a single liking in a moderate degree; she is all *fire* and *enthusiasm*, and disputes with warmth and vehemence. She is an eternal talker, never listens, understands nothing; fooliſh, puts herself on the rack to persuade you she has feeling and a ready wit; and only is able, after all her endeavours, to convince you that she is troublesome, ridiculous, and indeed insupportable: she tires me to death, and makes me almost take an aversion to those things I like best: the other day we dined at the water-fall of Coo; Madame *de Rainville* was in such an extacy, and praised with so much energy the water, the verdure, and even the sun which burnt us; and accompanied her words with actions

actions so *expressive* and *animated*, that she has given me an aversion, which perhaps I shall never get over, to rivers, cascades, and dinners on the grass.

Monsieur *d'Ostalis* arrived last week at the Spa, and dines most days with us: I spend my time also with Madame *de Blesac*, the little Countess *Anatolle*, the Chevalier *de Herbain*, and my new friend Madame *de L....* I often go to Vauxhall, and I carry *Constantia* to dance there: we walk on the mountain of *Annette and Lubin*; but it hurts our pastoral ideas to find Annette very plain, and Lubin selling beer.* I return home at nine o'clock, my little society are then assembled, and we converse till midnight; for I have not the simplicity to go to bed at ten, and rise with the sun, in order to drink the waters, which I like much better to have before I am up.—They tell me, indeed, they are more wholesome at the fountain: now, in my opinion, nothing is wholesome that thwarts my inclination.

I am less dissatisfied with Madame *de Valey*, since I have been here; that is, with her outward appearance and behaviour.—As to her affection,—I ought no longer to reckon upon that;—but, however, she is only two and twenty!—she is still young!—Oh! how the heart of a mother is ready always to forgive!

Farewell, my dear friend, you will be equally happy in *Adelaide* and in *Theodore*; and you deserve

* This mountain so called after two peasants, who were united about fifteen or sixteen years ago by a Frenchman, who named them Annette and Lubin, and built for them a pretty little farm on the top of one of the hills which surround Spa.

deſerve to be ſo. I envy your felicity, but at the ſame time believe me it leſſens my afflictions. Yes, I enjoy your happineſs, as much as I pride myſelf in your virtues and your friendſhip.

LETTER VII.

The Viſcount to the Baron.

YOU will now be ſatisfied, my dear Baron: I have at laſt for ever broke with Madame *de Gerville*. She had deceived me in an affair in which ſhe appeared deſirous of ſerving me, and ſhe ſacrificed me in the moſt ſhameful and ridiculous manner. I confeſs I find myſelf at a loſs, as, for at leaſt ſeven years I have had, in fact, no other ſociety than her's. I know what you will ſay, *return to your family again, and reconcile yourſelf with your wife*. I know the amiable qualities of Madame *de Limours*; but I am deterred from doing this by the trouble of *getting acquainted with her*; for we are become abſolute ſtrangers to each other. However, I promiſe you to try what can be done.

All the world are returning from Spa. It is ſaid M. *d'Oſtelis* has ſhewn a great affection for the young Counteſs *Anatolle*; but they do not think ſhe returns it; ſhe is very young to determine ſo quickly; ſhe is only ſeventeen; but they ſay that part of her acquaintance very much approve this arrangement, and employ themſelves in trying to diſpoſe her to a choice which appeared to be the beſt ſhe could make of this kind. She loves her huſband; but ſhe is treated in ſuch a manner by him that ſhe cannot long preſerve thoſe ſentiments ſhe has for him. The Count *Anatolle* diſdains the French;

French; he only loves Foreigners, and they to pleaſe him muſt be Ruſſians, Engliſh, or Polanders. My charming little *Theodore* will not have, thank Heaven, any of theſe ſentiments. How impatient I am to ſee him again! he approaches his fifteenth year; at that age I was already in love; my head was turned by one of my mother's women, Mademoiſelle *Adrieni*, whom I have ſince raiſed to the degree of Chorus-ſinger at the Opera. By the time I was fifteen, I had ſcaled the walls of my father's garden ten times to go and ſee a little country girl, whom I almoſt loved as much as Mademoiſelle *Adriene*, notwithſtanding I had a very ſevere Governor; but fortunately he was deaf and a little inattentive. I eſcaped without his being able to hear me, and I deceived him without his ſuſpecting. In ſhort, whatever precautions he had taken, I am ſure I ſhould have found the means of eſcaping his vigilance. How then do you do with *Theodore*, that child ſo ſprightly, ſo lively, ſo ingenious? How is it that he is ſtill innocent; in ſhort, how have you conducted yourſelf ſo as to be maſter of his inclinations, and always to be watching him without becoming troubleſome to him?

LETTER VIII.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

Rome.

IN the firſt place Madame *d'Almane* has no handſome maids, nor am I either deaf or abſent. One is not neceſſarily in love at fourteen, fifteen, or even ſixteen years. At that age you ſay you was in love; but you had equally a liking for Mademoiſelle

Adrienne

Adrienne, and for your little country girl, which proves you had no real affection for either. Love depends chiefly on imagination; the idea we form to ourſelves of this paſſion gives it the power and influence it has over us. If we look upon it merely as a temporary intoxication, affecting the head and not the heart; beauty alone will ſeduce us, and the illuſion will not long continue. This was your caſe: your imagination was heated, before you knew how to love. This firſt experience perſuaded you, that thinking one woman handſomer than another was to be in love. The conſequence was your giving yourſelf up to a thouſand temporary raptures; a great many intrigues, and not one ſettled attachment. On the other hand, I would have my pupil be convinced, that, when beauty, accompliſhments, ſenſe and virtue are united in the object of this paſſion, this will create the happineſs of his life. I would have him believe, that it ſhould laſt for ever; or, at leaſt, if time ſhould diminiſh it, that ſo tender a friendſhip, ſo ſweet a remembrance, would be implanted in the heart as to leave no regret at its loſs, nor deſire of experiencing it again. With this opinion, my pupil will not be fond of two perſons at the ſame time; and he will be in love but once in his life. He will be difficult and nice in his choice; but he will be invariably fixed. Love being a natural illuſion in our youth, the preceptor ought to make this paſſion ſerve to the happineſs and honour of his pupil. A liking may be violent enough to lead one aſtray, to diſgrace, to ruin one; a proper paſſion may lead one to great actions. The one will make us do extravagant things; ſacrifices of the firſt impreſſion: the other can alone lead us

on to deeds which require perſeverance. That woman, who ſaid to her lover *be ſilent for two years*, and was obeyed, had inſpired a paſſion, and not a liking only. Every thing is to be expected from a ſentiment of which we are only ſuſceptible in the flower of our age. A ſentiment produced by a warm imagination, which eſteem and friendſhip ſhould render as ſweet as it is ſolid and violent. I well know that one may paſſionately love a contemptible object; but this is the misfortune of thoſe who are weak, narrow-minded, and deſpicable themſelves, or who are miſled in their choice. It is of conſequence for a young man *not to begin* with a *liking*, which will rob him of his principles and prudence. A virtuous paſſion ſhould force him from inſenſibility, of which he will not be ſuſceptible till he is eighteen. How can he be preſerved till that time from little flights which do not touch the heart? Watch him attentively, guard his innocence, do not ſuffer him to be one moment idle, and believe that this imagination will not figure to him any thing you would wiſh concealed. You will ſay, is it poſſible to preſerve a young man innocent to the age of eighteen? I am ſenſible it is not the preſent cuſtom, though it was the cuſtom formerly; and even now Princes, more aſſiduouſly looked to than other young men, come out of the hands of their Governors without the knowledge of love, or any thing reſembling it. You aſk me, how I contrive to be thus watchful over my ſon, without diſguſting him? Becauſe he is not conſcious of being more ſtrictly attended to than he was at ſix years old. He has always ſlept in a cloſet within my room, and even in it, when on a journey. This is no conſtraint on him; I have even made it agreeable to him. He

is by nature communicative; he likes talking; he has an unbounded confidence in me; but he has so many studies, particularly for these last two years, that we seldom have in the day-time any opportunity of a regular discourse. I have promised to converse with him every night after we are in bed. *Theodore*, having always a number of things to talk to me about, waits for that time impatiently; and with the greater eagerness, by my telling him often in the day, that I have some few secrets to impart. I never fail to add, "There is not time now to "inform you of them; at night you shall know "them." *Theodore* is delighted with bed-time; half undrest, he whispers me a question. I refuse to hear it, prudence not permitting me to talk of things of that consequence before my Valet de Chambre. *Theodore* with a grave air gives me a sign of approving my discretion, but hastens me to bed; when we are there, lighted by a small lamp which gives the appearance of twilight, our secrets begin: it is then we indulge the pleasure of a free conversation. We often speak both together, or mutually ask each other questions with equal earnestness and curiosity. This is the more agreeable, as we have no reason to fear interruption. Besides, I take care always to appear at this time more gay, more easy, and more affectionate than at any other part of the day. If he has any thing to accuse himself of, he chuses this time. In short, these nocturnal entertainments are so delightful, that he often declares his extreme regret at the thoughts of sleeping in another room at our return to France. He talked of it yesterday. I told him, that I too should be sorry to be deprived of them, but we must contrive to discourse in the

day. O! Papa, what difference?—You do not find me then so good-humoured, is not that it?—I am convinced, Papa, that you are always kind, but in the night! You appear then to love me best. You make me more your equal. No doubt, when you have behaved well, I must like you better at the end, than at the beginning or middle of the day; you have given me twelve satisfactory hours complete. Dear Papa, let me lay in your room at B— at Paris?—You make there a very reasonable request: you would have me go to bed at your hour.—True, but you have done as much for me before; besides, I am almost fifteen; when we leave Italy, we shall go to Languedoc, and stay six months there. In the country, as well as on our travels, you always went to bed when I did. —Very well, but at Paris? When we get there, I shall be near sixteen, and you will allow me to sit up a little later.—Yes, till half past ten.—Let it be eleven. Our conversation in bed lasts an hour, and your masters come early.—That is true, you will be obliged to go to bed at half after ten. —How! I obliged?—Yes, my dear Papa, you will not refuse me what makes my chief happiness. —Consider it is unprecedented at Paris to go to bed at ten. I must give up all company.—You will be glad of the excuse; you do not love the world.—I regret it not when I give it up for you; but I like it, when I am in it. I am resolved to return into it to introduce you, and that will be soon. For example, when I am seventeen, there will be no reason against my sleeping in your room.—That I allow.—Well, Papa, you who are so kind will not refuse to abate me eighteen months, which are, in fact, but six; for we shall spend

ſpend the reſt in the country, and at the regiment I am to belong to.—Well, well, chatterer, go to ſleep, I will think of it.

You ſee, my dear Viſcount, that it is not without reaſon I grant as a favour what I moſt wiſh. If *Theodore* was once to ſuſpect his ſleeping in the ſame room with me was, that I might be a ſpy on his actions, he would look upon my apartment as a priſon, and me as on a tyrannical jailor. It is thus that the ſame precautions, taken inconſiderately or prudently produce uſeful or pernicious effects. I do not deceive myſelf; for I know that *Theodore* will one day find himſelf on a ſudden under reſtraint from this engagement. I ſhall eaſily perceive this change in his mind by his indifference. I ſhall have foreſeen this event, and of courſe be prepared with ſure means of preſerving my authority over him as ſtrong as ever; you ſhall know them when this happens.

I was acquainted before with the quarrel between you and Madame *de Gerville*; and you ought to have received my letter, in which I owned myſelf not ſurprized at her treachery. Since I have lived in the world, I have never found a ſingle inſtance of a perſon given to intrigues whoſe friendſhip might reaſonably be depended on.

LETTER IX.

Madame d'Oſtalis to the Barones.

BE not alarmed, my dear aunt; M. *d'Oſtalis* will never again leave me; the fancy which poſſeſſed him will not become a paſſion: I have followed your advice, and I have found all my happineſs again. I told you in my letter from Verſailles, that I had only ſuſpicions; but I was ſoon out of doubt. It ſeems that his attachment to me, ſo ſolid and ſo laſting, had wearied every one of our acquaintance; for his change appeared to create univerſal joy. I ſaw that malignant pleaſure ſhone through the teſtimonies of concern that many people gave me on this occaſion; they wiſhed to appear as if they pitied me; they feigned to be affected with my condition, but they had no other motive for their conduct than that of acquainting me with an event, at which they thought, perhaps, my ſelf-love would be ſtill more hurt than my heart; but, theſe envious and malicious people have been deceived in their intentions. I appeared not to underſtand their inſinuations, and not to believe their poſitive aſſertions. Some laughed at my credulity; others thought I affected it in conſideration of M. *d'Oſtalis*. In general, this conduct has been much approved, and yet I was not without grief and inquietude; I ſaw M. *d'Oſtalis* really in love with the moſt charming perſon who has appeared in the world theſe ten years; it is true, that I obſerved nothing in the Counteſs *Anatolle*, which could encourage the paſſion

ſion ſhe has inſpired; but ſhe is only eighteen, very much incenſed againſt her huſband; ſhe is naturally tender, and all her mother-in-law's ſociety viſibly countenance M. *d'Oſtalis*. Madame *de Bleſac*, equally deficient in underſtanding and penetration, and full of the moſt ridiculous vanity, thinks it impoſſible that a young perſon, who has the honour of being her daughter-in-law, can ever take a lover; and really believes M. *d'Oſtalis* only goes to her houſe for the ſake of being of her party at piquet. Delighted with his aſſiduity and complaiſance, ſhe is continually commending him; ſo that the Counteſs *Anatolle* hears eternally the praiſes of a man with whoſe ſentiments ſhe is doubtleſs acquainted, and a man too whoſe amiable qualities are ſufficiently apparent without any body's taking pains to point them out. I reflected a long time, and at laſt determined not to alter my paſt conduct. I behaved to M. *d'Oſtalis* with the ſame conformity, the ſame mildneſs, the ſame deſire of pleaſing and attracting him; only I go much ſeldomer to Madame *de Bleſac*'s, and ceaſe intirely ſpeaking of the Counteſs *Anatolle*. As her mother-in-law truſted her often with me before the journey to Spa, and as ſhe came to breakfaſt with me two or three times a week, it was impoſſible to ceaſe wholly receiving her at my houſe; but I no longer ſeek thoſe opportunities, and put them off as much as poſſible without appearing to do it purpoſely. When I am with her, I always treat her with the ſame friendſhip; which is very eaſy for me to do, as I have naturally a great liking to her. M. *d'Oſtalis* well knew I ſaw through his heart: his embarraſſment was redoubled; he ſaw I was determined not to complain or queſtion-

him, he began to feel himself much in the wrong; his passion struggled with his repentance, and for an instant stifled his natural generosity. He thought, perhaps, I secretly prided myself on my moderation; he wished to lessen the merit of it, and seemed to think my mildness was occasioned by indifference. Then it was I testified my affection for him; this was not what he expected or wished; by making him still more culpable, I increased his anger. His temper could not fail being very much altered by the violent agitations of his mind; he became totally unlike himself; he saw my tears flow without being softened; he let me see he suspected me of falsehood and hypocrisy: I desired him to explain himself, which he refused. Oh! how severely I felt, in this dreadful situation, the misfortune of being separated from and deprived of you! I have friends on whom I can depend, but it is only in the bosom of my mother, my benefactress, that I can deposit such griefs; to what other person on earth can I be permitted to acknowledge the wanderings and faults of an object so dear to me! My sentiments are so well known on this subject, that those who have the greatest friendship for me, Madame *de Limours*, Madame *de S*——, and the Chevalier *de Herbain*, have never dared say a single word to me on M. *d'Ostalis'* conduct; very certain, that on this point they could not obtain my confidence. Such was my situation, when I received your letter, which, at the same time, revived and gave me the advice I stood in need of; I apprehended, that it was equally dangerous to affect indifference, or to shew so much sensibility as to give myself up to pique and ill humour; I determined therefore to

to write a note to M. *d'Oſtalis*, of which I here ſend you a copy:

" You ſhun me; you appear embarraſſed when " with me; and why? What reproaches do you " fear from a perſon who owes you ten years of " happineſs? And who, during that time, has " never ceaſed to be perfectly happy, till within " theſe three months? I muſt have been very " ungrateful, ſhould I now think myſelf gene- " rous: alas! I have neither the right nor the de- " ſire to complain with acrimony; I am a friend " who would ſpeak and open to you her heart... " do not refuſe me this explanation; I promiſe " not to queſtion you; I only beg of you to hear " me."—This note, by diſſipating a little of M. *d'Oſtalis*'s embaraſſment, reſtored him part of his generoſity; he returned me an anſwer full of tenderneſs, and yet without promiſing me the converſation I ſollicited. The ſame evening we ſupped together at the Spaniſh Ambaſſador's; the Counteſs *Anatalle* was there, and I obſerved that M. *d'Oſtalis* did not dare to ſeat himſelf by her ſide at table. I went away before twelve, and left him there; for, ſince his return from Spa, we never go together in the ſame carriage. M. *de P*—— gave me his hand to the bottom of the ſtairs, and went out at the ſame time that I did; on turning into the ſtreet Traverſiere, one of the hind wheels of my carriage broke, and it overturned. The ſhock was ſo violent, that both glaſſes were broke into a thouſand pieces; and one of the ſplinters cut my forehead exceedingly. M. *de P*——, who had followed me till then, (for he lives near me) ſtopped at the ſame moment, got out haſtily, and, with the help of his ſervants and mine, ſucceeded in taking me

out of the coach. He offered me his, to take me home; but I refuſed it; and, as I was not many ſteps from Madame *de S*——, I walked there, and ſo got rid of M. *P*——. Madame *de S*—— was not returned, and, finding neither her horſes nor carriage at home, I wrote to M. *d'Oſtalis*, to beg he would ſend me his; and, not to alarm him, or make him think I wiſhed him to come himſelf, I only told him I had left mine on account of a little fright; and I ſent this note by one of Madame *de S*——'s ſervants, who had not ſeen me, and who knew nothing of the accident. In about a quarter of an hour I heard a carriage enter the court, and, in a moment, the door of the room I was in ſuddenly opened, and M. *d'Oſtalis* appeared; I aroſe, but, ſcarce having ſtrength to ſupport myſelf, I fell again into the great chair. Figure to yourſelf, my dear aunt, the aſtoniſhment and the terror of M. *d'Oſtalis*, on ſeeing me covered with blood, pale, diſhevelled, and with a large wound in my forehead. He came towards me, and, claſping me in his arms, with his face bathed in tears, aſked me a hundred queſtions at a time, but did not liſten to my anſwers: he rang all the bells, aſſembled all the family, and ſent for a Surgeon and Phyſician; in the midſt of all this confuſion, Madame *de S*—— returned with a Surgeon whom ſhe had brought with her; one of her ſervants, having been to acquaint her with my accident, ſhe went immediately to ſeek for the help I ſtood in need of. The Surgeon found me feveriſh, and ſaid I muſt be bled, but not yet for ſome hours. Madame *de S*—— intreated me to ſtay where I was; but I refuſed, and returned home about two o'clock. When Monſ.

d'Oſtalis

d'Oſtalis and I were ſeated in the coach, he all at once threw himſelf on his knees before me, and ſeizing one of my hands; ah, cried he, this explanation which you aſked of me, why are you not in a ſituation ſtill to demand it!... What! interrupted I; when you love me with the ſame tenderneſs, when you have proved it to me in ſo affecting a manner, do you think you have not already reſtored me to happineſs?... But I am guilty, ſaid he, in a low voice, if I have given you one moment's affliction. At leaſt, do me the juſtice to believe, that I am ſenſible of my faults, and that I earneſtly wiſh to atone for them!... He pronounced theſe words in a manner which affected me ſo much I could not anſwer him!.... I put my face to his, and embraced him; he took my hand, and kiſſed it with tranſport: you weep, cried he; theſe ſweet and innocent tears pronounce my pardon, without which I could not live, and which afford me equal joy and gratitude; as he ſaid theſe words, the coach ſtopped. Though I was very weak and much bruiſed, I would not complain for fear of affecting M. *d'Oſtalis*: but he perceived how much I ſuffered, and, taking me in his arms, he carried me into my chamber. The next morning at ſix o'clock, I was bled; I had no return of my fever; my head was quite eaſy, and I had no other illneſs than a ſprain, which occaſioned my keeping my bed for four-and-twenty hours. The ſame evening I had a long converſation with Monſ. *d'Oſtalis*... I know very well, ſaid I to him, that love is not a laſting paſſion. I have never at any time in my life placed my felicity on ſo tranſient a ſentiment: doubtleſs, it would be very pleaſing to poſſeſs your affections

intirely; but I only depended on your friendſhip and confidence. I had flattered myſelf I ſhould always remain your true and faithful friend; and this was the happineſs I feared to loſe. Had you ſucceeded in ſeducing a young, innocent, and ſenſible woman, had ſhe ſacrificed to you her reputation and peace of mind, you would have wiſhed to make her happy, her heart being naturally good. And what delicate heart can content itſelf with love? She would have been deſirous of gaining your confidence and even your eſteem. She would have ſaid to you: "You have ruined me; "you have deprived me of that virtue which I loved, "and which I lament; you have given to my "friends, and to all who ſurround me, the dread-"ful right of deſpiſing me; and, if you will not "be my friend, what is to become of me, when "you ceaſe to be my lover?" What could you have been able to anſwer, ſaid I? You would have promiſed all ſhe demanded. She is amiable; ſhe has wit; ſhe would ſoon have obtained thoſe ſentiments of friendſhip and confidence of which I am ſo jealous, and which my affection makes me worthy to poſſeſs intirely. Ah! cried Monſieur *d'Oſtalis*, be ſatisfied; you ſhall never ſee me attached to any one who can make you uneaſy... The ſacrifice you aſk from me is already made, and gives me no pain. Yes, I deceived myſelf in thinking I could prefer another object to you; I knew not my own heart... Ah, when it is you who are beloved, inconſtancy is nothing but an illuſion!

You are ſenſible, my dear aunt, I may depend on the promiſes and the ſincerity of M. *d'Oſtalis*: therefore you will judge all my uneaſineſs is vaniſhed.

ed. It is now eight days since we had this conversation. I did not write to you before, because I wished to tell you I was perfectly recovered. The wound in my forehead is almost well, and will leave no scar; in short, I am better than ever. I have not written to you since my long letter from Versailles, but in a concise manner, not being willing, at the distance we are from each other, to afflict you with an account of my uneasinesses, unless I could have been near to have consoled you. Now, that I am again restored to happiness, I can only enjoy it imperfectly, because you are ignorant of it; and yet this happiness is the work of your hands. I owe it to the education you gave me; to the husband you chose for me; to the advice you have given me. Oh, my dear and tender benefactress! every moment of my life, you are present to my remembrance. Every happiness I enjoy is derived from you; and this idea still increases my felicity... My tears flow; you will trace them on the paper; and perhaps you will mix your own with them... Adieu, my dear aunt! my heart is full!... I can write no more.... Adieu; I shall expect your answer with the utmost impatience.

LETTER X.

Madame d'Ostalis to the Baroness.

MONS. *d'Ostalis* never behaved so charmingly to me before: he does not leave me; we go out together; we have no longer two carriages; in short,

ſhort, we are exactly on the ſame footing, as before we went to Spa, except that Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* ſhews me, if poſſible, more regard and affection. I forgot to tell you a little affair which paſſed the day after my accident, and which ſeemed to make ſome impreſſion on him. Madame *de S*—— and the Chevalier *de Herbain* were at our houſe. Madame *de S*—— was ſaying, that Monſ. *de P*——, who had aſſiſted in raiſing up my carriage, and had offered me his own, was ill of a fever, and kept his bed. That is very natural ſaid the Chevalier *de Herbain*; he is ill on account of the grief he felt on Madame *d'Oſtalis*'s ſituation, becauſe he is in love with her. Ah, ſaid Madame *de S*——, I am charmed to hear it; Madame *d'Oſtalis* can no longer boaſt, that no one was ever in love with her a moment. Oh! cried I, I maintain it, Monſ. *de P*— does not think of me. But, ſaid the Chevalier *de Herbain*, interrupting me, it is uſeleſs for you to deny it; for, if Monſ. *de P*—— loves you, it is not your fault; however, it is certain he does. He roſe from his ſeat, and, ſmiling, drew M. *d'Oſtalis* to the window, where they talked for a moment very low, and then went out together. In leſs than a quarter of an hour they returned, and both appeared to be much ſoftened. The Chevalier *de Herbain* came to my bed-ſide, and kiſſed my hand with an air of ſatisfaction, which made me think Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* had juſt informed him of what had paſſed between us, and I could not imagine what had been the cauſe of this explanation. When M. *d'Oſtalis* and I were alone, he took a paper out of his pocket. The Chevalier *de Herbain*, ſaid he, who was glad of an opportunity to give me a leſſon, has ſhewn me this letter which he received this morning

morning from Madame *de Limours*. He desired me to read it, and it was as follows: "I have only "seen Madame *d'Ostalis* for one minute this morn- "ing. I did intend dining with her, but I cannot "go to her till six in the evening. Do you know "that Monsr. *de P*—— is ill? He told a person of "my acquaintance, who has just left him, that the "accident of yesterday was the cause of his illness; "for that he really feared for the life of Madame "*d'Ostalis*.—He did not, however, avow any par- "ticular attachment; but the person, who inform- "ed me of it, says, that he is in love. In love "with Madame *d'Ostalis*, cried I; then he is very "ridiculous! . . . Oh! Madame *d'Ostalis* will now "turn the heads of many people: she has lost her "husband's affections, and it was only they that "kept lovers at a distance. This expression struck "me; make what use you please of it. What "woman will now dare to flatter herself with pre- "serving the tenderness of her husband."

It appears to me, that what struck Madame *de Limours* so much had the same effect on Monsr. *d'Ostalis*. At least, my dear aunt, the winter approaches, and gives me the prospect of seeing you again in four or five months, as you have promised me you will not prolong your stay in Italy. Monsr. *d'Aimeri* and the Chevalier *de Valmont* expect you with great impatience. The Chevalier conducts himself to a miracle; you will find him perfectly formed; he talks rather more than he did, but with the same modesty which you admired so much; he is less bashful, but appears always reserved. Madame *de Valey* thinks no more of him: her coquetry is addressed to another object, an acquaintance made at Spa, an Englishman, who stays here all

the

the winter; a clumsy tall figure, very pale, and very insipid; yet he appears to gain general approbation, although his manners are rude and blunt; which I fancy would succeed very ill in our country-men.—In short, Madame *de Valey* has learned English; and it is thought she has already said, *I love you.* This is very possible, for she does not fix any great value on this expression. Her person is much altered. She is excessively thin: her face has pimples on it; and she is no longer pretty, though she is only one and twenty: Madame *de S**** is nine-and-twenty, and is still as blooming and as beautiful as she was at eighteen. Such is the effect of innocence and a pure and tranquil mind! I am convinced, nothing preserves beauty so well as living a regular life. Adieu, my dear aunt; I hope now that every step you take will bring you nearer to us; and that your next letter will be dated from Florence.

LETTER XI.

The Baroness to the Viscountess.

WE set out to-morrow, my dear friend, for Florence. It is impossible for me to regret Italy, when I am returning to France; yet my departure from Rome will occasion some melancholy emotions. You know my attachments to the *C—d—ts*; I cannot divest myself of the idea that I shall never see him again. He enjoys here every mark of respect that high rank, superior talents, great experience, a thorough knowledge of busi-

ness

neſs and mankind, with the moſt ſcrupulous integrity, can acquire. He poſſeſſes equally thoſe qualities which command our eſteem, and the virtues which gain our affections. He has the art of uniting to the appearance of a perſon in office the natural and eaſy behaviour and the free converſation of a private perſon. He has neither ſtate nor pedantry. (True dignity is derived from the ſoul, and owes nothing to affectation.) His face, his diſcourſe, his air, indicates his character: by ſeeing him, you know what he is. He poſſeſſes that happy and rare union of prudence and openneſs, of nobility and good-nature. I ſhall, beſides, leave behind me at Rome the Count and Counteſs *de Balmire*, whom I ſhall always remember: *Adelaide* has a ſincere regard for the Counteſs, and has been in tears theſe two days. Miſs *Bridget* finds fault with a ſenſibility of which ſhe has not the leaſt conception; for ſhe is moſt earneſt to return to France; and, in ſpite of her concern, we pack up chearfully, and rejoice in the thoughts of being at *B*— in three months time. You, my dear friend, promiſed to be there to receive me, and ſpend with us two months; but you do not mention Madam *de Valey:* ſhould it be agreeable to you to bring her, I flatter myſelf you are aſſured that it would give me pleaſure. I depend upon M. *Limours*; I am ſure of Madame *d'Oſtalis*, and the Chevalier *d'Herbain* writes that he will not wait for leave to viſit one after an abſence of two years; ſo long ſeparated from them, how delightful it will be to aſſemble all my deareſt friends!

Well, I have finiſhed another work upon Education—be quiet, it is the laſt. Sincerely it is not for pleaſure that I ſpend my nights in writing

eighteen

eighteen or nineteen volumes on the ſame ſubject: a ſprightly head and a female fancy are not eaſily fixed down to ſuch an employment! but I abſolutely wanted theſe compoſitions: there were none; I made them. It is neceſſary, that before I explain the plan of them, that I ſhould acquaint you with the reflections that made me ſee their uſefulneſs. I figured to myſelf my dear daughter married at nineteen, and gone out of my hands perfectly educated: I ſaw her poſſeſſed of excellent principles, ſound judgment, a poliſhed underſtanding, an upright heart, her character formed, and more experience than commonly falls to the ſhare of others at five-and-twenty. I was convinced ſhe would love virtue, and that ſhe would have the command over herſelf. I feared neither bad examples, nor the power of the paſſions: yet I foreſaw with apprehenſion, that ſhe would often hear in the world dangerous opinions maintained in a ſubtle enticing manner, even by people without abilities, but abounding with all thoſe deſtructive principles which they have learned by heart from thoſe contemptible performances which particularly, for theſe laſt twenty years, have turned ſo many moderate heads. I ſaw *Adelaide* amazed, thinking ſuch ſtrong arguments unanſwerable; compelled to admire reaſons whoſe falſity her ſoul and conſcience bore witneſs to, and which her underſtanding in vain ſought to refute. Certain that nothing would tempt her to read the ſcandalous books which openly attack religion and morals, how could I hope that ſhe might not wiſh to ſtudy ſome works unfortunately celebrated, which, containing the ſame bad principles, are the more to be dreaded, as they may be read without ſhame? I dared to believe, that the love of

virtue

virtue was sufficiently instilled into *Adelaide*'s heart to be always her guide, even without the assistance of reason: but it grieved me, that she might perhaps at times have melancholy doubts with regard to the most pleasing and comfortable truths.—How was I to prevent these dangers? Was she to read at fifteen the books I just mentioned, for me to discover to her the false though subtle reasons they contain? But such a refutation is of too great consequence, and would occupy one's thoughts too much to be possibly effected in reading fast with her; besides, the lectures would be very long, and of course take up much of our valuable time.—Upon reflection, I found I could solve this difficulty by binding myself to a troublesome business, which required patience, thought, and judgment. From all the books that appeared to me dangerous I made two extracts; the one of their bad principles, the other of the contradictions which in the same Author destroyed these principles: this done, I began a sort of epistolary romance. This is the plan: A young man of parts and good disposition, but with warm passions, leaves his Province, enters into the guards, and settles at Paris. He makes dangerous connections, and reads, with rapture, books that shake his principles. He has left in his Province a sister seven or eight years older than himself, for whom he has a sincere affection. He gives her an exact and regular account of his adventures, his thoughts, and studies. His sister, in her answers, gives him advice, and attacks, in a plain and solid way, his opinions and errors. I have put into the young man's letters all my extracts of false and destructive principles: they are marked by asterisks; a note shews the volume and page of the work from which

which they are taken: in these notes I have recited the contradictions and false conclusions of the same author. The sisters invariably follow the brother's letters: his regularity makes the work appear formal and improbable, though I have endeavoured to make it interesting: however, it is not wrote for publication. There are forty letters and their answers. A fortnight ago I had the first letter from the brother, wrote fair into a copy-book; and, being alone with *Adelaide*, I said to her, You are now near fifteen, one should begin to form your mind: your extracts are well done: your last six months journal pleases me much: you must now learn to write correctly and elegantly, and more particularly to reason solidly. That this study may be easy to you, and even an amusement, I am about a novel, of which you shall compose half---. That will be delightful! — Every week I will give you a letter: you will consider it with care to answer it. To-day we begin. You are to imagine yourself a woman, married these ten years, and living in the country, and having a brother at Paris, a constant correspondent, who is led astray by hurtful examples and wicked publications.—That is not *Theodore!*—No; we are to suppose that he had a bad education; and the misfortune to begin the world without an adviser: it will be your task to reclaim him. Is my advice to have any weight with him?—very great.—Well! I will bring him back to the right way. — Here is his first letter—Give it me, dear Mamma!—First hear me: This is the letter of a man whose mind is already spoiled, and whose heart begins to be faulty. I forewarn you that this, and all the other you will receive, contains only bad principles of false opinions. In reading it, remind yourself often

that

that you have only to dispute every sentiment therein; carefully search for all the opposite arguments that are convincing ones: it will be your fault if you do not overturn his system. The dotted lines are extracted from various Authors, as the notes will shew; and other notes will explain how they most absurdly contradict themselves.—Mamma, can I contend with the Authors? Certainly, and even with success; for they reject the truth; you seek for it, and find it in your heart.—Mamma, I will read the letter, and answer it this afternoon.—No, reflect more seriously upon it;—I do not expect your answer for a week.

At that time she gave it me with my letter; and I explained to her the faults of her composition. Your arguments, said I, are not strong enough: there is a want of regularity and connection in your ideas: your style is not elegant, and often incorrect and obscure. I will now shew you how you should have done. I read to her twice over my second letter: she was delighted with it, and discovered that her's was good for nothing. I will in this manner give her all the young man's letters in their proper order, and, when she brings her answers, will produce those I had written. This will employ her for a year. When she is near seventeen, she will take it up again: and, then being more ready at her compositions, she will finish the forty answers in six months. Thus I shall at the same time form her style, her mind, and her reason: I shall guard her against those dangerous impressions which might have been made at a future period. I shall inable her to reason with good sense on all sorts of subjects; I shall make her an excellent Logician, a character seldom to be met with

with in our ſex; at the ſame time I ſhall diſcover if ſhe is a moderate, or an extraordinary genius: at all events, this method will give her ſolid underſtanding. Monſ. *d'Almane* practiſes *Theodore* alſo in this work of mine. His firſt letter was like his ſiſter's, but better; the advantage of age was apparent.

Adelaide's attention to her ſcholar daily increaſes. It is at the ſame time whimſical and intereſting to ſee her always with her daughter at her elbow; checking her, ſometimes ſcolding her with formal and croſs looks, or careſſing and playing with her, and at the ſame time affecting an air of condeſcenſion, which makes me laugh, and touches me. Poor little ſoul! how ſhe will love the children! Her heart, already ſuſceptible of ſuch ſoft and pure feelings! may ſhe enjoy happineſs equal to what ſhe occaſioned in me.

She experiences already the pleaſures of a good mother: the deeper impreſſions theſe make, the leſs inſenſible ſhe is to her former amuſements; ſhe gives with the more joy half *her ſavings* to the poor, becauſe ſhe always ſelects thoſe who have been mothers of families, and is tenderly anxious about thoſe poor women who have daughters of five or ſix years old. The other day ſhe was melted, even to tears, on meeting in the ſtreet a little beggar, who had a ſlight likeneſs of *Ermine*. *Adelaide* had her cloathed, and deſired me to put her apprentice to a ſempſtreſs. My daughter appropriates the other half of her ſavings not to her own, but *Ermine*'s fancies; and, inſtead of laying it out in gewgaws for herſelf, ſhe buys play-things for her daughter.

Adieu!

Adieu! my dear friend, it is with ſincere pleaſure I ſhall ſee you again ſo ſoon, and that I ſhall find you more happy, on account of the improvement of Madame *de Valey*'s behaviour, and that the quarrel between Monſ. *de Limours* and Madame *de Gerville* has reſtored him to you. Your happineſs is eſſential to mine; and, whatever is my lot, I cannot praiſe my good fortune, when you are unhappy.

LETTER XII.

Monſieur d'Aimeri to the Baron.

YOU ſay very true, Monſieur, it is eaſier to give up an amuſement which pleaſes us, than to uſe it with moderation. I have ſometimes permitted my grandſon to play at games at chance, provided it was done with prudence. He aſſured me, as he was not fond of play, that he ſhould always have a command over himſelf in this reſpect; notwithſtanding which, he has in one ſingle night loſt two thouſand guineas!—Laſt Tueſday we were engaged to ſup at the Ambaſſador's *de* * * * *, where was to be a large company. I had a violent headach, which prevented me from going; but, finding *Charles* wiſhed very much to be there, and, I muſt own, thinking he was much more prudent than I have found him, I permitted him to go alone. The next morning, before I was up, I received the following note from him: "I find myſelf obliged in "honour to declare to you an inexcuſable fault "which I have been guilty of. I have concealed

"from

" from you, that, for these eight days past, I " have owed Monsieur *de* * * * * a hundred gui- " neas, lost to him by thirty and forty at a time. " The hopes of paying my debt to him made me " play with him again last night. I did not win a " single game. The excess of my bad luck put me " quite out of patience; I should have gone on " for ever. I will even confess to you, if Monsieur *de* " * * * * had not left off playing, my extravagance " would have had no bounds. In short, I lost " two thousand guineas. —— I throw myself at- " your feet, to intreat you will pay my debt! As to " every thing else, I will receive, with equal re- " spect and submission, any punishment you think " proper to impose on me. But, if I dared to ask " still one more favour, it would be, that you " send me for five or six years to my regiment.— " I should leave Paris and its pleasures with joy, if " I thought my father would still condescend to " follow me, to advise me, and to forgive me."

When I had read this note, I sent for my grand-son. He came pale and trembling to my bed-side, where he stood, without daring to speak or lift up his eyes. *Charles*, said I, with what uneasiness must your mind be penetrated! You are sensible of the small fortune which Monsieur *de Valmont* posses-ses, and that it is no more than fifteen thousand livres a year; mine is only twenty-five. You might reasonably suppose, after all the expence I have been at for your education, that I am in debt: but you may be assured I am not; and, on the contrary, I have, by my frugality in the last twelve years, laid by the sum of four thousand Franks: this is half the sum you owe; the other half I will borrow from my banker; and to-morrow you shall have the

two

two thousand guineas. Oh! Heavens! cried *Charles*, I have then madly spent in a few hours double the sum which you have been twelve years saving!—This sum was yours; I meant to increase it; and I intended it as a present to defray your wedding expences. — My wedding! — Ah, I shall never marry!—All my hopes of happiness are destroyed! —And this sum, which you are going to borrow, will take away all the pleasure of your life!—No, I have still eight or ten thousand livres worth of jewels which I will sell; and I will also give up my little cabinet of pictures which areworth six hundred guineas; so that.... Oh, my God! your pictures which you so much delight in!... Oh! my dear father, how guilty do you make me appear!... In reality you are so! As to me, it is only giving up these things; but you may lose your honour, and in consequence may cost me my life. Suppose Monsieur *de* **** had not left off play, or had gained a sum which it was impossible for me to pay!.... Ah, what a dreadful supposition!... But, in short, I was out of my senses: and thus it always is, when we play at a game we are not thoroughly master of. We lose like dupes; and even when we win it is not in a lawful manner; for in general the winner has a great advantage over the loser, as he is more calm, and knows what he is about. For example, do you think the two thousand guineas, which Monsr. *de* *** will receive to-morrow, is money well gained? No, certainly; for, if you had been cool, you would not have lost it.... This thought alone is sufficient to make one dislike chance-games .... I could make many other remarks on them, but I will spare you the pain; as I see you are perfectly sensible of the extent of your crime, I

forgive you, and will never more mention it... Oh, Heavens! what exceſs of goodneſs!... Yet, let me tell you, *Charles*, this indulgence ought to terrify you; ſince, if you ſhould ever fall into ſuch an error again, you would be utterly inexcuſable—Ah, my father, do not fear it: I will give you my moſt ſacred word of honour never more to play at games of chance... I receive it, and I will depend on it; for you would be the moſt ungrateful and moſt deſpicable of men, if you fail in it. After this converſation, *Charles* expreſſed his gratitude in the moſt affecting manner, and I perceived the uneaſineſs he ſuffered, leſt this loſs at play ſhould hurt his character, and injure him in the delightful ſcheme we have in view. I could only give him this conſolation, that I thought *Adelaide* would ſcarcely marry for theſe two or three years; and that in that time he might have it in his power to prove himſelf wholly cured of a vice of which for ſome time this adventure would make him ſuſpected. In ſhort, I know very little of him, or this will be the laſt fooliſh action of the kind he will ever be guilty of. He has ſenſe, honour, and delicacy; and knows how to make uſe of them: ſo that I am perſuaded the leſſon he has had will laſt him his life; and with greater certainty, as he has not in reality a paſſion for gaming. May you, my dear friend, after this account, be of my opinion; at leaſt remember, that my grandſon is only twenty years old; and that many years will paſs before Madame *d'Almane* will ſeriouſly think of chuſing a huſband for the lovely *Adelaide*; do not, therefore, judge too haſtily, and by that means deprive me of the hope which forms the chief happineſs of my life.

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LETTER XIII.

The Baron to Monſieur d'Aimeri.

Florence.

I AM, intirely, Sir, of your opinion, that the Chevalier *de Valmont* will not game any more. The beſt leſſon that he could have received is not the having loſt two thouſand guineas; but the depriving you in one moment of the fruits of twelve years œconomy, practiſed for his ſake, and the ſeeing you ſell your jewels and pictures to pay for his folly. This ought to reclaim for ever a young man of feeling and generoſity. Beſides, I think, with you, that the paſſion for play is not innate in the Chevalier: had you not brought him up in a manner to preſerve him from it, you would now attempt it in vain. A young man, educated in the modern ſtyle, without decency, principles, or reſtraint; from his cradle taught to think that riches alone can give him conſequence; from having ſeen his parents contract debts to diſplay their pomp, and be guilty of mean actions to procure money; ſuch a young man at eighteen will be full of his moſt childiſh vanities. Be his fortune what it will, he muſt have trinkets, expenſive cloaths, fine horſes, magnificent carriages, a villa moſt elegantly furniſhed, and many other extravagancies; to ſupport which, he will have recourſe to the gaming-table. He little cares that his being a gameſter may hurt his marrying, or his advancement. He ſeeks not a proper match; neither does he aim at places or honour. He is reſolved not to

marry at all, or for money; and, if he is ever ambitious, he turns courtier with a view of inriching himſelf. Unhappy father of ſuch a ſon: You are the cauſe of his irregularities and thirſt after riches. If you educated him yourſelf, the fault was in you: if you truſted him to another, you are yet more culpable. Was it worth while, for the ſake of increaſing his fortune, to make over to a ſtranger your moſt ſacred and important duty? You ſhould have made his happineſs your object. He had better have been virtuous and moderate, than rich, vicious, and diſſipated. What will lucrative poſts, a government, and penſions avail, when your ſon diſhonours and obliges you to ſell your eſtate? Let us wave this diſagreeable ſubject, and, to forget it intirely, let us reflect upon ourſelves and our children: let us talk of *Theodore* and of the Chevalier *de Valmont*. Make yourſelf eaſy with regard to the future: you have inſtilled into your ſon religious principles, a taſte for politeneſs and good manners, a contempt of pomp, and a laudable ambition of diſtinguiſhing himſelf by the united qualities of head and heart. Before he thought of my daughter, he proved himſelf incapable of being biaſſed by intereſted motives, by refuſing a very advantageous match, becauſe the lady was of an inferior birth. He will ſoon ſee *Adelaide* again.—Love will furniſh what your care and example have begun. Such are my hopes; may they be realized to our mutual happineſs!

Allow me, Sir, to recommend a matter of importance to you: to inſiſt on the Chevalier's keeping an exact account of his expences: if he is not regular, he will get into debt, and to extricate himſelf may be tempted to game again. Under pretence

pretence of easing yourself from that trouble, require him to look into a part of your daily expences. For these last six months *Theodore* has done this for me: he examines and pays the weekly accounts of my Valet de Chambre. He buys my cloaths for me. Adieu, Sir, if the Chevalier's imprudence causes you the least inconvenience, I have *fifteen thousand francs* with Monsieur *Girard*, in *St. Nicaire's street*, much at your service; of which I advise him by this post. You never mention my new house to me; I hope, however, you have been to see it. The Viscount *de Limours*, who has undertaken the building of it in my absence, according to my plan, informs me that it is commodious and pleasant, and that the apartments for my children, my son-in-law, and my daughter-in-law, are very agreeable. I intreat you to carry the Chevalier *de Valmont* thither, and shew him the lodgings fixed on for my son-in-law. Once more adieu! Sir, please to direct for me at Turin.

LETTER XIV.

Baroness to Madame d'Ostalis.

Turin.

I SHALL leave this place the 25th, my dear daughter; and I hope, when you receive this letter, you will be ready to set out to meet me at B—. The Viscountess tells me Monsieur *de Limours*'s affairs will detain him at Paris till near the end of May; therefore we shall be alone

at B— for at leaſt ſix weeks; for which, though I have a great friendſhip for the Viſcounteſs, I ſhall not be ſorry, as after ſo long an abſence I have many queſtions to aſk, and many things to tell you.

I much approve Monſieur *d'Oſtalis*'s deſire of obtaining an embaſſy. He is prudent, ſenſible, and with eaſe ſpeaks many languages: he has, beſides, a noble, open, and agreeable perſon; and this laſt advantage, though not an eſſential one, is ſtill uſeful to a courtier, and particularly ſo to an ambaſſador, who ought to attract, to win, and to conciliate; which it is not an eaſy matter to do, with a diſagreeable and awkward perſon and behaviour.

I think, my dear daughter, you will be pleaſed with the preſent which *Adelaide* brings you: it is a charming port-folio of drawings, a pretty collection of Italian ſongs, and an aſſortment of impreſſions of all the moſt beautiful antiques, which are found in the cabinets of the Curious in Italy, caſt in ſulphur. *Adelaide* has a ſimilar collection, and ſhe has amuſed herſelf with arrangeing them in a chronological order; by which means ſhe has formed, in twelve drawers, a complete ſeries of mythology, and of Greek and Roman hiſtory, which coſt only twelve or fifteen guineas. It appears to me, that all young perſons who draw ſhould be preſented with this collection, requiring them to claſs them as *Adelaide* has done. By this amuſement they will acquire a pure, elegant, and correct taſte for drawing, a juſt idea of the ancient manner, and will bring back to their memory mythology and ancient hiſtory.

No,

No, my dear child; I am neither inchanted with the Italian operas nor their play-houſes; which I imagined to be more beautiful than I found them. They are large, but their form wants elegance: with reſpect to the decorations, it appears to me, that we preſerve the perſpective better than they do. The Italians make great uſe of tranſparent ſcenes which are very dazzling, but form no repreſentations of nature, and are only fit to correſpond with fairy tales. I have ſeen a theatre large enough to contain a numerous company of ſoldiers mounted on real horſes; but the poor animals marched with ſo much difficulty on the boards performed their parts ſo ill, and their riders conducted them ſo aukwardly, and at the ſame time appeared to be ſo apprehenſive of falling; that the ſight appeared to me much more ridiculous than ſurpriſing. I have heard many operas, the muſic of which appeared to be excellent; but the ſcenery was in general too much neglected and without any variety: the actors perform ill, without being abſolutely abſurd. Princeſſes are dreſſed like the Nobles of Genoa. They wear enormous hoops, which are very inconvenient to them. The lover, or his miſtreſs, never fail, at the ſound of the organ, even in the moſt paſſionate ſcenes, to turn their backs on each other, apparently, that they may not forget what they are about; and the audience encore the parts which beſt pleaſe them; which deſtroys all the illuſion. I think we may be certain, that ſinging is carried to the higheſt degree of perfection in Italy. The women's voices all appear charming, becauſe they are natural and eaſy, without appearing to come from the throat;

which is the general fault of the French ſingers. The Italians, on the contrary, ſoften their voices in the high parts, and never raiſe them above the natural pitch, which makes them truly melodious. I have ſeen in Italy many pantomime dances, in the ſerious ſtyle, charmingly compoſed and executed. Among others, that of Orpheus, which pleaſed me beſt of all: but the comic dances are ſo flat and indecent, that we ſhould not even think them tolerable at a fair. As to their concerts, I aſſure you, they are not better executed than ours; and, upon the whole, we are more delicate, with regard to ear, than the Italians. Adieu, my dear child; when I ſee you, I will tell you, which of the Italian compoſers I like beſt; for a deciſion of ſo much importance ought not to be truſted to the poſt. Adieu, my child, in ſix weeks I ſhall embrace you; you will ſee *Adelaide*; I ſhall hear you ſay, *How ſhe is grown! how pretty ſhe is! how amiable ſhe appears!*— In ſix weeks I ſhall be in France, at B— with you! ——But, mean time, this vile Mount Cenis parts us, and I am at Turin, where I muſt ſtay an age, a whole month!—Oh, what happineſs to find one's ſelf in one's own country, after two years abſence! This is the greateſt pleaſure which travelling procures us.

LET-

LETTER XV.

The same to the same.

I HAVE read with extreme pleasure, my dear child, the account you gave me of your daughters. There is but one thing which appears to want an explanation and to be examined into. You give your children money for their pocket expences, when they are only ten years old, and are too young to be capable of spending it properly. *Duclos* says, "All that the laws require, that morality "recommends, and conscience dictates, is con- "tained in this one proverb so well known, but so "little explained: *do not do that to others which* "*you would not have done to yourself.* The exact "observation of this maxim leads to probity: *do* "*to others what you would have done to yourself.* "This is virtue. Her distinguished character "and nature consists *in conquering yourself in favour* "*of others.* It is by this generous effort that we "make a sacrifice of our pleasures to those of other "people."

We may inspire a child with probity, because it is founded upon a justice, which is to be found in all hearts; however narrow the understanding, the principles of it may always be conceived; but it will not make a child virtuous, because he is not made to attain to perfection, or even near it. If you would have a child of ten years old be learned, witty, understand Greek, talk on the beauties of Homer, feel the charms and graces of *Fontaine*, and the sublimity of *Corneille*; that child will al-

ways be a fool and a pedant. In the same manner, if you expect him to be benevolent, prudent, a Saint, or a Hero, all the good actions you make him perform will appear to him painful. He will forget the end to be obtained and the object; and will only remember the sacrifice he has made, and he will find virtue too severe and too difficult for him ever to love it. Another inconvenience of this pernicious method is that of giving children false ideas, and confounding that which is their duty with perfection, probity, and virtue; so that they can never arrive at solid and immoveable principles; they will reproach themselves with crimes, when in fact they are doing innocent actions; will become superstitious and over-bearing; they will torment themselves with idle scruples, or, at least, which is more probable, they will reject such practices as they had thought indispensable; will abandon them all, and fall into the wildest extravagance.

Confine yourself then to the giving your girls exact honesty; form and establish their principles in this manner; but require nothing more from them than what Religion and the laws prescribe to them as their duty. He, who is sensibly penetrated with the truth of the Gospel, will doubtless be the most humane and perfect of men. And the divine goodness, in shewing us virtue in all its excellence, makes us admire and love it, and exhorts us to follow it; but does not command it, nor expect perfection from us; but earnestly requires us to have faith united to good morals and honesty. Even giving alms, this duty so sacred in all good minds, is in the Gospel laid down as advice; by exhortation, and not as a positive injunction. It is necessary, however, that children should have an idea of

virtue, and that they ſhould be early accuſtomed to admire it; ſhew them a noble and ſacred image of it; let them ſee the model of it in your actions and conduct; prove to them, that it lives in the heart, and will render them happy; and be certain that they will love it in time. The deſire of obtaining the character which you bear, the praiſes which are beſtowed on you, will inſenſibly lead them to imitate you. Compaſſion will ſoon be awakened in their hearts; they will diſcover ſome of the pleaſures attached to benevolence. A child, as ſenſible as *Adelaide*, might even experience theſe ſentiments a long time before ſhe is ten years old. *Adelaide*, when only ſix or ſeven, found an inexpreſſible pleaſure in giving any thing to oblige, or to relieve the diſtreſs of an unfortunate perſon. Having no money, ſhe would have given with great pleaſure, if we had allowed her to do ſo, one of her frocks to a little girl whom ſhe ſaw almoſt naked; and would give her play-things to her brother. But theſe actions were neither ordered, nor even adviſed: in that caſe ſhe would have done them with reluctance. Beſides, theſe gifts cannot be called ſacrifices: *Adelaide* had no great merit in giving away an old frock, or a play-thing of which ſhe was tired; for ſhe never offered a new one. So that one may ſay ſhe did as much as could be expected in her infancy; ſhe was obliging, but not benevolent. At ten years old ſhe began to be deeply affected by great examples of generoſity. Yet I thought, if I had given her a certain allowance, ſhe would have laid out all her money in trifles; ſo that, till ſhe was near thirteen, ſhe never had any; and, even now, I have never told her ſhe muſt be charitable. But I have produced ſcenes of poverty and

distress to her, which made her feel that she must be so; therefore her heart and her reason have made her benevolent. She asks my advice on these matters, and I strengthen this new-born virtue in her by my approbation and esteem.

Expect then with patience the time, when your daughters hearts and minds will be awakened to virtue; and that, in trying to hasten it, you will, instead of bringing it to perfection, spoil the Work of Nature. A gardener, with great trouble and art, may ripen fruit before its season, but this fruit will be worth nothing.—Adieu, my dear daughter. Thank Heaven, in six days we shall go from hence, and we are so rejoiced at it, that it appears as if we were out of our senses. Adieu! I shall write to you again on Saturday: embrace *Seraphina* and *Diana* for me.

LETTER XVI.

Count de Roseville to the Baron.

IN my last letter to my dear Baron, which he ought to have received at Naples, I acquainted him, that the marriage of *Stolina* with an opulent merchant was fixed upon; and that my young Prince, intirely cured of a passion, which had caused me so much uneasiness, was but slightly affected upon hearing the news.—But a total change has taken place; judge then, if I ought not to be seriously alarmed? The Count *de Stralzi* returned four months ago from a tour through the Provinces undertaken by order of the Prince; we compared his obser-

observations with those of the Baron *de Sulback*, and found the two travellers scarcely agreed in any one point—The Prince, having a real regard for the Baron, was inclined to give him the greater credit.—I agree with you, said I, in entertaining a better opinion of M. *Sulback*'s character and sense; but I may without further proof be deceived. It is possible, that with the best intentions he may have formed a wrong judgment.—The state of the Provinces you are to govern ought to be strictly investigated... How then can I come at the truth of the accounts they have given me? Go and travel then yourself upon the spot.—I wish much to travel, for a Prince can only come at the truth by his own inspection.... Agreed.—Recollect, however, that such trouble is not to be taken for things of small importance.—A Prince cannot examine every thing himself—trifles are below his notice; they cramp his genius and take him off from the pursuit of more worthy objects.—I am of opinion that a Prince should have a perfect knowledge of his Ministers; if he has had no opportunity of proving their probity and abilities, he should at least chuse those of an unblemished and thoroughly established reputation.—Certainly, he ought to learn the general opinion; besides making his own particular inquiries, he should know (as Abbè *Duquet* advises) "What their former "conduct has been; what their pursuits; what "their connections; what the management of their "own estates; what authority they have kept up "in their own families; what their prospects in "the establishments of their children; what deli-"cacy they have shewn with regard to wealth ill "acquired, in not partaking of it by alliances; "with what regularity they have paid debts not

"con-

" contracted by themselves, but charged on their " estates; with what equity they have finished " those law-suits which were unavoidable?"—How can one be informed of all these particulars, observed the Prince?—Employ different people, unknown to each other, and compare their accounts?—One can easily learn the truth of facts only.—It is sufficient to ask questions, and to believe neither the friends nor enemies of the party, nor those who aim at the same employments; then it is that a friend may be useful to the Prince who desires and seeks after truth.—You will deserve to be beloved for your own sake.—You will be loved.—I have the vanity to believe, nay, I am sure, that your friends will not be unworthy of advising a great Prince.—However, avoid an unbounded confidence; ask the counsels of friendship, but weigh them well and follow them after mature deliberation; recollect, that the most virtuous and enlightened of men are subject to error.—Finally, resolve upon nothing without advice and that well digested—and, though your friend be ever so meritorious, do not suffer yourself to be biassed by him alone, in the choice of those you employ.—He may be partial—for he is a man, and may be for a moment unjust.

Some time after this conversation the Chevalier *de Murville* acquainted me, that *Mirandel*, the merchant, and destined spouse of *Stolina*, had retracted his promise, without giving a reason for a conduct so extraordinary, considering the love he had shewn for her.—I commissioned the Chevalier to find her another husband. He told me he had in his thoughts a person who would certainly return to *** in two months. The next day but one, he wrote me word, that *Mirandel* was constantly walking

walking near the lake *C**** of *Stolina*'s houſe, and that he thought the match might be brought on again. He was authoriſed to try... Failed, and the ſcheme was given up. The ſixth of laſt month the Prince ſaw the Count *de Stralzi* for a moment, and propoſed his hunting with him. The Count excuſed himſelf, and left us with an air evidently embarraſſed. Juſt as we were going out, the Prince was told, that an old Officer, by his appointment, waited his commands. Oh! ſays the Prince, he is come too late; the time I fixed is paſt: tell him I am going a hunting. The poor man, replied I, flattered himſelf, that you would to-day liſten to a recital of his misfortunes; he will return home in deſpair.—It is his own fault; why did not he come to his time! He is not here to give his reaſons; perhaps they are good ones. Well let him come in then, ſaid the Prince a little peeviſhly. Immediately a venerable worn out old man, with a wan countenance, and his arm in a ſling, made his appearance. Sir, ſays the Prince, did not M. *Sulback* deſire you from me to be here at ten o'clock? He did, anſwered the Officer in a faultering voice: and yet, ſays the Prince, it is almoſt twelve. Theſe words, uttered in an imperious and angry tone, ſo intimidated the unhappy veteran now for the firſt time at the Levee, and in the preſence of the ſon of his Sovereign, that he could not reply. He looked down, and ſtammered out ſome innocent words. I perceived he was unable to proceed; and, willing to give him time to recover himſelf, I accoſted him thus: Probably you live at a diſtance from the Palace? It was not that—I was detained—by a trifling accident.—What accident? aſked the Prince,

Prince, with more good-nature. An accident—which deſerves not—only—I broke my arm this morning. Heavens! cried the Prince, this morning! And yet you are come! and remain ſtanding, when you can ſcarcely ſupport yourſelf upon your legs! This ſaid, he inſtantly drew forward an elbow-chair, and, taking the old man's hand, deſired him to be ſeated. What for me? ſaid the Officer, can your Highneſs think me worth your attention? Reſt yourſelf, replied the Prince, and, ſtill holding his hand, made him ſit down. Oh! Sir, what goodneſs of heart! What goodneſs of heart! The veteran's tears hindered his ſaying more. What! Are you ſurprized at finding in me ſome marks of humanity? Ah! Sir, this moment repays forty years misfortunes.—The Prince wiped his ſwoln eyes, and, after a ſhort pauſe, ſaid, you ſuffer too much to be able this day to explain your buſineſs; I am even hurt that you came.—Sir, I came to ſolicit for my ſon!—Give me your memorial, and reſt aſſured of my active and moſt intereſted zeal.—The old man, unable to anſwer, preſented it, and got up to go away: the Prince, perceiving that he walked with difficulty, ſupported him by the arm as far as the door, in ſpite of the faint efforts made by the Officer to diſengage himſelf, who, equally confuſed and ſtruck by the Prince's good-nature, received his ſupport with tears of joy and frequent exclamations of ſurprize and gratitude. When he was gone, I aſked the Prince, if he did not think the excuſe a good one, for not coming to his time, and if he repented having delayed his hunting? O! my God! what would this unhappy man, who came in ſo much pain, have ſuffered, had I not heard him? Therefore never

never hesitate to sacrifice your pleasures to good works; or, to explain myself better, permit not any particular amusement to take such hold of you as to be relinquished with real concern. Your only passions should be virtue and glory.—How much do I repent my haughty treatment of the old man, which seemed so much to distress him!—In fact, you cruelly frightened a man who had for forty years served the State with valour, a man covered with honourable wounds, a man who had undauntedly faced dangers and the enemy: yet this brave and respectable veteran trembled before you, before a boy of sixteen! Tell one, Sir, do you pride yourself in being the cause of such emotions?... Quite the reverse; I am humbled and repent my conduct. That man must have thought me unfeeling and imperious, because he was so easily disconcerted.... He supposed you were possessed of that brutal pride which marks the characters of tyrants: he thought a broken arm would not be allowed to be a sufficient excuse by you. He even ventured to mention it only as a trifling accident. He imagined, that you looked upon men in a lower class as beings of an inferior kind to yourself; convinced of the absurdity of such an opinion, yet he wanted your aid.—He trembled.—Many Princes are narrow-minded enough to be vain of inspiring such servile fear: they are ignorant, that contempt and hatred are its companions. Haughtiness, disdain, and caprice, joined with power, may make one formidable, and inslave those who can only revenge their humbled state by aversion. It is virtue alone that can implant respect, and obtain faithful services. Always reflect, Sir, upon your most shining title, your first dignity. Remember

member you are a man, and that you cannot leſſen another without humbling yourſelf. The Prince was convinced of this truth. He immediately talked of the old man; and ſaid, that, let the fate of his petition be what it may, he ſhall not have made a fruitleſs journey with his broken arm; for he ſhall receive, to-morrow, the firſt quarter of a penſion for life. I will afterwards aſk him, how he came to form ſo ſtrange an opinion of me? For ſurely I have not deſerved the character of being abſurd? By no means ſaid I. But this man never came to Court but to aſk favours there of impertinent clerks in office, and of Miniſters too often capricious: rejected, probably, by one and by the other. He concluded, that power of authority made men hard-hearted, unjuſt, and contemptuous: and the maſters of theſe people would of courſe be leſs eaſy of acceſs and more inhuman. —How hard it is that a Prince ſhould loſe the affections of part of his ſubjects by the caprice and rudeneſs of his Miniſters? Happily, replied I, this evil has its remedy. We were here interrupted by their aſking if the Prince meant to hunt? Late as it was, he ſeemed to wiſh it; I made no objection even to ſtay out till night. He took me at my word, for, at duſk, we were ſix leagues from * *: It was then time to go to our carriages. Juſt as we entered a ſmall and very thick wood, the horſe of one of the Prince's equerries ran away with and flung him; he was thrown under the beaſt; from which we releaſed him, and perceived he was covered with blood and dangerouſly wounded, chiefly about the head. The Prince was the more affected, the young man being his favourite. A huntſman went for the carriages; but the wounded man

ıan could not ſuffer himſelf to be carried ſix
:agues in his deplorable ſituation. He recollected
ıe country-ſeat of the Count *de Stralzi* muſt be
ear, and he deſired to be carried there. A huntſ-
ıan knew it to be within a quarter of a league, and
ıat it was but two leagues from the village of * *,
/here both a Phyſician and Surgeon might be met
/ith. The Prince, with a laudable compaſſion,
/ould himſelf conduct the wounded man to the
ouſe, and recommended him to the care of the
ount's ſervants. We got there by ſix o'clock,
ıe night very dark. Some of his people ſaid the
ount was at home. We were ſurpriſed at it; he
ad told us in the morning, that ſome buſineſs of
onſequence would detain him in * * all the day.
he whole houſe was in an uproar: ſome ſervants
eking their maſter; others, confuſed by our queſ-
ons, anſwered them ambiguouſly. Our numerous
ompany filled all the apartments. We had ſettled
ur ſick man in a commodious room, and left him to
o to our carriage, without knowing whether the
ount was from home, or had concealed himſelf;
hen, juſt as we were paſſing thro' a grand ſaloon,
e made his appearance: he approached us with ſuch
ı embarraſſed air, ſuch a gloomy countenance,
ıd ſuch extraordinary agitations, that the Prince
ıd I, equally aſtoniſhed, looked upon one another
ith ſome degree of terror. The Count muttered
me unintelligible excuſes: the Prince without
earing them fixed his eyes upon him, and then
id with a ſmile, I will endeavour to take a pro-
er time for my next viſit. The Count bluſhed,
ıd ſought in vain to diſguiſe his extreme perplexity.
he Prince changed the diſcourſe to his equerry's
accident,

accident, and, recommending him to the Count's care, ſtept forward to go away: at that moment a ſhriek was heard: we ſtarted.—The Prince ſtopped ſhort. The Count trembled and puſhed forward with diſmay to the door, which was haſtily opened: an Angel, a celeſtial figure, the divine *Stolina*, flung herſelf at the Prince's feet, imploring thus his protection. You, Sir, who formerly reſcued my family from miſery and death, vouchſafe now to preſerve what is moſt valuable to me! Defend my honour! Be aſſured of that, ſaid the Prince: innocence and beauty will never be refuſed my aſſiſtance. He affectionately raiſed *Stolina* from the ground, and, holding her by the hand, as if fearing ſhe would quit him, or be forced from him, looked with rage for the Count, but in vain, I had favoured his eſcape. I made a ſign to be left alone with the Prince, and then aſked him, Well, Sir, what do you mean to do? You ſurely gueſs; to conduct her where ſhe wiſhes. He ſpoke this in a very unuſual manner to me; I perceived he was influenced by a power ſuperior to mine, and put on this air of independence, that I might not oppoſe his intentions. I was convinced he would not brook contradiction, and, at the ſame time, would make a bad uſe of indulgence. I took the reſolution of appearing ignorant of his thoughts, and, with great good-humour, ſaid it is worthy of you to conduct *Stolina* to a creditable place of ſafety: but firſt let us hear her ſtory. The young woman bluſhed, and told us that the Count *de Stralzi*, returning one day from the Chevalier *de Murville*'s garden, ſaw her walking with her mother in the fields; that he wrote her many letters, of which ſhe only read the firſt, and ſent the

the others back unopened; at length he had desisted from his unsuccessful pursuit.

This morning, continued she, I rose as usual at day-break: Scarcely out of bed when an old maid-servant told me, one of my neighbours, for whom I had a particular regard, had just sent, desiring me to come directly to her: I went out with the maid, for my mother put great trust in that wretch. We croft a large orchard, and entered an avenue of elms: at the end there stood a carriage, which surprised me, this being an unfrequented spot. I would have taken another path, had not the maid told me the carriage was the Prince's, who was walking on the banks of the lake. (At this period *Stolina* paused, blushing exceedingly: and there was a momentary interval of silence. Well, replied the Prince, with a faultering voice, you believed it was my carriage?—Yes, Sir, and I did not take another path.—O *Stolina!* had I but been there—I should have preserved you from the villainous attempt: Well, interrupted I, it was the Count de *Stralzi?* No, Sir, his vile emissaries: they seized and forced me into the carriage, with my base servant, who wrapped my head in a handkerchief, so that I could neither see nor be heard. They brought me to this house, shut me up in a room, and, about an hour before the Prince's arrival, the Count came to me. Promises, protestations, and intreaties being ineffectual, he was about to use force, when a great noise of horses and carriages was heard; at the same time one knocked at the door to acquaint him of the Prince's being come: he, doubtless, perceived the joy this intelligence gave me: his rage increased, and, after much hesitation, he left

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me locked up in the room. He was ſcarcely gone, when I opened the window, and reſolutely jumped out of it. I fell on the graſs in a ſmall garden; its gate being open, I got into the court-yard, and ſome of the Prince's huntſmen, whom I met there, conducted me to this apartment. The ſeducing *Stolina* here finiſhed her recital. Heaven! exclaimed I, to what ſhocking lengths do our paſſions carry us! What happineſs is yours, Sir, to have reſcued innocence from the attempts of vice? But it is ſeven o'clock, let us loſe no time; *Stolina* is doubtleſs impatient to return to the embraces of her father and mother. Hearing this, ſhe with tears intreated the Prince to ſend her that night to her parents. I will carry you there myſelf, ſaid he eagerly. I can eaſily conceive, interrupted I, that you are deſirous of reſtoring, with your own hands, to thoſe worthy people a daughter ſo deſervedly dear to them; but this adventure will make a noiſe; it will be known that ſhe was carried off: the public are too apt to miſrepreſent the moſt trifling events and actions. Should it be known that you yourſelf carried *Stolina* home, depend upon it that many will through folly or malice confound the protector with the raviſher. Let me adviſe you to ſend her home under the care of young *Sulback*. The unſuſpecting air of confidence and good-humour I put on intirely took from the Prince all deſire of oppoſing me, and he heard me with complacency. Nevertheleſs, he obſerved, that *Alexis Stezen*'s houſe being but three leagues off, we ſhould only be an hour longer in returning to —. I remarked, that this circumſtance could not affect my argument, in which the Prince acquieſced.

ced. We put *Stolina* into a carriage with *Sulback* for her guard, and got home ourſelves at half paſt nine at night. I told the Prince I would immediately give an account of this adventure to his father. I returned in half an hour. Well, ſaid the Prince, what does my father think of *Stralzi*'s behaviour? He knew it all, replied I; that unhappy young man, on his eſcape from his houſe, confeſſed it all to his uncle; who flung himſelf at your father's feet to implore his mercy: and what anſwer did he receive? That you, Sir, ſhould determine his puniſhment. What I? Yes, Sir: becauſe, you being the beſt acquainted with all the particulars, are more able to give an equitable judgment. You may eaſily imagine, continued I, that the Prince your father, has a mind on this occaſion to make a trial of your diſcernment and juſtice; and that if you were to pronounce too ſevere a ſentence.—Yet the Count *de Stralzi* deſerves puniſhment—without doubt, but recollect that maxim which pleaſed you ſo much when you read it: "There is a meanneſs in hatred of which a great ſoul is incapable. A Prince muſt ſometimes puniſh, when abſolutely neceſſary; but it ſhould then be done without harſhneſs or malice, and without giving himſelf up to the pleaſures of revenge. He has no other intereſt but thoſe of the public, and admits into his breaſt no ſecret averſions to diſturb his peace, and deprive him of his candour and benevolence?"—Reflect on this, continued I: you are to give an anſwer in two days: at the expiration of that time, I think, ſaid the Prince, Count *de Stralzi*'s youth intitles him to ſome indulgence: he ſhould not be loſt, but

but amended. Let him only be banished from Court for one year: I will request of my father to have the goodness to pronounce himself this sentence upon him, and to add at the same time, that, in case of his sincere reformation, the remembrance of his fault shall not prevent his receiving any honours his birth intitles him to. Does there appear to you, added the Prince, colouring, any harshness, any spirit of revenge in this sentence? On the contrary, answered I, there is too much lenity and indulgence, but arising from such laudable motives that your father will most readily confirm it. I had the greater reason to commend the Prince's good-nature, he having the day after the adventure confessed himself to be desperately in love: an unmanageable passion at sixteen and an half! I was at a loss how to act, when I heard that *Mirandel* had renewed his addresses to *Stolina*. He acknowledged that the Count *de Stralzi* had taken him off from his pursuit, by placing the Prince's favours to *Alexis Stezen*'s family in a suspicious light. The forcibly conveying her away opened *Mirandel*'s eyes, and renewed his former affection. I would have availed myself of this, and hastened the marriage; but *Stolina* herself objected. She positively refused to her father's intreaties a pardon to a lover whom inclination and repentance had restored to her. I know not what to think of this refusal: when the Prince himself one morning cleared up all my suspicions: he brought me a letter opened; he was much disturbed; anger and indignation were visible in his countenance. I promised, said he, to conceal nothing from you: I have just received this letter; here it is, read it. I took it, it was too moving,

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and from *Stolina*: she conjures the Prince, as her protector, as her deliverer, her only support on earth, to defend her from the persecutions of a man as violent as he was contemptible; who, after having refused and basely aspersed her, was resolved to wed her, though she had so fixed and just an aversion to him. Well, Sir, said I, after having read the letter, *Stolina* must be accused of fickleness, since she now refuses an offer, which, but a few months ago, she willingly accepted. Be that as it may, said the Prince, he shall never gain her by compulsion. Who will compel her? Perhaps her parents——Yes. *Stolina* would have you think so?——But she deceives you. She deceive me!—Would you believe her sooner than me? But what advantage can it be to her? She is not ignorant of your passion. This has intoxicated and made her despise her former lover. What absurdity! Can you believe? I tell you nothing new; her father speaks plainly, that she can only love her deliverer, her only support on earth. Ah! Sir, you have banished the Count *de Stralzi* for attempting to debauch an innocent girl; what punishment will you inflict on yourself? What?—You have corrupted this young woman by discovering a passion which misleads you. You have robbed her of her reason and of her virtue. She dares to write to you, unknown to her parents: in short, to have a preference of applying to you, she is guilty of an abominable falshood. She scandalises her father; she represents him as a tyrant, that she may make an offering of herself to you, under the specious form of a victim. It is certainly your work, that a mind, once so pure, is now so

full of deceit. But are you ſure ſhe will not be obliged to marry this man? You may be certain of that: by ſending to *Mirandel*'s houſe you will find he is ſet out this evening for France, his native country. Beſides, *Alexis Stezen* has no inducement to thwart his daughter's inclinations: the portion which the Prince your father gives her inſures her an honourable match. Struck with theſe words, the Prince, ſighing, looked down. You are convinced, continued I, of the bad conſequences of your miſconduct. It is not enough to be conſcious of our faults; we muſt amend them. What muſt I do, interrupted he, with anxiety and eagerneſs? Cure yourſelf of a paſſion that degrades you. Alas! I can lament it; but for a cure—Is it you who talks thus? The ſon of a great Prince, born to govern men, yet unable to conquer the weakeſt of all paſſions? Beſides, is it poſſible you can be in love with a perſon you have ſeen only two or three times? That was enough to inſpire love—from my childhood ſhe always was in my thoughts—what expectation can you form from this? Would you ſeduce and ruin her? That thought ſtrikes me with horror—Endeavour then to get the better of your attachment! Impoſſible!—I will propoſe the means. We were to travel ſome months hence: let it be directly. The Prince conſidered a ſhort time; then offering me his hand, I conſent to it, ſaid he, to prove myſelf, notwithſtanding my folly, worthy of your eſteem, will be my chief pleaſure. I am delighted with you, but not ſurpriſed, exclaimed I. No paſſion contrary to your duty could ever diſturb me; I was certain you would get the better of it. You, continued I, ſhould write to *Stolina*, promiſing her your protection

tection, and that she should never be compelled to enter any state of life, that was disagreeable to her. The Prince, delighted with this permission, squeezed my hand, and sat about writing. His answering her immediately pleased me, for I was certain, in his present disposition, the letter would be as I wished it. He desired me to read it. It was as harmless as if I had composed it myself. The next day the departure of the Prince was announced publickly. We set off in two days for those provinces of which Monsieur *de Sulback* and the Count *de Stralzi* had made the tour, by order of the Prince. We mean to form a judgment ourselves of the facts contained in their journals. We shall travel incog. with few attendants. The Prince expects to return to —— in three months; but we shall be much longer absent. The whole of my scheme shall be explained to you in my next letter. You see, my dear Baron, though I write but seldom, I make it up to you by the length of my letters. You and my sister are my only correspondents: to you alone, I confide these occurrences. To my sister I only speak of the Chevalier *de Murville*; whom she loves the more, since I have informed her that he is dying of a consumption: in this I exaggerated a little, to make my court to the Viscountess: yet the poor man is really in a weak state, and I fear, in some danger. Adieu! my dear Baron. Direct my letters, under cover, to the Comte *de Riller*, who will forward them.

LETTER XVII.

M. de Aimeri to the Baron.

YOU have no idea, Sir, of the joy my grandſon experienced, when I ſhewed him your letter, dated B—— Caſtle. *Adelaide* is then in France! cried he; this emotion was much more lively, as the night before laſt we ſupped at the Intendant's, where we ſaw Mr. *D*—, who was juſt returned from Turin, and who talked of nothing but Madame *Almane* and the charming *Adelaide*. *Charles* aſked him many queſtions, and was informed that Mademoiſelle *Almane* was the handſomeſt perſon living; the moſt amiable, the moſt natural; that ſhe poſſeſſed all the candour and ſimplicity of infancy, and all the graces of youth; that ſhe ſings in Italian, and plays on the harp like an Angel; that ſhe draws in a ſuperior ſtyle; that ſhe educates a little orphan; that ſhe is the beſt as well as the youngeſt and moſt charming of mothers. Mr. *D*— related a thouſand marks of *Adelaide*'s and *Ermine*'s mutual tenderneſs. This ſingular adoption has intereſted even people who do not know you. *Charles* was melted almoſt to tears; he knows by heart all the little ſtories Mr. *D*— recounted; and he talks of nothing elſe to me. As an imagination of twenty years is eaſily inflamed, he is anxious to have the time of his duty over, in order to fly to Languedoc; but, notwithſtanding his impatience, it is impoſſible that we can depart from hence till the 25th of July. Adieu, Sir! I hope, as you have now fewer occupations, you will write oftener to me; and

and think with great pleasure, that I shall receive no more letters fifteen days after they are dated.

LETTER XVIII.

The Baron to the Viscount.

THE Castle of B— is at present very gay, my dear Viscount. We are happy in celebrating the event which interests all France; and, although at two hundred leagues from Versailles, I have illuminated my four towers and my gate-way—my peasants eat, drink, and dance in my garden; and I have, as well as you, the pleasure of hearing, Long live the King! a sound which must be pleasing to every Frenchman, particularly at this distance from Court; for, in the midst of a remote province, such exclamations can proceed only from the heart; they here express real joy and gratitude—you will not see an account of my entertainment in the Gazette; it is a citizen, and not a courtier, who gives it——The most virtuous sentiments, sentiments which at all times have produced the most shining actions, are now treated as prejudices; insensibility and licentiousness, under the specious names of reason and philosophy, break without scruple the most sacred ties, and glory in despising all decency. They speak of State affairs with a freedom, which even the presence of their children and domestics cannot restrain —For my part, occupied intirely by the education of mine, I have seldom time to go to Versailles—but I would have *Theodore* love his King, because he was born to serve him, and to

receive his favours—I would have him love his country, becauſe it is his duty to defend and to ſhed his blood for it.—In this, as in very thing elſe, I inforce my precepts by example; and I conduct myſelf ſo as to prove to *Theodore*, that I intereſt myſelf equally for the happineſs and glory of France and of the Sovereign who governs us.—I never fail to ſhew my ſatisfaction at every event that happens for the good of my country, by giving a little feaſt within my own walls, which, while it amuſes my children, makes them take a ſenſible part in the public felicity. *

I am concerned, my dear, Viſcount, that you cannot come to ſee us theſe ſix weeks—for by that means I ſhall paſs only a fortnight with you, as my ſon's entrance into the army will oblige me to leave you by the beginning of June; we ſhall then go to Straſbourg to remain till January, for I intend that *Theodore* ſhall begin a courſe of civil law, which will employ him the following ſummer.

I ſend you a letter for *Porphiry*, whom I have engaged to accompany you into Languedoc; I have a ſtrong deſire to ſee him again, and to hear him read a performance of which Madame *d'Oſtalis* ſpeaks highly.—Adieu, my dear Viſcount. Let me know if I muſt abſolutely relinquiſh all hope of ſeeing you before the 20th of May.

* This laſt idea is not my own, I willingly yield all the merit to its unknown Author. I read in the Paris Journal, about two years ago, ſeveral clever letters, ſigned Bonnare Pere, (a fictitious name.) In one of thoſe pretty letters, this was his picture of a good citizen—I was ſufficiently ſtruck with it to remember it at the end of the year, and to give the honour of it to the Baron *d'Aimane*.

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LETTER XIX.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

COME then, my dear friend; we are preparing plays, entertainments, and charming *ſurpriſes* for you.—A ſmall theatre, where you ſee the actors through gauze, in imitation of the magical pictures of Azor and Zemira: pantomimes acted by our children, *Diana Seraphina*, *Adelaide*, and *Ermine*;—others, where you will ſee *Theodore*, Monſ. *d'Almane* and *d'Ainville*; an orcheſtra compoſed of two harps, Madame *d'Oſtalis* and me. And then we have balls, and run races on foot, with ſhepherds and nymphs; and we have concerts *trios* and *quartetts*. —In ſhort, our rehearſals are over, and we wiſh for the happy time when we are to begin our repreſentations. I have had on this occaſion an opportunity of giving *Adelaide* a very important piece of advice. The day before yeſterday we rehearſed one of our pieces before Monſieur and Madame *de Valmont* and ſome other perſons: *Seraphina* played her part very boldly. Her mother ſcolded her, and diſconcerted her ſo much, that, in the midſt of a very comic ſcene, ſhe burſt into tears; and Madame *d'Oſtalis* ſent her away to her chamber. We all returned to the ſaloon. *Adelaide*, very much concerned at this accident, told Madame *de Valmont*, that it was not at all ſurpriſing that *Seraphina* did not act properly, and that ſhe had been ſo much affected by her mother's anger; for that ſhe was not at all well, having a very bad head-ach, and even a little fever. I heard what

ſhe ſaid; and aſked her aloud, if *Seraphina* had really told her ſhe was ill? Yes, Mamma, anſwered *Adelaide*, but in a low voice, and bluſhing at the ſame time. I took no notice of it, but went out, and returned in half a quarter of an hour.—A moment after Madame *d'Oſtalis* came in with great emotion. She told me ſoftly ſhe wanted to ſpeak with me, and made a ſign to *Adelaide* to follow us: we went into a little room, and Madame *d'Oſtalis* ſaid I am very angry. *Seraphina* has juſt told me a lye, and maintains it in the moſt poſitive manner.—What is it?—Why, indeed, my dear aunt, ſhe denies poſitively that ſhe told *Adelaide* ſhe had the head-ach.—What, interrupted *Adelaide*, have you told her?—Yes, replied Madame *d'Oſtalis*, my aunt told me you aſſured her *Seraphina* was ill; that ſhe told you of it; and this is what ſhe denies; but you may ſuppoſe I do not heſitate to believe you, and that I have treated her.... Oh! Heavens, cried *Adelaide*, the poor little girl was right. With a deſign to excuſe her, I thought an innocent falſhood might be permitted, and inſtead of this I have occaſioned her puniſhment!—Go, then, ſaid I, to Madame *d'Oſtalis*, give her her liberty, and to make her amends, forgive her intirely, and allow her to come to ſupper with us. As ſoon as we were alone, How, ſaid I, to *Adelaide*, could you invent this ſtory, not only to Madame *de Valmont*, but to me alſo!—It is true, Mamma: you know I hate lyes; but I thought, when no perſon was hurt by it, and that it might excuſe one I loved, I might be allowed to make uſe of a falſhood. It is permitted to be uſed in theſe circumſtances, when it ſerves to excuſe a real fault, or to conceal a ſe-

a ſecret either of our own, or one confided to us. Theſe are the only caſes where falſehood may ever be permitted. The fault, which *Seraphina* was guilty of could neither give a bad opinion of her heart, or of her diſpoſition: it was not a crime. Therefore neither your friendſhip for her nor your attachment to Madame *d'Oſtalis*, obliged you to tell a lye on this occaſion: and every time you do ſo, however harmleſs it may ſeem, unleſs there is an extreme neceſſity for it, or a great deal depends on it, you will always be to be blame, and at the ſame time act very imprudently; for in uſing yourſelf to tell this kind of lyes, you will loſe the right of being credited, when you wiſh to defend your fiends. Every body knew, that *Seraphina* had no head-ach: another time, if you ſhould wiſh to excuſe any little faults you will be ſuſpected of, even if you tell truth; and, if you was not ſo young and ſo well known here, people would be apt to believe you naturally given to falſhood, ſince you was guilty of it without any kind of neceſſity. We ought to do every thing to ſerve our friends, except expoſing our reputation for them. Honour is too eſtimable for us ever to ſacrifice it on any account. If you tell a lye, in order to do your friend a ſmall ſervice, they who diſcover it to be a falſhood, have a right to ſuppoſe you a lyar; therefore, you ought never to tell a lye. If you conceal the truth, or deny it, in a matter which concerns the happineſs of your friend, it will not hurt your character; it has its excuſe in the neceſſity of it: this therefore is allowable, and friendſhip renders it your duty. I ſee plainly, replied *Adelaide*, how ſeldom it is that the moſt innocent lye is not attended with inconveniencies. I wanted to ſerve *Seraphina*, and all the ſucceſs I

had was to occaſion her anger, and take from myſelf the power of defending or excuſing her for a long time!... Remember, ſaid I, never to depart from theſe principles; the contrary would lead you far aſtray. It is not enough to do a good action; it muſt alſo be united with juſtice and integrity... Can it be poſſible to depart from integrity in doing a good action?...Let us ſuppoſe that we have two neighbours, one of them poor, virtuous, and the father of a numerous family; the other rich and a bad man, who has acquired his fortune by thieving and cheating. Your poor neighbour tells you he is periſhing with hunger; and, as you have no money, he leaves you in deſpair. A moment after the walls which ſeparate you from your rich wicked neighbour, tumble down, and diſcover a large room, entirely filled with gold. You are ſure, that the owner of this money does not know the amount of it, and that you could take ſome without his finding it out; and conſequently without expoſing your reputation. You recollect; you think you ſtill hear the piercing cries of the good father of his family; you can ſave his life and thoſe of his wife and children. A hundred guineas would make him happy; this money, gained by vice, would paſs from wicked hands to thoſe of virtue; the wicked man could not only ſpare it, but does not even perceive the loſs of it; while on the other hand, this ſum would ſnatch a whole family from the grave!... Oh, Mamma! do not tempt me any farther... I only aſk you, in this ſituation what would you do?...Ah, the unfortunate father of the family!...You would ſteal then! you would be guilty of a crime which merits death!... Oh, Heaven! I ſhould rather die myſelf...But would

ſuch

such an act of compassion be pardoned?...Compassion, when opposed to honour and honesty, is only a weakness which ought to be conquered. I perceive it, and that, in effect, nothing can excuse a thief...But at least, Mamma, you will allow this to be a very distressing situation...Yes, for a person who blindly pursues the impulse of the moment, without considering justice or prudence: But for *Adelaide*, when she is eighteen years old, it will only be painful, not distressing. When you are of this age, you will know perfectly the impossibility of being virtuous, unless you constantly attend to its principles, and act from a regular and settled plan: *Never do what religion or the laws of your country forbid* This is the sacred precept which must be the rule of all your actions; and no pretence, or situation, however extraordinary, can dispense with your observing it...If there is a circumstance which may make you think stealing excusable, you might perhaps find another which might make murder appear lawful....Murder! oh, no!...Yes, murder, even parricide!...History, you know, furnishes us with more than one instance of these dreadful actions, produced by motives which have produced the most virtuous actions, the love of one's country and the desire of serving it. Thus it is, that our most laudable pursuits, our most noble sentiments, even our virtues, may lead us astray, if we renounce our principles. So pity and humanity might inspire us with the desire of stealing... A crime is always a crime, however useful it may be, or whatever good it may produce, and even if it insured the felicity of a whole nation. He, who commits so mean an action, dishonours himself, and becomes

a villain. Ah, Mamma! I will never forget this precept, so easy to remember: *Never to do what religion and law forbid.* I will never tell an untruth again on a trifling account, since religion and conscience forbid lying. I will never dissemble the truth, but when prudence, discretion, and friendship make it absolutely necessary; and I will never steal, in order to be charitable. But, Mamma, one word more about lying; for you have just made me very scrupulous on the subject. There is not a day passes that we do not tell a thousand stories; for instance, when you order yourself to be denied!—It would be a folly to call that lying; every thing of that kind, which is done through politeness, is only a common compliment, which is the more innocent, as it deceives nobody.—Yes, Mamma, when you do so, because you do not insist upon it: but I have seen people say the same thing, with so much apparent sincerity, that I should have been deceived by it, if I had not afterwards discovered that it was false. —This is indeed different, when one says such things, with earnestness and a tone of affection, it must then be called falsehood, not politeness.—Then, Mamma, to be polite, I think it is not necessary to say continually, *I am much afflicted.*—Not at all; though formerly the matter was carried still farther; for people said they were in *despair* on those occasions; which, at this time, makes them only *afflicted.* In short, the most simple expressions are always the best of this sort; and it is difficult to preserve an air of true politeness, if you use yourself to such expressions.——I remember you forbid me to say, *that is incredible, unheard of,—I am inraged*—and then, *this is ravishing*

viſhing, *charming* . . . And many other ſuch words and ſentences, of which I have formed a liſt, that I may not make uſe of them when I come into company. I have not intirely forbid you to uſe them, only recommended you not to repeat them conſtantly, or when they are improper. Nothing can be more diſagreeable than this way of talking, and the being ſo laviſh of ſuch ſtrong epithets; it deprives you of the poſſibility of expreſſing either aſtoniſhment, affection, or joy, when you really feel theſe ſentiments. Thus people uſe the moſt paſſionate expreſſions where enthuſiaſm is ridiculous, and appear cold when they wiſh to ſhew their tenderneſs . . . *Adelaide* retired to her chamber after this converſation, in order to write down a part of the advice I had juſt given her. It is a cuſtom ſhe has uſed herſelf to for ſome time: ſhe makes a kind of journal of all our converſations, and ſhe writes an exact account of the principles and ſentiments which ſtrike her the moſt. I only require that ſhe ſhould ſubmit this little Work to my cenſure, in order that I may ſee whether ſhe thoroughly underſtands it, and may correct it, if by chance ſhe ſhould be miſtaken. But what engages her time the moſt is the Novel in Letters, which I mentioned to you. She already ſees with great pleaſure, that the laſt letters are much ſuperior to the firſt. She even enjoys her own improvement. She perceives new ideas open to her. Her underſtanding is clear and juſt, becauſe ſhe has learned nothing from converſation which is above her comprehenſion. She is very impatient for the time when ſhe may read the beſt Authors in the three languages of French, Engliſh, and Italian; but her confidence in me moderates her impa-

patience;

tience; for she is certain, that I only defer giving her this pleasure, that she may be the better able to enjoy them; and we have agreed to defer this interesting study, till she has written all the answers to my letters, which will be nine or ten months hence. Adieu, my dear friend; come to us, and by the addition of your company render the Castle de B—— the most delightful place in the world, and, at the same time, complete the felicity of your happy friend.

LETTER XX.

Madame de Valey to Madame de Germeuil.

B—— Castle.

YOU wish to hear a particular account of the life we pass here and of our amazing pleasures; so I will satisfy you: we have had many most splendid entertainments, moral Comedies without love; Pantomimes acted by children; dancing by the country-fellows and waiting-women; and parties on the water; we sup at nine, and are all in bed by eleven. Judge now, how little all this suits my inclination! But yet I am the only person who is not delighted with this rural life: my mother is in continual extacy: Madame *d'Ostalis* always appears charmed before her aunt, and commends every thing she likes: my father regrets neither the Opera nor Mademoiselle *Hortensi*; the Chevalier *de Hervain* gives up small talk, and is as insipid as he is naturally satyrical and severe: even.

even *Porphiry* writes only little Poems and Eclogues, in which he paints and celebrates the virtues of Madame *d'Almane*, the charms and accompliſhments of *Adelaide*, and the innocent felicity which every one enjoys in this delightful place. As I am to give you an account of all the people that are here aſſembled, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, we have the Chevalier *de Valmont*'s father and mother; as to the firſt, he is an abſolute ruſtic of the worſt ſort; always laughing, and calls his wife, his heart, and his puſs, impertinent, proud, and never inclined to be ſilent, till Madame the Baroneſs *d'Almane* is diſpoſed to ſpeak. As for Madame *de Valmont*, though there is a moſt uncommon inſipidity in her, yet ſhe would be well enough and really has ſomething almoſt noble in her manner, if ſhe would not net ſo much, and did not conſtantly wear a tippet of mole-ſkin, with tufted fringe. Now figure to yourſelf all theſe perſonages ſurrounding Madame *d'Almane*, and neither ſeeing nor hearing any thing but her; then add to the picture a parcel of children; *Adelaide*, *Hermione*, *Theodore*, *Conſtantia*, *Seraphina*, *Diana*, tireſome little wretches, who all follow Madame *d'Almone* and liſten to her as to an oracle; then imagine this ſociety aſſembled in a vaſt large Caſtle, the very furniture of which is enough to give you the vapours, for you ſee nothing but ſtern profiles of moſt melancholy figures, with enormous Roman noſes. Now, pray bring all theſe circumſtances before you, and then you will conceive what ſort of countenance I muſt put on in this peaceful ſanctuary *of virtue and happineſs*.

You

You wish for a faithful description of *Adelaide*, that little miracle, that master-piece of Nature and education; I will satisfy your curiosity, and be very particular; she is not tall for her age, but remarkably slender; has a little round face, with delicate features, and a very childish look; at first you are only struck with her eyes, which are really beautiful and singularly expressive; her whole countenance is naturally pleasant and sensible; she has an agreeable and clever smile; her complexion is pretty, though not remarkably fair; she has but little colour, but then she blushes every instant, and only in her cheeks; and her beauty improves when she either speaks or sings; she has a charming mouth and teeth, and very pretty hands; she is not so handsome as my sister, but yet she eclipses her, or, to express myself more properly, you forget to look at *Constantia* when *Adelaide* is present. This little figure will soon be much talked of, and I am certain, when she appears in the world, we shall hear no more mention of the Countess *Anatolle*. With regard to her education, which is so much praised and cried up, I see nothing particularly in it; for it appears to me as if she owed nothing but to Nature: she is so obliging and good-humoured, that it is impossible to dislike, or indeed not to have a regard for her; as to any thing else, she is very bashful, speaks little, and that only in a common sort of manner, and appears more childish than people generally are at her age, for she plays with *Diana*, *Seraphina*, and her little *Hermione*, not the least out of complaisance, but for her own diversion; they say she has knowledge, but, though conversation often turns her on *History*, the *Arts*, and *Literature*, *Adelaide* listens with

with an attention which shews nothing but curiosity, for she never assumes the air of satisfaction, which every one has, who hears what he already knows; and she never joins in those conversations which must be owing to ignorance; for how is it possible to persuade one, that a person of only fourteen years of age can be sufficiently modest always to hold her tongue, when by conversing she could astonish the company, and gain herself admiration? She has a charming voice: I am no judge of her talent for musick and drawing; you know the little taste I have for the *Arts*. I perceive she can with equal readiness converse in English and in Italian, and has a number of pretty little accomplishments which she owes only to herself. It is she who puts in order the fruit for the table, and she can cut out the prettiest things in the world; she also does cyphers for rings on hair and landskips, and all those different things she learned in her idle hours.—*Theodore*, the other prodigy, is not so handsome as his sister, nor has he, like the Chevalier *de Valmont*, the interesting figure of a *Hero in Romance*.—However, he is tall and perfectly well made; he has a form equally active, easy, and noble, a good face, and an interesting countenance; but he is as bashful as his sister; and *not more knowing*, I would lay a wager, though he is fifteen and a half... *Theodore* is neither deficient in the graces, nor in politeness, though he knows not yet how to compliment a woman, or even look at one.—My mother understands much better how to educate her pupils; for (without talking or commending myself) *Constantia* is very forward for her age. She has already formed a passion, a violent affection,

and

and with the perſon who I make no doubt will determine the future deſtiny of her life... She abſolutely loves *Theodore* to diſtraction; ſhe has got to her *emotions*, — her *bluſhes*—and *reveries*.—In ſhort, nothing can be more viſible, or more ridiculous—at thirteen, I was only a coquette, but *Conſtantia* has an abſolute paſſion. The difference which appears to exiſt in the educations is only in name; for coquetry and love generally make people run the ſame length; ſo what ſignifies the anſwer where the effects are alike! Adieu, my dear; during your circle, you was the object of my tendereſt compaſſion; at preſent, you may return the compliment, for I do aſſure you I am as much out of my element here as you was with your country Squires.

LETTER XXI.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

Caſtle de B ——

DO not regret leaving the Caſtle ſo much, my dear child; you have quitted us, and it is no longer the ſame; we have loſt the moſt agreeeable part of our company. Since your departure, the weather has been ſo extremely hot, that it has been impoſſible, particularly for Pariſian Ladies, to ſtir our of doors before eight o'clock in the evening. The Viſcounteſs has eſtabliſhed a reading party, where we all aſſemble, though not compelled to it; it laſts about three quarters of an hour; and it is *Adelaide*, who reads aloud *The Theatre*

Theatre de la Chausèe. As ſhe has a very ſweet tone of voice, acts well, and reads Poetry with great propriety, ſhe even attracts the attention of Madame *de Valey*, who piques herſelf greatly on having a very particular affection for *Adelaide*; which proves to me, that it is impoſſible for thoſe who are poſſeſſed of native innocence and mildneſs, not to pleaſe even the moſt envious or cenſorious perſons in the world. In three weeks we ſhall be left in ſolitude; I ſhall remain here only one month after the Viſcounteſs goes; ſo that I ſhall certainly be at Paris by the beginning of November. We expect every day Monſ. *d'Aimeri* and the Chevalier *de Valmont*; the firſt has had a fit of the gout, which confined him a month to his bed, and retarded his departure from *de* * * *; but he is now recovered, and his laſt letter informs us of his ſpeedy return. I own I am not ſorry that the Viſcounteſs will be gone before his arrival, becauſe the interview between *Adelaide* and the Chevalier *de Valmont* will be very intereſting; and I fear the penetration of the Viſcounteſs, as well as the malignity of Madame *de Valey*. *Adelaide* will be fifteen in leſs than two months .... I am very certain that the Chevalier will not ſee her without ſurprize and emotion; and witneſſes at ſuch a time would be very troubleſome. Adieu, my dear child; I will write to you again, when Monſ. *d'Aimeri* arrives; and will acquaint you with all the particulars which your friendſhip has a right to expect.

I have this day received two letters from Straſburg. Monſ. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* are in perfect health; they tell me it appears as ſtrange as it is afflicting, that they ſhould riſe in the morning and go to bed at night, without embracing me once

once throughout the whole day. You can tell whether I do not partake of the same sentiments. ... Adieu, my dear child: How happy will the month of January make me, for then I shall be again united to all whom I love!

LETTER XXII.

The Baroness to the same.

From the Castle de B——

AT length, my dear child they are arrived; they came the day before yesterday, and the very day after the departure of the Viscountess, Madame *de Valmont*, *Adelaide*, *Hermione* and I were reading in my closet, when a messenger came to inform us he had left Monsr. *d'Aimeri* and the Chevalier *de Valmont*, four leagues from B***: on hearing this *Adelaide*'s cheeks became very red, but, as the least surprise has the same effect on her, her blushing did not appear at all particular. I lent my coach to Madame *de Valmont*, who set out to meet her father and her son; and *Adelaide* went to her own chamber to play on the harp; I followed her thither, but did not perceive she felt the smallest emotion. At seven o'clock I heard the sound of a carriage; I left *Adelaide*, and went to the great Vestibule, where I found M. *d'Aimeri* and the Chevalier *de Valmont*. I embraced them both, and we entered the saloon. Monsr. *d'Aimeri* inquired after *Adelaide*; the Chevalier asked me many questions about *Theodore*, but seemed to be very absent, and kept his eyes fixed towards the door

door... At eight o'clock the door opened very gently, and *Adelaide* appeared, leading *Hermione* by the hand. At this inſtant, I fixed my eyes on the Chevalier, and I ſaw he was affected by pain, joy, and friendſhip... in ſhort, all that I could wiſh. After the firſt compliments were paid, the Chevalier addreſſed himſelf to the little *Hermione* in Italian, which ſurpriſed us, as he was ignorant of the language, when he left us. He told us, with great politeneſs, he had learned this language, in order to converſe with Mademoiſelle *Hermione*, becauſe he knew ſhe could not ſpeak French. *Adelaide* was perfectly ſenſible of this gallantry, and appeared much flattered, that the Chevalier already knew *Hermione* by character. The next day, *Adelaide* was dreſſed with her uſual ſimplicity; her hair was tied with the ſame ribband which ſhe wore the evening before; nothing was particular or new; but *Hermione*'s dreſs was quite ſtudied, and I ſaw that *Adelaide* wiſhed the Chevalier to admire her and think her pretty: he, not venturing to praiſe her Mamma, repeated every minute, how pretty *Hermione* is! He took great notice of her, and played with her, but with a certain air of affection, and even reſpect, which was very pleaſing. *Adelaide* was much flattered with this complaiſance, though I am ſure ſhe did not know either the motive or the merit of it. Madame *de Valmont* returns home to-morrow with her father and ſon, but will come again to viſit us, and they are to ſpend the two laſt days with us that we ſtay here. Adieu, my dear child.—The Chevalier *de Valmont* is truly amiable, and has a mildneſs and delicacy which are equal to every other good quality he poſſeſſes.

I beg

I beg of you, my dear child, to order fires to be made in all the rooms of our houſe. I know it has been built theſe eighteen months, and that the walls muſt be dry; but it is not on my account that I am fearful, and, if I was to live in it by myſelf, I ſhould not take theſe precautions.

LETTER XXIII.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

Paris.

I OUGHT to confeſs to you, my dear friend, that the day before yeſterday I had a little return of youth—for on Monday I carried the Counteſs *Aratolle* to the maſqued ball which was given by the Ambaſſador—It is a long time ſince I was at ſuch an aſſembly, and in truth I do not think I ſhall ever go to another.—Oh what an inſipid thing is a ball, when one is no longer a coquette! As I had no part to act and was only a ſpectator, I endeavoured in vain to diſcover one out of the many attractions ſuch an aſſembly uſed to afford me; for now thoſe things appeared ridiculous which had formerly charmed me. I ſoon diſcovered Madame *de G*— who ſtill enters into the ſpirit of a ball to perfection; but ſo far was ſhe now from diverting me, that ſhe appeared in my eyes an inſupportable prating woman; extravagant in cool blood, affectedly giddy; without gaiety, wicked without refinement, and for four whole hours uttering only idle impertinence or dull nonſenſe; and that with a ſqueaking ſtrained voice, which certainly muſt diſ-

disfigure and make the person the most amiable and entertaining, appear ridiculous and troublesome.—One of the things, which struck me most at this ball, was the ridiculous affectation of the men who were unmasked, almost all of them affecting indifference and fatigue, and answering the masques with the greatest disdain. They form in the gallery several parties, but only appear fixed in their situations, that they may spoil the ball, or from their laziness be able to steal off to bed.—For my part, I prefer those who go to make their intrigues known which were only suspected, and to let the world know the woman who was so well disguised, and who fancies her secret to be unknown to the universe. Others, still more amusing, had put on a mysterious air from mere foppery; and pass one part of the night with some suspicious characters, with whom they have no acquaintance, in order to make people suppose they are deeply engaged in an intrigue; how one's eyes change with years; I had been two hundred times at the Opera-ball, and had never seen all this before; the reason is, because it is impossible to be at the same time actor and spectator. This shews why we sometimes live twenty years in the world without knowing it. So long as we maintain those trifling inclinations which make us act any little *parts* in the world, we are blind to what passes in it.—As you will now soon return here, I must instruct you how affairs stand in the circle of our society. Mons. *de Merange* and Madame *de Clemis* are at last declared enemies, and, what makes it still more surprising, they were never either lovers or friends. This aversion proceeds intirely from rivalship of pretensions; it is seldom that a man and woman hate each other, only

only becauſe they are envious; but when it does, happen, that ſort of diſlike is the moſt inveterate. Do you aſk why? Perhaps becauſe naturally men and women were formed to love each other as hatred they ſay, is the moſt violent between neareſt relations.

You will find Madame *de Lurey* in affliction: ſhe has loſt her beſt friend and deareſt *confidant* Monſieur *de C* ——, who is juſt dead of a malignant fever. The women, as I before informed you, love each other with an extreme affection: however, for ſome time paſt, they have only intruſted their *real ſecrets* with the men; it appears much more natural to confeſs one's faults to a perſon of one's own ſex; and I am certain, that women only chuſe male confidants, in order to look out for ſucceſſors to their gallants. It is without doubt a prudent precaution; for nothing is a greater proof of underſtanding than to have many reſources quite ready in caſe of misfortunes.

You will meet at my houſe Madame *de Fervaques*, as chance has again revived our acquaintance; ſhe was once under great obligations to me; but thoſe were private, and not known to the world, ſo were ſoon forgotten by her. She very ſoon neglected me, and at laſt gave me up intirely, without any reaſon or quarrel. I lately did her a trifling piece of ſervice, but which was well known and much talked of; and Madame de *Fervaques* made me the moſt grateful acknowledgments. She came to ſee me immediately, and loaded me with profeſſions of friendſhip, which only ſerved to convince me, ſhe is as hypocritical as ſhe is inconſtant. —As you have only met her, you will not diſlike my giving you her picture. Madame *de Fervaques* is

is a perſon without character, and has neither paſſions nor virtues; but all the great faults which vanity can give. She has a perfect knowledge of all the rules of common politeneſs, and is what is called highly faſhionable; but ſhe lays ſo great a ſtreſs on this ſcience, that ſhe is an abſolute ſlave to it; and has no real eſteem but for thoſe who poſſeſs it;—ſhe is moſt ſtrictly polite, but her civility is never obliging, and often miſplaced; for ſhe is as polite even to the domeſtic part of her family as if ſhe was in the drawing-room: polite to her moſt intimate friend; in ſhort, polite every inſtant of her life. She had rather a hundred times have a ſerious quarrel with any perſon than be deficient in any form of civility: ſhe is capable of forgetting an eſſential ſervice, but ſhe has never forgotten to return a viſit.—After ſuch a deſcription, it is poſſible to conceive one may have a reſpect of civility for Madame *de Fervaques*; and that ſhe deſerves more than any other perſon for one to ſend and make all ſorts of *obliging inquiries* after her health; to leave a ticket at her houſe, and go to ſee her when her doors are open; — but at the ſame time ſhe is a perſon that one is not at all obliged to eſteem.

But now, to finiſh my inſtructions, I muſt inform you of one thing that as yet I have omitted telling you, that abſolutely you muſt alter your manner of ſpeaking, as the French language has undergone a great change ſince your departure: we talk French as the loweſt ruſtics do, leaving out half the letters, and, inſtead of *cette*, *votre*, *notre*, we call it *ete*, *vot*, *not*; to expreſs one's ſelf with propriety is now thought a vulgar kind of pedantry; ſo that a peaſant talks much more in the ſtyle of the Court, than our ſcholars do; and we have all

carefully adopted this manner—We have alſo ſpoiled the pronunciation of many words, which in your time were ſpoken with propriety; we ſay *ſegret* for ſecret, *immenſe* for immenſe; but I have made a collection of all theſe alterations, and you muſt abſolutely learn the liſt by heart, before you receive company; otherwiſe you will have the appearance of ruſticity or a finical exactneſs. However, you are at liberty to uſe pedantic expreſſions in your converſation, and to pay great attention to your phraſes when you are ſpeaking; and, if you happen to make a repetition, you may ſtop to find the ſynonymous word to that which you was ſo unfortunate as to uſe twice over: and laſtly, you may aim at eloquence in familiar converſation. If you acquire all this, it will make you appear a very ſenſible woman; for, provided you only pronounce your words like your waiting-maid, you will never be accuſed of affectation; and, however ſtiff and ſtudied you may be yourſelf, you will always be thought perfectly eaſy and natural.

Adieu, my dear friend; every one here anxiouſly waits your return; I am charged with a thouſand kind meſſages, particularly from Madame *de Irec*, who is dying with impatience to converſe with you on Education, as ſhe thinks her talents ſuperior in that particular, becauſe ſhe dreſſes her daughter, who is ſix years old, as a ſailor, which you will find here a general faſhion; but yet I do not imagine that *Adelaide* will adopt it for *Hermione*.

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LETTER XXIV.

M. de Lagaraye to Porphyry.

I HAVE read your manuſcript twice over, my dear *Porphyry*; and I know no work which ſo faithfully deſcribes the manners of the world: you boldly ſatyrize its follies, abſurdities, and vices; a more daring attempt than that of which fools are ſo vain; their attack upon Religion, upon Kings and government — in the midſt of a general corruption, inſolence and impiety never fail to meet with admirers; but you dare to expoſe vice; you dare, without reſerve, to aſſert uſeful truths; and nothing that deſerves it eſcapes your cenſure.— At the ſame time you pay a ſincere deference to religion, you praiſe virtue without parade and from the bottom of your heart; and you prove, "That there is no happineſs without it." Believe me, the modern writings, which appear to be the boldeſt, are not half ſo much ſo as your's. Your motives are laudable, and you make the beſt and nobleſt uſe of your abilities. Nevertheleſs, not to deceive you, my dear *Porphyry*, if you expect much admiration and ſucceſs, you will be diſappointed; we muſt not look for praiſe from thoſe we expoſe.—What courtier, in Fenelon's time, would praiſe Telemachus?—ſo, when you have iniſhed a maſter-piece, the greateſt part of the public will be againſt you: you will always meet with enemies in the atheiſts, the ambitious, coquets, and pedants; bad fathers, people without norals, and without principles; and the generality of the world.—Proceed, my ſon; work for

glory, and not for applauſe. Do ſtill better, ſeek only in your own breaſt for the reward of your labours; for will you be worthy to paint virtue, and to delineate its charms, if virtue alone will not content you?—If injuſtice ſhould diſguſt you, if calumny ſhould blacken your character, if malice ſhould perſecute you, reflect, that this work of yours may guard unexperienced youth and innocence from the deteſtable ſnares of vice, that it may bring back into the right way wandering and depraved characters, that, if your enemies ſhould decry it, it may nevertheleſs be read with approbation and gratitude by good fathers and tender mothers of families.

LETTER XXV.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

Paris.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM at this inſtant in ſuch an agitation, and ſo miſerable, that I abſolutely muſt write to you, though I am certain of meeting you to-morrow; but on your firſt arrival it will be impoſſible for me to ſee you alone; for which reaſon I ſhall ſend *Renaud* to —— where he will wait for you; and, during your journey, you will read my letter, and my misfortunes will feel leſs ſevere, when I have intruſted you with them. It is now impoſſible for me to flatter myſelf, that Madame *de Valey* will ever repent, for her heart is corrupted beyond all remedy: Corrupted! good Heavens! and can I pronounce that dreadful word, without expiring with grief

grief! It is my daughter of whom I am speaking! my very soul is torn! but listen to this dreadful story, and then judge of my situation.

Madame *de Valey* and Madame *de Germueil* had a great quarrel the other day, and the latter had the cruelty to send me many of Madame *de Valey*'s letters, in which I am treated with great indignity; but I will copy that of the latest date; it was written three weeks ago, and is as follows:

"Once again I tell you, nothing shall prevent my buying that little place of *St. Mand è*, and in my own name; as that old woman will not allow of *Duplessis*; you propose a fine expedient, that the Marquis *de* —— should purchase it, as for himself. but then, he will put in one of his servants, who will serve by way of keeper; and suppose I wish to go there without him, even without his knowledge ... you laugh, I am sure, or else are indignant, and talk of *sentiment* and *love*; I answer, *coldness* and *inconstancy*; in short, one should foresee every thing: I mean to dispose of my time according to my own fancy at this delightful house; so I again repeat, conclude the purchase in my name, and I will take precaution that it be not discovered; but, though it should be found out, what great harm is there! Are we forbid to love the *country*, solitude and agriculture? or to take delight in a charming garden? You pretend that my mother would fly out: Oh, do not suppose she is so morose; for be assured you do her injustice. Her female friend dictates a few severe expressions; but then her male one inspires her with much softer sentiments.... however, at the worst, if she is angry, we will flirt with the Chevalier

" *de Herbain*, and then he will soon make our " peace, for he'll think the affair trifling; and he " will not let people be so *inconsistent* as to scold a- " bout it. Adieu! my dear little creature, and fi- " nish quickly with your old devotee; and, as a " recompence, you may, as often as you please, " go to muse and meditate in my hermitage."

Now is it possible for any person to be more depraved or wicked! to avow, without the smallest necessity, that she loves not her gallant; and with indifference to declare she means to leave him: to accuse her mother falsely, merely from a wantonness of heart, and to renounce all principle and modesty, without even the excuse of passion or warm fancy; and in cool blood to dishonour herself! but her wickedness and vices distress more than anger me! and, when I reflect on the education she received, I accuse only myself for all her faults; and I have no right to be displeased or angry, and I ought to feel only remorse. For twelve years I thought of nothing but dissipation and trifling amusements, and, during that whole time, forgot that I was a mother, and intirely abandoned my daughter. Heaven this day punishes me for that criminal carelessness! I can no longer deceive myself; it is a vice proceeding from education, which has corrupted her soul; coquetry has been her ruin! Unfortunate girl! if she had been blessed with a mother such as you are, she would have been sensible and virtuous, esteemed and happy! She calumniates and hates me! Ah! I can only pity her; I ought to forgive her.

This dreadful misfortune I shall conceal at the bottom of my heart: I shall neither mention it to Monsieur *Limours*, whom I am afraid to exaspe-

rate,

rate, nor to Madame *de Valey:* but now it is all over with me; the happineſs of my life is gone, and I look forwards to misfortunes, which I cannot even bear the idea of: ſhe will, I am certain, finiſh her ruin by ſome exploit which will be publicly known. Oh, my dear friend, was I not ſure of ſeeing you to-morrow, and of weeping over all my misfortunes in perfect freedom with you, I believe I ſhould loſe my ſenſes. Oh, virtuous and affectionate mother! you will obtain for your miſerable friend a pardon from Heaven for all her faults, and you will procure for me the preſervation of the only comfort I can enjoy! my dear *Conſtantia!* Alas! I feel myſelf ſo culpable, that all that can ſtill make me happy appears hardly poſſible! and every reflection leſſens the hopes of my heart. Oh! come and reſtore to my diſtreſſed thoughts that fortitude which has now abandoned me: Come to me, for you are the only perſon who can afford me comfort!

LETTER XXVI.

Monſieur d'Aimeri to the Baron.

MADAME *d'Almane* ſet out yeſterday for Paris, and we vainly ſeek her where ſhe is no longer to be found. This morning the Chevalier propoſed our going to the Caſtle de *B*—. We went thither on horſeback, and ſtopped on the bank of the river: here is was, ſaid the Chevalier, that I ſaw Mademoiſelle *Adelaide* for the firſt time. My mother came to viſit Mademoiſelle *d'Almane*. They were walking on this graſs; we were conducted to them; and in going

ing thither we met about a hundred paces from them a lovely little girl who was diverting herſelf with running. I was ſtruck with her figure. Her beautiful black hair concealed half her face, but allowed me to ſee a pair of the fineſt eyes in the world!—As *Charles* ended theſe words, we found ourſelves at the gate of the Caſtle; he ſtopped, and, ſhewing me a large ſervice-tree, he ſaid, at the time I am ſpeaking of, I climbed up this tree, and, fell from it: *Adelaide* deſired a branch of the tree ....You was more eager than dexterous....I fell on my head which received a large wound; but *Adelaide* wept at it; and, tearing off the handkerchief which covered her neck, bound it on my forehead!—In ſaying theſe words *Charles* had tears in his eyes, and fell into a deep reverie. We went into the garden, where he recollected many other circumſtances. In this place he had found a bird's neſt, which he had preſented to *Adelaide*, and which ſhe accepted with pleaſure. There *Theodore* and *Adelaide* uſed every evening to amuſe themſelves with different ſports. — In this arbour of honeyſuckles, he had taken leave of *Adelaide*, when we went upon our travels to the North....In ſhort, every object brought ſomething intereſting to his remembrance. *Charles* recollected with tenderneſs theſe happy days of innocence: days in which the charming *Adelaide* expreſſed extreme pleaſure in ſeeing him; and told him, when he went away, *If he would but return ſoon, ſhe ſhould love him very much.*

You may judge, Sir, by theſe particulars, whether the Chevalier is in love. He is abſolutely almoſt out of his wits; and I am not ſurpriſed at it, for nothing can be comparable to Mademoiſelle *Adelaide*. She has, in her perſon, manners, and deportment,

inexpreſſible

inexpreſſible charms, which, the oftener you ſee, the more amiable ſhe appears; and all theſe are united to knowledge ſurpriſing for her age; ſo great a genius, with modeſty and innocence, which would diſarm even envy itſelf. She is always gentle, kind, and obliging; and it is plain, that theſe qualities are really in her heart, without any diſguiſe or affectation. Politeneſs is ſo natural to her, and ſhe has ſo much the habit of behaving with the utmoſt propriety, that one would almoſt be tempted to believe, ſhe was born perfect, and indebted for nothing to her education. She is ſo much at her eaſe, and has ſo little art, that one can ſcarce perſuade one's ſelf ſhe was not intirely the work of Nature. Adieu, Monſieur, we intend going to Paris in three weeks. Pray let me know whether you d onot mean to leave Straſburg before the end of December.

LETTER XXVII.

Count de Roſeville to the Baron.

YOU will ſee, my dear Baron, by the Gazette, that we are ſtill on our travels. You will with the leſs ſurprize receive a letter from this place. We have thoroughly inveſtigated the facts contained in the Journals of the Baron *de Sulback* and of the Count *de Stralzi*, by which means we have proved the veracity of the former, and of courſe the falſehood of the latter. Three weeks after we left the Court, the young Prince received a letter from his father of which this is a copy:

" It is with inexpreſſible pleaſure, my dear ſon, " I learn the conſequences your preſence produces " wherever you go. Deſerve theſe marks of at- " tachment by your ſenſibility of gratitude. Promiſe " yourſelf to be the means of happineſs to a people " that love you, truſting you will one day be a " bleſſing to them. Never receive coldly proofs " of their affection. They not only claim their " happineſs from you but your love; theirs is " given you at that price. Juſtice alone will in- " title you to their reſpect; their allegiance muſt " be your's, were you a tyrant: a parental af- " fection towards your ſubjects will exalt you to " the rank of the greateſt Monarchs; by the high " eſteem they hold you in they will immortalize " your name. Their happineſs will depend on " you, your fame of true glory on them. By " endearing yourſelf to my ſubjects, you will in- " creaſe their regard for me; they will be con- " vinced of my good intentions towards them by " my care of your education. They will load " me with bleſſings for rendering you worthy of " the throne. Continue your journey ſix weeks " longer in my provinces, and bring me back a de- " ſcriptive and exact Journal. Should you find, in " any remote province, merit and virtue languiſhing " in obſcurity, perhaps oppreſſed, bring it forth to " light.—Whilſt I am confined by the cares of " Government to a deceitful Court, where the " voice of my people and complaints of the un- " fortunate cannot reach me, you, my ſon, ſtill " at liberty, will perform the ſacred duty of a " faithful ſubject and tender friend; inſtruct your- " ſelf to enlighten me.

" When you have examined all my provinces, " I would wish you to acquire the very useful " knowledge of the neighbouring States. Travel " among them for seven or eight months; acquaint " yourself with their strength and resources; ex- " amine attentively their public establishments and " manufactures, &c. Proceed, my son, to in- " form yourself; bring your reason to maturity, and " render yourself worthy to govern one day a na- " tion ready to undertake any thing for its So- " vereign and for glory."

The Prince read the letter with a sigh, and with some chagrin at the positive order not to return to * * for ten months. He did not, however, complain; his respect for his father is not merely form; he feels for him that profound reverence and affectionate attachment which high esteem and gratitude inspire in great souls. We have now been four months in foreign countries; have frequented different companies in all the towns where we resided. The Prince is amiable, engaging, and polite; he is easy and graceful, and constantly keeps to the character of incognito as agreed upon. In all company he is the Count *de Gemrid*; by which means he is never under restraint. We hear opinions of the Court and State affairs. We hear them praised and blamed without reserve. The Prince often, when we are alone, testifies his surprize at the freedom used by the censorious; it is, said he, equally extraordinary and imprudent.—Doubtless it is very blameable, but not extraordinary; it is so every-where. Every-where? What in my father's dominions!—There are in all States factions and male-contents. A Prince should overlook what ill humour says against him. He abuses his

right of punishing, if he does it out of revenge.... but if they should attack his honour.... A Sovereign's honour is determined by the general opinion of his subjects, not by the prating of silly people. Let us suppose you defame one of your courtiers, his character is blemished, and he can have no redress: at the same time, was he guilty of a like fault towards you, he would be in danger of ruining himself, and could not hurt you. Under these circumstances, justice teaches you forgiveness. Malevolence may offend, it can never hurt you, therefore despise it.... Should the Author of a libel that abuses a Prince without mercy escape with impunity?.... No, certainly. Bad men deserve punishment; I only alluded to common talkers. You will probably meet with people mean enough to tell you who those are who speak disrespectfully of you! Then, Sir, let your indignation fall on the informers!.... Am I not obliged to those who tell me what faults are found with me?.... That depends upon circumstances.... If friendship does it expressly to reform you, the accuser should be concealed. An honest man, a witness to errors, looks upon them as secrets intrusted to him. If they speak without reserve in my presence, it is because they rust to my discretion: I am the more honoured by the confidence arising from my character, rather than from friendship. A stranger, even an enemy, putting his trust in me, depends upon my honour; by betraying him, I disgrace myself. But should a supposed friend traduce me?.... If he did it in the height of passion and discontent, I would not tell you of it.... But if deliberately and with premeditated malice.... Yes, I would then acquaint you with it in his presence. Consider, Sir, there

there is always either rancour or cowardice in secret accusations; despise the tale-bearer who discovers to you the faults of others and wishes to have his name concealed. We depart to-morrow, for * *. The Prince leaves this place with regret, and with a character most satisfactory to me; from his travels he will reap real advantages, as he has no desire to display those already acquired. He speaks little, asks many questions, and listens with attention. He writes down every night all that has happened in the day worth remarking.

Do you remain, my dear Baron, at Strasburg? Or do you at Paris enjoy the pleasure or your friends and amiable family? Write to me about yourself, Madame *d'Almane*, your children and the Chevalier *de Valmont*, for whose interest I have an affectionate regard.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Baroness to Madame de Valmont.

Paris.

I ASSURE you, Madame, it was *Adelaide*'s own desire to write to you the day after our arrival. Since she has given you a description of our new house, I shall only mention her apartment and her brother's, because she is acquainted with neither. I must explain this, as it will no doubt surprize you. Mons. *d'Almane* lodges on the ground-floor, and I up one pair of stairs; adjoining to my bed-chamber there is a pretty large closet in which *Adelaide* now sleeps; at the farthest end is a door fast locked. *Adelaide* asked me to what that door led; I answered,

to

to ſome long galleries which I ſhould hereafter have laid out in apartments for her, in caſe ſhe married, and her huſband was willing to live with us. Theſe pretended galleries are in reality delightful apartments, conſiſting of ſix rooms, all fitted up There is no gilding, and it is furniſhed with the greateſt ſimplicity; but it will ſuit my daughter better, for her taſte is good enough to prefer elegance and convenience to magnificence. I certainly ſhall not wait for her marrying to procure her the pleaſure of being ſo agreeably lodged. She is above fifteen Next year I intend opening the prohibited door and ſettling her in her new apartment. *Theodore* will likewiſe experience a ſimilar ſurprize. Monſ. *d'Almane* being deſirous of retaining his ſon a year longer in his own room, and being unwilling that he ſhould have a wiſh to occupy any other, is the reaſon of our ſecrecy.

Monſ. *d'Almane* arrived at the end of laſt week; ſo here we are all reunited and perfectly happy. My children are not yet in the world; but, as we ſup at half paſt nine, *Theodore* ſups with us, but goes to bed before eleven, and his father retires with him. I remain with my company until near one. *Adelaide* ſups in her own room with Miſs *Bridget* and the little *Hermione* at eight; therefore ſhe always gets up two or three hours before me. Although in that time Miſs *Bridget* preſides over her ſtudies, I take care to direct them in ſuch a manner that I may judge at my waking, how well ſhe has employed her time. For example, I do not allow her to practiſe muſic; but I make her draw, write, and caſt accounts. She is at preſent taking Extracts from hiſtory, in Engliſh and Italian, which will accuſtom her to write thoſe languages, without being obliged

to

to dedicate a particular hour to that ſtudy. She takes Extracts in French from the Plays and Letters which I have written. When I am up, I correct the faults in her ſtyle and language. Afterwards I make her ſing, and play on the harp till noon, when, if the weather permits, ſhe walks or reads. We all dine together at one; after dinner ſhe embroiders, or works tapeſtry for half an hour. From three to five ſhe is engaged with her two maſters for ſinging and dancing. We then are ſhut up in my cloſet, and read an hour. At ſix the academy begins. She draws by the lamp and from nature. You ſee, Madame, from this relation, that *Adelaide* is engaged in a new ſtudy. She begins to paint miniatures: ſhe will keep this Maſter till ſhe is eighteen, and during that time ſhe will ſpend two hours every day in drawing. Being accuſtomed by degrees to be always employed, and never to loſe a moment, this continued application cannot fatigue her; the variety of her occupations will refreſh her. Moreover, having ſurmounted all the firſt difficulties, ſtudy will in general appear much more agreeable than painful to her, and a habit of labour will make idleneſs inſupportable. I procure her three times a week a recreation equally amuſing and inſtructive. Directly after dinner I get into my carriage with my two children, and we viſit the cabinets of pictures, gems, medals, or we ſee fine monuments or manufactories: if it is manufactories, we never fail, before we ſet out, to read in the Encyclopædia an explanation of what we are going to ſee, by which means we perfectly comprehend all that is done; and we ſhall continue this kind of courſe till May. I obey you, Madame. I write of nothing but *Adelaide*: your goodneſs to her will make all

my

my relations intereſting to you; and you ſee how confidently I avail myſelf of means ſo delightful to myſelf, to amuſe and pleaſe you.

LETTER XXIX.

The ſame to the ſame.

MADAME, Monſ. *d'Aimeri* and the Chevalier *de Valmont* arrived yeſterday in perfect health. My ſon's gratitude is boundleſs for the friendſhip the Chevalier teſtified on ſeeing him again. Before my departure for Italy, *Theodore* was too young to be conſidered and treated as a friend; he is now ſenſible of all the joys of friendſhip. The trifling difference in their ages is ſcarcely diſcernible at preſent, and will not be at all ſo in another year.

Yes, Madame, I have made an acquaintance with that charming Counteſs *Anatolle* whom the Viſcounteſs extolled ſo highly. She is really extremely pretty and very amiable; but I grieve to ſee the dangerous connections ſhe is allowed to form. She begins to enjoy her liberty; ſhe goes by herſelf, becauſe ſhe has juſt lain in. Mothers ought to be prudent; nevertheleſs at eighteen it is impoſſible to do without a guide, particularly with a neglected education. Farewell, Madam; I give no account of your commiſſions, ſince *Adelaide* undertook them. She employs herſelf with that activity you admire in her; and her ardour redoubles when you are the object.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

The Baroness to Madame d'Ostalis.

NO one truly ever possessed more delicacy and sincerity than he! . . . . His is now a real passion, but still more affecting, as he shuts it up carefully in the bottom of his heart. He hardly dares look on *Adelaide*; he even seems to shun every opportunity of conversing with her, and has never taken the liberty of praising her; all his encomiums are bestowed on the little *Hermione*; all his marks of affection on *Theodore* who loves him to distraction. The Chevalier dined here to-day. When they rose from table, my son was talking of him to *Porphyry*, and said, *I love him, as if he was my brother!* at that word *Brother*, *Charles* ran to *Theodore*, seized his hand with an expression of sensibility beyond description! Instantly the fear of having committed an indiscretion without doubt struck him (for, when we are truly in love, we think that every thing betrays it.) He was embarrassed, blushed, and cast down his eyes. *Adelaide* was embroidering by me. I looked on her, but could not see her face. She had just dropped her needle, which she sought very attentively, bending down her head on the frame. . . . . She remained in this attitude long enough to make it appear a little suspicious. . . . She rose up very red. Was it confusion, or merely the effect of the blood in her face? I know not.

With regard to her affections, I am very sure she has no decided ones, and I am as certain reason will always regulate them. I think I have observed she speaks with more esteem of Madame *de Valmont*, since

ſince ſhe has ſeen her ſon; and that ſhe experiences a ſort of pleaſure in pronouncing the name of *Valmont*. She has taken the pretty collection of pebbles out of the box which the Chevalier gave her before we went into Italy.

Theſe pebbles, forgotten during three years and an half, are now arranged in great order on pretty ſhelves of Acacia wood bought on purpoſe. Theſe are all the indications I can collect at preſent. As to the reſt, *Adelaide* is neither thoughtful nor diſtracted, ſhe is as lively as ever. On thoſe days in which the Chevalier is not admitted, that is to ſay, at leaſt five days in the week, I cannot perceive the leaſt alteration in her temper. In fine, I dare aſſure you, if ſhe feels any preference, ſhe is but ſlightly affected, and it does not diſturb her tranquillity.

The Marquis *de Hernay*, the young man we ſaw in Italy, is returned; the Chevalier met him here one evening. He knows that the Marquis is unmarried, that he is very rich and well ſpoken of; and I thought I remarked an uneaſineſs in the Chevalier on ſeeing Monſ. *d'Almane* take ſo much notice of him.

The Counteſs *Anatolle* ſupped with me laſt night. Monſ. *de St. Phar*, who is ſaid to be in love with her, ſtaid till near nine, in hopes of being aſked to ſupper; but, as I have not yet adopted that faſhionable method of drawing company to my houſe, I did not invite him. The Counteſs was rather melancholy all the evening; ſhe complained of the vapours! after ſupper there was half an hour's goſſip between her, Madame *de Valey*, and Madame *Clairford*; then ſhe went to bed. She cannot as yet be reproached with any thing

thing eſſential; but ſhe grows coquetiſh, and gives herſelf up to Madame *de Valey*. . . . . You will ſee the ill effects of all this. It is a pity, for ſhe certainly has an excellent underſtanding and a charming diſpoſition. Adieu, my dear child, ſend me intelligence of Madame *de S*—; I already know that the inoculation has taken, and that ſhe has not much fever. I hope you will return in three weeks; I cannot accuſtom myſelf to the thoughts of your being but a league from me, and not to ſee you for ſo long a time; but I highly approve of your not returning before the time preſcribed. Many people make no ſcruple of deceiving the world in this reſpect, and bringing the ſmall pox to Paris; this nevertheleſs is a very cruel thing, and equally inconſiſtent with juſtice and humanity.

LETTER XXXI.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

April 25.

OUR departure for Holland is at laſt fixed; and Monſ. *d'Almane*, my children, *d'Ainville*, and I ſet out in eight days. I need not tell you, Madame, that *Hermione* is to be of the party, as her mother and ſhe are always inſeparable. We ſhall certainly return in a month. The Chevalier *de Valmont* had a deſire to ſee Holland and go with us; but inſtead of that he ſets out to-morrow for his garriſon. You know, without doubt, Madame, that Monſ. *d'Aimeri* does not attend him; it is high time to truſt him to himſelf, that he

he may ſhew the uſe he will make of intire liberty. He goes to a city where they play very high; he will be there without a *Mentor*, and ſurrounded by a croud of young men who will give him none but bad advice. He will have great merit in behaving well. He took leave of us to-day, and was really affected when he embraced *Theodore*. They promiſed to correſpond, as they will not meet again till next Winter. Adieu, Madame; direct your firſt letter to me at the Hague. Since I am acquainted with your taſte for flowers, you may depend on a little box of the beſt Hyacinth roots Haerlem will produce.

LETTER XXXII.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

Amſterdam.

I Am this moment, my dear daughter, returned from Broëk, two leagues from this place. One cannot deſcribe this village without being ſuſpected of exaggeration; yet all I can ſay of this delightful ſpot muſt fall infinitely ſhort of reality. The inhabitants, though mere peaſants, are very rich. The ſtreets are paved in Moſaic work of different-coloured bricks, and as neat as could be in your own apartment. The houſes are painted, and as clean as wainſcots, the beſt looked after. All, even the tiles, are ſhining bright and appear new. Each houſe has a garden and a terrace, both incloſed only by low and open fences which conceal nothing. The terrace is uſually before the houſe, the garden

garden behind, and ſeparates it from the next houſe. Both ſides of the ſtreet are laid out in the ſame manner. The ornaments of the gardens are China vaſes, grottoes, flowers, trees, and parterres, ſome laid out artificially with glittering pieces of glaſs of different colours, others of ſhells, as carefully arranged as in a cabinet. Large fertile meadows full of cattle are behind the houſes, as are the ſheds of ſtables, ſo that the carriages and cattle never come to dirty the neat ſtreets. The inſides of the houſes are equally aſtoniſhing as the outſides. The floors are checquered with black and yellow ſhining ſtones: the beſt rooms are furniſhed with wainſcot of its natural colour, neither varniſhed nor painted, but carved very ornamentally. In the beſt room there is always a large cupboard with glaſs-doors, through which are ſhewn moſt beautiful china, and quantities of plate, to all appearance new from the goldſmith. The ſame order of neatneſs prevailed in all the houſes we went into. By this uniformity, one would imagine, all the fortunes were equal: when we have ſeen one, we have ſeen all the houſes at Broëk. They have all two doors, one of ceremony, only made uſe of at marriages and deaths. The new-married couple enter by it, and never go out of it but to their graves. The peaſants of Broëk have alſo a room which is never made uſe of but on the wedding-day and ever afterwards held ſacred: it is more ornamented than the reſt, and the bed exceſſively adorned and covered with fine lace: on a table is placed a pretty baſket containing the bride's wedding cloaths: they never go into it, but to clean, put it in order, and ſhew it to ſtrangers.

The ſame uniformity is obſervable in their dreſs: that of the men very plain, the women's very expenſive.

penſive. They are clothed in beautiful Perſians, the fineſt of linnen, and many trinkets of gold and pearls. — A hood of white cambrick conceals their hair, faſtened on each ſide by two gold pins ſet with pearls. I have ſeen even ſervant-maids dreſt in this ſtyle: their miſtreſſes exceed them only in more valuable necklaces and rings, and the fineneſs of their linnen.

The manners of theſe people are irreproachable; the ſtricteſt harmony unites them. They have a moſt tender affection for their children. The little infants are ſo uſed to be careſſed, that they court you for it. I could not help ſtopping when I ſaw any of them, and they ran of their own accord to kiſs me. The inhabitants of Broëk are very unſociable. On the firſt ſight of ſtrangers, they ſhut themſelves up, and refuſe to open their doors: but they have a natural politeneſs, or, to ſpeak more properly, a certain reſpect for women that makes them act very differently with regard to them: they no ſooner ſee them, than they haſtily aſſemble, follow, and conduct them, with their male companions, to ſhew them their houſe in the moſt eaſy and polite manner. Thus were we treated for three hours. Their wives never ſtir from Broëk. A young woman would find it difficult to marry at any diſtance from it. They know as much of London, or Conſtantinople, as of Amſterdam. Their happineſs is placed at home. Broëk is to them the whole world, for which reaſon their cuſtoms and virtue remain the ſame. They always intermarry: many Nobles of the country have wiſhed to eſpouſe the young women of Broëk, for their riches; but no one has as yet ſucceeded. The inhabitants value themſelves on their plainneſs and ſtate of peaſantry. They

live

live frugally: to beautify their houſes is one of their greateſt pleaſures: to be united and quiet is what they value moſt. Beautiful as the human race is in all Holland, it is remarkably ſo here. The children are all charming, the men robuſt, and the women large, well made, and in general handſome. —Their complexions are almoſt ſupernatural. In ſhort, this village preſents a picture ſingular in its kind. Every thing charms the eyes and heart; no one diſagreeable or unhappy object to ſpoil the piece. You not only meet no beggars, but every one ſeems to be in eaſy circumſtances. There are no cripples, no infirm old people, no houſes out of repair. Health, all things neceſſary to eaſe, every elegance of induſtry and neatneſs, ſimplicity, humanity, virtue and happineſs; theſe are the ineſtimable advantages and charming proſpects we there meet with, which, joined to the intereſting ſingularity of their dreſs, houſes, and cuſtoms, make it, altogether, the moſt extraordinary place within one hundred leagues of us.

I was yeſterday at Sardam (where Peter the Great reſided) a larger and richer village than Broëk, with almoſt the ſame manners and cuſtoms, but not near ſo pretty, clean, or ſingular.

Here we finiſh our courſe of manufactures. We have ſeen thoſe of paper, ropes, and cables, &c. At Haerlem we ſaw a foundery of types for printing and likewiſe diamond-cutting. Our children are delighted with Holland. The manner of travelling is very agreeable in a fine yacht, or rather a handſome ſaloon. We coaſt along beautiful ſhores. We can read, write, and practiſe on Muſick, as conveniently as in a houſe.

Italy.

Italy and Holland ſeem to me the moſt contraſted; in the former, Nature is majeſtic and diverſified, preſenting every-where to the view moſt grand effects, enormous rocks, high mountains, precipices, and caſcades: in the latter, the country is flat; canals, verdure, and ſmall plantations are every-where to be ſeen. In Italy, ancient monuments at every ſtep remind us of the moſt glorious actions recorded in Hiſtory. The modern Architecture is magnificent, noble, and calculated to ſtrike the imagination, and will bear the moſt ſtrict examination. The pictures, like every thing elſe, are in the heroic and ſublime ſtyle. In Holland, no monuments remain: every thing appears new: the effect of the whole together muſt be conſidered ſeparately; each part loſes its value, and appears mean and in bad taſte; each particular object is trifling. Architecture and the Arts are there equally unknown. Every thing pleaſes, but in a low taſte and without grandeur. The pictures are ſmall but extraordinarily highly finiſhed; the ſubjects generally very mean. In Italy, they paint Heroes and Demi-gods: Here, drunken ſailors, green-ſtalls, and fiſhermen. The Italians are vain, artful, and idle: the Dutch honeſt, plain, and induſtrious, deſpiſing pomp and magnificence.

Adelaide has finiſhed writing anſwers to the Letters of my Work: and, according to my promiſe, we are now reading thoſe capital Authors we have ſo long wiſhed to be acquainted with. The day we imbarked at Maerdike, I put into my daughter's hands Madame *Sevigne*'s Letters and the Engliſh *Clariſſa*. She read in the yacht theſe Works alternately, with a pleaſure and attention which gave me great ſatisfaction. She is ſufficiently

founded

founded to feel the beauties of M. *de Sevigne*'s ſtyle, and is deeply touched with the ſublime of *Clariſſa*. She was much ſtruck with the black character of *Lovelace*, and ſhuddered at his arts of hypocriſy: This is what I wiſhed. It is very important for young women early to diſtruſt men in general. No book is better calculated for that wide purpoſe than *Clariſſa*. Adieu! my child! To-morrow we go to Utrecht: in fifteen days I ſhall embrace you. *Theodore* has received already in Holland theſe letters from the Chevalier *de Valmont*: they are ſurpriſingly affectionate!—Sure never was friendſhip ſo tenderly expreſſed!

LETTER XXXIII.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

I HAVE news to tell you, my dear friend, that ſome time ago would have given me the greateſt uneaſineſs, but to which at preſent I am indifferent. Madame *de Valcé* is taking a houſe of her own, and quits mine, as one would an inn. Her mother-in-law is juſt dead, and has left a very conſiderable fortune, which ſhe had been in poſſion of theſe two years by the death of her brother.

This event makes Monſieur *de Valcé* immenſely rich; and renders him worthy of all the affection of his wife: but I believe he will ſet no great value on theſe proofs of her regard: however, he is quiet, weak, and very limited in hi ideas; for though he is not deceived, yet he ſuffers himſelf to be ma-

naged. He has a very grand eſtabliſhment: neither Monſieur *de Limours* nor myſelf are the leaſt conſulted about their affairs; but we do not complain; for it is ſurely wrong to expoſe a daughter's faults to the world! Madame *de Valé* is ſo overjoyed, ſhe humbles me, and yet moves my compaſſion: when riches cauſe ſuch emotions, how are they to be pitied who poſſeſs them! as they are rendered incapable of our experiencing the feelings which flow from a generous heart! Adieu, my dear friend; I expect your return with the greateſt impatience, as I have a thouſand things to ſay to you which cruelly afflict me, and which it is impoſſible for me to write.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. Lagaraye to Porphyry.

A LITTLE adventure has juſt befallen me which ſeems made on purpoſe to intereſt a young philoſopher, and give birth to new and uſeful ideas. You know that a neighbour of mine, M. *de Valincourt*, is bringing up an unfortunate nephew born deaf and dumb. You may have ſeen this youth at my houſe, whoſe name is *Hipolytus*, and who is very remarkable for a countenance full of expreſſion: yet, as it is two years ſince you were at Lagaraye, you may probably recollect him but very imperfectly: it will therefore not be improper to deſcribe him: *Hipolytus* is not handſome, but his countenance is ſo ſprightly, with ſo ſenſible a ſmile, and ſo piercing a look, that it is impoſſible not to be ſtruck with his figure. The rapid and perpetual

tual motion of his eye renders his countenance as animated as it is ingenuous. By his eyes he hears, underſtands, and expreſſes himſelf. In them are painted an habitual and conſtant curioſity; it is eaſy to diſcover in them his thoughts, feelings, and every ſentiment of his ſoul. It is now near two years ſince his uncle ſet out for Paris, and, as he propoſed only to ſtay ſix weeks, did not take him with him. I undertook the care of him for that time; and *Hipolytus*, who was then but fourteen, came joyfully to Lagaraye. As he is naturally ſenſible and good, and his misfortune adding to the intereſt he inſpires, he is beloved by all who know him. He has been brought up by a virtuous uncle, always indulged and treated with tenderneſs. He has never had any but excellent examples, and his heart is as gentle as it is pure and grateful. In a week after his uncle's departure, he fell ſuddenly ill of a malignant fever. He was in the utmoſt danger for twenty-nine days: I attended him with true affection, and watched by him ſeveral nights. He proved to me, that Gratitude needs not the aid of words to make herſelf underſtood. His eyes ſpoke in terms leſs deceitful and more moving than the moſt eloquent diſcourſe. I had the happineſs to reſtore him to health. He was perfectly recovered when I received a letter from Monſieur de *Valincourt*, informing me that important buſineſs would detain him at Paris, at leaſt ſeven or eight months, intreating me to ſend *Hipolytus*, and to truſt him to his ſteward who was juſt ſetting out. He did not leave me without ſhedding many tears. I begged his conductor to let me know how he did, as ſoon as he got to Paris. Monſieur *de Valincourt* wrote himſelf to

thank and inform me, that his nephew was perfectly well; from that time I was eighteen months without hearing of them. Yesterday I received a letter by the post. I opened it, and saw a bad hand which I knew not; I looked for the name; judge of my surprise in seeing that of *Hipolytus* and *de Valincourt*! ... I then read with as much emotion as curiosity, a letter conceived in the following terms:

" Oh! what transports can equal mine!.... I am " now assured that all my gratitude will be known " to you! I can pay my thanks in your own lan- " guage... My father! oh do allow me to call you " by that tender name, since you saved my life, since " I feel for you the most affectionate sentiments of " a son!... My father, (how great is my happi- " ness!) a man* as good and benevolent as your- " self, procures me the inexpressible pleasure of speak- " ing to you; of laying open my whole heart to " you; and of understanding you, if you design to " write to me!.... I had only detached ideas; now " I think, I reflect, I enjoy in its full extent all " the felicity, all the sweets connected with the state " of man!.... What sublime truths has my new " benefactor made known to me! Before I was in- " structed, I doubted of the existence of a supreme " Being, Creator of Man and of the Universe; —

* The *Abbé de L'Epic*, whose elogium cannot be properly made, but by describing the actions of his life. He consecrates his fortune to the relief of the poor; his understanding and talents to the instruction of the deaf and dumb. He snatches these unfortunates from error and ignorance; he restores them to Religion, to the State, and to Society. He teaches them, by a method he has himself invented, Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. He is the Author of a work (as estimable as it is ingenious and useful) intitled Institution des Sourds & Muets de Naissance.

" but

" but I was ignorant of his law: without my re-
" spectable, my dear instructor, I should never have
" read the Gospel! Oh, ought we to be surprised,
" that man is so good, so virtuous, when he finds
" in this divine book all the knowledge of his du-
" ties and every incentive to virtue!—I will ac-
" knowledge, that, at the bottom of my soul, my
" weak reason has been astonished and confounded
" by the excess of your benevolence. Humanity
" was truly dear to me, compassion lorded it in my
" heart; but I could not conceive the possibility of
" devoting one's self entirely to such melancholy and
" painful cares! Alas, I was acquainted only with
" the law of nature: I was not made to comprehend
" perfection. Now that I am enlightened by Re-
" ligion, I admire without surprise your sublime
" virtues, and those of the Sages to whom I am
" indebted for my new existence. I easily conceive,
" that man is a perfect Being, since Religion, the
" Laws, Honour, and Nature, all unite to prompt
" him to good! Can he even need the fear of
" punishment to keep him from evil? .... Is it not
" sufficient for him to know he will be hated if he
" is wicked? .... Wicked men! .... If it should
" be true, that there are any such existing, this
" doubt troubles and afflicts me! .... But, should
" there be any such, these mad monsters are surely
" too rare for me ever to fear meeting one; I may
" therefore flatter myself never to see any but good
" and sensible men .... During my abode here, I
" have had occasion to observe various ranks, and
" they have all been virtuous. At the school where
" I, together with a croud of children and young
" persons of my own age, are instructed, I have
" often seen strangers assist at our lessons; amongst

" others the presence of the Emperor, proved to " me by the marks of esteem and veneration he " paid my master, that Kings can distinguish ho- " nour and reward merit and virtue.

" Finally, every new object I behold, all the " the knowledge I acquire, increases my affection " for the human species. Oh, my father! when I " can return to Britanny, will you sometimes per- " mit me to assist in the sacred employment you " impose on yourself? I cannot be happy but in " dividing my life between my uncle and you."

Well then, my dear *Porphyry*, do you not envy the fate of *Hipolytus?* He has never dwelt but in solitude and with worthy people: he has never heard mixed conversation; indiscretion, slander, and calumny are vices he has no idea of; he judges of men from the most deceitful appearances: he sees them smile, embrace, and treat each other with as much friendship as respect. He mistakes falsehood for affection, and politeness for sensibility. He imagines himself in a terrestrial paradise; he looks on all men as his friends and his brethren. ....Sweet and charming illusion! which reading alone will soon destroy. Alas! what will become of him in running through the bloody pomps of history? With what grievous astonishment, with what profound indignation, will he not read the encomiums lavished on barbarous conquerors who have depopulated the world! Oh, *Porphyry!* to have a good opinion of mankind, must one then be born deaf and dumb!

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LETTER XXXV.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

Paris.

MONS. *d'Almane* ſet out yeſterday with *Theodore* for Straſburg, and I, inſtead of remaining in my own houſe, have brought *Adelaide* this morning to a ſmall apartment I have hired in the Convent of * * where we ſhall paſs the Summer and Autumn. I tell my daughter, that œconomical reaſons determine me. But the truth is, that, as ſhe is to begin going into company next Winter, I wiſhed her firſt entrance into the world to be preceded by ſix months of total retirement. I alſo am not ſorry to have her ſee the penſioners; by knowing the manner of education in a Convent, ſhe will ſet an higher value on her own. As we were walking this afternoon in the garden, a number of young Ladies of *Adelaide*'s age met us. At ſight of us they burſt out a laughing, and ran away as faſt as poſſible to avoid us. *Adelaide* aſked me the reaſon of this ſtrange procedure. Why do they run away and laugh, ſays ſhe?—Is it our figures which excite this fear and mirth.—But what is there in us either formidable or laughable?—Nothing in reality; therefore they only make a joke of us.—Make a joke of us! and why?—Malignity ſeizes on a ridiculous circumſtance, and makes a joke of it; fooliſhneſs laughs without any cauſe. ∴ Then all theſe young people are ſimpletons?—Perhaps their underſtandings were naturally good; but they have all the folly a bad educa-

tion can beſtow, viz. childiſhneſs, wildneſs, rudeneſs, and vulgarity ... What! and does no one reprehend them for theſe faults?—Abandoned by their mothers, they are given up to Governeſſes who are incapable of educating them properly, and who, moreover, leave them all day to themſelves, without taking the pains to obſerve or attend them.—Oh, unfortunate children! It is not their fault, if they are ridiculous; we ought only to pity them! ... Had I been placed in a Convent, had I not had the tendereſt of mothers, I ſhould have had all theſe faults.—Doubtleſs, my dear *Adelaide*; and this kind indulgence you manifeſt is in reality no more than juſtice; preſerve it carefully; ſhould you love it, you would tarniſh the luſtre of all your virtues, and you will become ungrateful towards me; for you cannot pride yourſelf on the qualifications and talents you poſſeſs, without recollecting it is to me you owe them.

Be not afflicted, Madam, when you figure to yourſelf *Adelaide*'s little countenance through a grate. We receive no viſits, but from Madame *d'Oſtalis* and Madame *de Limours*, and they are admitted into the Convent. So we ſhall never go into the parlour, unleſs it is to take a leſſon in painting or dancing; and that is not through the grate, but in the outward parlour. We ſhall ſpend our time delightfully; books are our greateſt enjoyment. We now read Telemachus in the morning, and *Fontaine*'s Fables in the afternoon. *Adelaide*, tranſported, thanks me at every page, for having refuſed her theſe admirable Works, whilſt ſhe was too young to know their value; and ſhe cannot conceive, what folly can make people

people allow children to read them. If I was not very careful, her fondneſs for reading would make her neglect her other avocations. In ſhort, this appears to me ſo good a method, that I cannot think it poſſible but that it muſt be one day univerſally adopted.

LETTER XXXVI.

Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

MY poor *Adelaide* has gone through many vexations, with the cauſes of which, Madame, I am going to acquaint you. Among twelve or fifteen penſioners who are in this Convent, there is one called Mademoiſelle *de Celigny*, who is about ſeventeen years old, and has a very agreeable perſon; in other reſpects, ſhe is as ill educated as the reſt, but has wit enough, when ſhe chuſes it, to conceal her faults, particularly to a girl of fifteen and a half. She took great notice of my daughter who, naturally ſenſible and grateful, was much pleaſed with her attentions. I ſaw plainly this connection would not ſuit *Adelaide*; but I wiſhed it might ſerve her as a leſſon, and I left it to her to find it out. In conſequence of this deſign, I permitted *Adelaide* to aſk her ſometimes to breakfaſt, and ſometimes to dine with us. As I never quitted *Adelaide* a moment, I found my making a third perſon with them was very diſtreſſing to this young Lady. One day, when we were going to take a walk, I pretended to be tired, and ſat down again, telling *Adelaide* ſhe might walk with

Mademoiſelle *de Celigny* for half an hour; on their return, I perceived that *Adelaide* looked much diſſatisfied, and that ſhe treated Mademoiſelle *de Celigny* with great coldneſs. I ſuſpected the cauſe of it, but I aſked no queſtions, and we went to bed without any explanation. The next morning, when *Adelaide* was writing her copies, I went and made a viſit to *Siſter Saint Helena*, one of the Nuns who was a friend of mine, and who always had the news of the whole Convent before any body elſe... I told her my curioſity to know what it was. Mademoiſelle *de Celigny* had ſaid to my daughter: ſiſter *Helena* (who already knew the diſpoſition of Mademoiſelle *de Celigny*, and had given me a caution in ſecret reſpecting her) told me, that this young Lady pretended *Adelaide* had complained of the ſlavery, in which I kept her, by always following her like her ſhadow. After this recital I returned to *Adelaide*, and told her what ſiſter *Helena* had ſaid. She heard me with that tranquillity which convinced me ſhe did not think I believed a word of what I had been told. Is it poſſible, ſaid ſhe, that people can carry their falſehood and wickedneſs to ſuch a height? ... Now, Mamma, I will tell you the truth... Mademoiſelle *de Celigny*, diſpleaſed with my coldneſs, imputes to me all that ſhe ſaid herſelf.... You tell me nothing new; I gueſſed by your manner yeſterday what you have juſt now informed me of. I was alſo very certain the particulars of your converſation would be very unjuſtly repeated; and I only aſked ſiſter *Helena* about it, in order to let you ſee you was deceived in Mademoiſelle *Celigny*.—What then, Mamma, you knew ſhe was not good?—I ſaw ſhe had no good prin-

principles; that she was a great talker and a gossip, and consequently thought she might not scruple telling lyes and being deceitful.—Oh, Mamma, why would you not condescend to enlighten me?—I only wished experience should undeceive you.—Oh, Mamma, you have set my heart at ease; it would have given me great pain to have told you, she gave me very bad advice, though I was determined to tell you of it, as I was never to see her again, even though you had not acquainted me with her having told stories of me... Never to see her again!... I shall not allow this.... How then, Mamma?.... You must avoid an open rupture, which will make a noise, and injure the character of both persons who disagree. It is easy by degrees to break off your acquaintance, which will prevent the publick from making a history of it to amuse themselves with. In short, you must remember it is more prudent to *disunite* than it is to *break*.—What, Mamma! shall we often see Mademoiselle *de Celigny* then?... You need not send for her, but you must receive her with politeness; you are not obliged to tell her you love her, but you may behave to her as usual... It is very hard, however, to associate with people you despise... It is necessary to learn how to live with chattering, mischievous, indiscreet persons; because, when you meet with them, you should be able to guard against them; but, when you have found them, or connected yourself with them, it is necessary to submit patiently to them.—Oh, what imprudence have I been guilty of! I will never do so again: before I form an attachment, I will study the disposition of the person I am inclined to love.... You will

do well alſo to ſtudy her character, and even that of her family and friends; for one may frequently judge of people by their connexions; which is a ſtill ſtronger reaſon why we ſhould fix upon thoſe who are moſt eſteemed.

After this converſation *Adelaide* has determined to ſee Mademoiſelle *de Celigny* again, and to treat her in the manner which I have adviſed; but this obedience will coſt her ſome pain. In continual fear of Mademoiſelle, ſhe will ſpeak of nothing deciſively but the *rain* or *fine weather*, fearing always on her ſide a bad interpretation; and, to prevent her from inventing new ſtories of her, ſhe is cautious never to ſpeak to her in a low voice and not to remain alone with her a moment. This reſtraint accuſtoms her to prudence and circumſpection, and, at the ſame time, maintains the bitter repentance ſhe has felt for forming an attachment ſo ill judged and ſo little conſidered.

Adieu, Madam; I received yeſterday a letter from * * *, in which I am told the Chevalier *de Valmont* is neither confuſed nor hurt by the jeſts which his young friends make on his wiſdom; they even add, that thoſe who leaſt reſemble him pardon him his opinions on account of his graces and artleſs behaviour. I very ſincerely ſhare with you, Madam, in the joy which his conduct and his ſucceſs muſt give you.

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LETTER XXXVII.

The Count de Roseville to the Baron.

AT last, my dear Baron, we are returned to * * * *. I have brought back my pupil in his nineteenth year, with his principles sufficiently strengthened to resist the alluring arts which love was preparing to practise upon him. *Stolina*, still unmarried, lived with her father upon the banks of the lake. She had found means to avoid and put off every proposed match, during our absence, under various pretences, and chiefly under that of a weak and worn out constitution. The day after our arrival, the Prince received the following note:

"I am dying—Alas! may I flatter myself with "the hopes of seeing, before I expire, my bene- "factor and my protector! If this favour is re- "fused me, my last moments will be as grievous "as my life has been unhappy. STOLINA."

The Prince, with tears in his eyes, brought me this note, without allowing me to speak he said; no objections of yours will prevent my going immediately to *Alexis Stezin*'s house.—Do you think me, interrupted I, capable of dissuading you from an act of benevolence? O, my friend! said the Prince, warmly embracing me. . . . I desire only, replied I, that a Physician, in whom you put the greatest trust, may accompany us. He fixed upon Dr. *Walter*; we set off as soon as he came, and found *Stolina* in an elbow-chair, with all the outward appearance of a sick person, pale and languishing, but more bewitching and beautiful than ever. Her agitation of joy at the sight of

of the Prince was too evident. Her colour went and came, and she burst into tears. She attempted to rise from her chair, but fell back. The Prince, equally affected, seated himself, muttering some incoherent words. He then told her mother he had brought a Physician, and ordered him in. During this discourse, I earnestly examined *Stolina*'s looks, and plainly perceived her displeasure at it. We left the Doctor with her, and withdrew to another apartment. He came to us in about five minutes, and positively declared, that, so far from *Stolina*'s being dangerously ill, she could not possibly imagine herself to have the least complaint; and I am obliged in conscience to assert, continued the Doctor, that there is some design in this. The testimony of a man so honest and skilful, whom no one could have influenced, struck the Prince very forcibly. He traversed the room in great trouble. At last, says he, let us depart; nothing now detains me. He hurried away: I followed, highly pleased at his being able to tear himself away from the dangerous *Stolina*, without even taking leave. He was scarcely seated in his coach, before he blamed his cruelty. He figured to himself *Stolina* in tears: he favourably attributed their little artifice to her love for him; and, as if he had a mind to revenge on me the pleasure this victory over himself had given me, he openly avowed his weakness and distress. I took not the least notice. My composure provoked him: he would have much preferred a serious discourse. Any remonstrance from me, besides giving him pleasure at my uneasiness, would have produced a regular debate on a subject so interesting to him. The conversation now ceased of course. When I perceived the Prince was about to put himself seriously in a passion,

passion, I said to him, you will fail in your endeavour to discompose me, for I know, though you are subject to say disagreeable things through pique, yet honour and reason are always your guides in affairs of consequence; what therefore do your speeches signify, when I am secure of your actions? These words flattered the Prince much, being pronounced in a blunt manner, and as if truth alone had forced them from me. He grew calm; the desire of meriting my esteem restored him to himself. He offered me his hand, and, fetching a deep sigh, said, you know me better than I do myself.... Your trust in me gives me strength, and exalts me in my own esteem enough to make me flatter myself I am worthy of your's.

Soon after, at my desire, the Chevalier *de Murville* called on *Stolina*, and represented to her so forcibly the bad consequences of her behaviour, that she, after some wavering, consented to complete the happiness of the faithful *Mirandel*; they are married and settled in the province of * * * * one hundred leagues from Court. This distance frees me from a very serious anxiety. The Prince heard the news with resolution. He is pensive, but strives to divert his melancholy by a closer application than ever to his studies. Some time ago the Prince his father, who wishes him married this year, conversed on that subject with me. I approve his intention, but not the proposed Princess. She is very ugly and six years older. If it is necessary in such situations to be chiefly guided by political views, is every tender feeling to be given up? I think that present advantages alone are considered in the marriages of sovereign Princes. It is a misfortune that very little future benefit is to be

be expected from their union. Ambition easily breaks the most sacred ties. It is the moderation of the Prince, the strength of his dominions, the prudence of his government, and not great alliances, that preserve the blessings of peace. After these reflections, I mentioned a young Princess lovely in her person, excellently brought up, and who by the sweetness of her temper and by her accomplishments would insure the happiness of the Prince, and be an ornament of the Court. When this so suitable an union takes place, I shall only have this wish to assist at the nuptials of *Theodore* and *Constantia*. It is delightful, after twelve years absence from one's country, to return to it, to one's friends and family. I cannot quit * * without severe pangs, or, to speak more plainly, without a fixed resolution of returning. I shall leave behind me the object that for twelve years has intirely possessed my thoughts. You can best judge, my dear Baron, the grief such a separation must occasion to me.

Your's dated the 25th is just come to hand. I perceive by it my last has not yet reached you. Be at ease with regard to the Count *d'Ostalis*; every proper step has been taken! act with confidence on your side. What pleasure I shall have in renewing at * * my acquaintance with Monsr. *d'Ostalis?* He alone will make me not regret the loss of our present Ambassador.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

YES, Madam, the firſt of November was a joyful day for *Adelaide* and *Theodore*. We were ſtill in the Convent, when at eight o'clock in the morning we were told, that Monſ. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* were waiting for us in the parlour. *Adelaide* took *Hermione* by the hand, and we went down ſtairs with that eagerneſs which one feels to ſee two perſons ſo dear to one after ſix months abſence. We paſſed the grate, and flew into the outer parlour. *Adelaide* threw herſelf into the arms of her father, while I received *Theodore* in mine. *Adelaide* embraced him in her turn; after which we left the Convent, and got into our coach. On our arrival at home, we entered my apartment, where we found Madame *d'Oſtalis* and Madame *de Limours*. *Adelaide* had no ſooner ſet her foot in my chamber, than ſhe perceived the china which uſed to ornament it, and the tea-table, were no longer there. On her making this remark, Madame *d'Oſtalis* led her into my cloſet, and ſhewed her it was deprived of all the impreſſions, drawings, and miniatures with which the wainſcot had been adorned the paſt Winter. *Adelaide*, aſtoniſhed at this alteration, aſked the reaſon, at which every body ſmiled, but made her no reply; at length Madame *de Limours*, coming to me, ſaid, *Adelaide* is to give us a breakfaſt this morning, if you will permit her. She has ſome excellent tea, which is now waiting for us in her apartment. We all followed Madame *de Limours*, and entered

Adelaide's

Adelaide's chamber, where we found nothing new, only that her bed was not in the room. *Adelaide*, ſurprized, aſked me how it happened. When on a ſudden the door, which had been condemned, opened and diſcovered a delightful apartment. Little *Hermione* flew thither, uttering a cry of joy. *Adelaide* threw herſelf on my neck, ſaying to me, Oh, Mamma! I am ſenſible of your goodneſs, but you ſend me farther from you; I was nearer to you in this room!.... As ſhe finiſhed theſe words, Madame *de Limours* took her hand, and led her into a beautiful bed-chamber. There my daughter, looking round her, ſaw part of the ornaments which uſed to be in my apartment, and eaſily gueſſed the reſt were diſtributed in the other rooms. Madame *d'Oſtalis* opened a commode, and took out a little box, in which *Adelaide* found the few diamonds and other jewels I was miſtreſs of. Very far from expreſſing any pleaſure at this ſight, *Adelaide* looked very gravely on all theſe riches. Ah, Mamma! ſaid ſhe to me, I cannot ſee with any pleaſure that you have deprived yourſelf of theſe ornaments for me; do you think it is poſſible I can enjoy them?.... Make yourſelf eaſy, my dear child; amuſe yourſelf with theſe toys which are made for perſons of your age. Whenever I purchaſed any of them, or was pleaſed with them, it was becauſe they were deſtined for you. Reward me then for my attention by appearing pleaſed with my preſent. *Adelaide* embraced me, and preſſed me in her arms, without being able to anſwer me. Madame *de Limours* came and parted us, in order to ſhew *Adelaide* the reſt of the apartments; after which we returned to her chamber to drink tea, and after breakfaſt we conducted

conducted *Theodore* to his apartment. He expected the *condemned door* would be opened for him alſo; but he had not this agreeable ſurprize; however, he was delighted with his new habitation. When *Adelaide* and I were left alone, ſhe expreſſed her gratitude in the moſt affecting terms. You have given me, ſaid ſhe, at one and the ſame time, every thing that can indulge the fancy of a young perſon who has not had the happineſs of being brought up by you. Your preſents are far above my wiſhes; yet they are only precious to me, as they belonged to you..... You muſt then be ſenſible, my dear *Adelaide*, of the extreme pleaſure I feel in giving you all theſe trinkets. Yes, certainly; but nevertheleſs it gives me pain to ſee your chimneys and ſhelves unfurniſhed, and that horrid little tea-table of Engliſh queen's ware, which ſupplies the place of your fine china. Hear me, my dear child, and you will ceaſe to pity me. Is it not true that a diſh of tea or coffee drinks as well out of a cup made of earthen ware as out of the fineſt *china?* Yes, only the pleaſure of looking at it..... Suppoſing the ſight of my china gave me pleaſure, which it never did, it could only have been during the novelty of it. Beſides, nothing is more inconvenient than to have one's chamber filled with vaſes, monkeys, and other pieces of china; and one would never place theſe ornaments in a room where nobody came; ſo that one has theſe things only for the pleaſure of letting them be ſeen, that is, from motives of vanity to prove one's taſte and one's riches. For my part, I have another kind of vanity, which is to prove that I only eſteem theſe ſuperfluities in order to give them to my daughter. I ſhall have much more

more pride, when thoſe who viſit me look with amazement on my ſhabby ſet of earthen cups and ſaucers, than when they praiſed the elegance of my tea-table. I have no need to aſſure you that this way of thinking contributes in no reſpect to make me do what I do to oblige you, though it may ſometimes help to reward me for the ſacrifices I have made on your account. I need only to conſult my own heart in order to do things which will give you pleaſure.—Mamma, you inſpire mine with noble ſentiments by your tenderneſs and your example. At preſent I cannot conceive how people can value themſelves on ſuch trifling things. It appears to me that nothing is wanting but good ſenſe, and a proper degree of pride, to make us conduct ourſelves as we ought. Is it poſſible that proud and rich people ſhould value themſelves on their fine houſes, their ſideboard of plate, and their jewels, when every ſtep they take they may find people who not only equal but even ſurpaſs them in magnificence? If, on the contrary, they would diſtinguiſh themſelves by their moderation and benevolence, they would meet with few competitors; and the praiſes they would then obtain would really be gratifying.... You ſay very right, but, however wiſe ſuch an obſervation may be, a bad heart will never make it. Mamma, I promiſe you I will always avoid this ridiculous oſtentation..... To have a houſe convenient and neatly furniſhed and elegant by its plainneſs, with faſhionable cloaths, which are nothing remarkable either in their form or for their magnificence, a box either at the opera or the play which one likes beſt, and to give good ſuppers, are all the advantages to be derived from

from riches. As to plate, jewels, and expenſive furniture, they are merely for oſtentation, and wholly unfit for perſons in private life, and very ridiculous and indecent in people who by their birth and ſituation are excuſed from making any kind of figure or appearance. Always remember then, that pomp ſhuts its eyes to the ſufferings of human nature, and withholds from it the aſſiſtance which it ought to give; and that no one can admire it who has not a depraved heart and the moſt childiſh vanity.

At preſent, Madam, *Adelaide* enjoys almoſt all the privileges of a young married woman. She has a waiting-woman to herſelf; *Miſs Sally*, whom I ſent for from England, a young perſon well educated, about four-and-twenty, and who does not know a word of French. *Adelaide* has an allowance with which a married woman might be ſatisfied, and I only charge myſelf with paying her's and *Hermione*'s maſters. I have inſiſted, that *Adelaide* ſhould not ſuffer her woman to keep her accounts; therefore, every night, Miſs *Sally* gives her a little memorandum of the expences of the day, which *Adelaide* pays immediately, and then ſets down the account in a book which is appropriated to this uſe. This book is brought to me every fortnight, that I may ſee whether my injunctions be regularly obſerved, and whether the expences be reaſonable. Beſides this, *Adelaide* has another book, in which ſhe makes all her trades-people write their receipts. She is every morning employed in looking over the expences of my houſhold and ſettling the account. Theſe little matters do not take her up more than a quarter of an hour in a day, and by this means ſhe learns

learns the price of all the different articles uſed in houſe-keeping; and, being accuſtomed from her infancy to theſe things, it is no kind of ſlavery, and it does not even appear ſtrange; her accounts only are more extenſive: but, having been led to them by degrees, ſhe finds them no more troubleſome.

Adelaide begins now to go into company; at ſixteen it is time ſhe ſhould appear. She ſups with us, and comes into the ſaloon about half an hour before ſupper; and retires to her chamber, when we get up from table; for it is neceſſary ſhe ſhould go to bed and riſe early, while ſhe has maſters, which will be for two years to come. I intend alſo, this next fortnight, to take her with me to pay viſits. But the greateſt pleaſure ſhe can enjoy, at her time of life, is the continuing the new plan of reading, which we began in Holland; and to go often to the French Comedy, to ſee the beſt Plays of our Dramatic Authors. The day before yeſterday ſhe ſaw *Phædra* performed, which ſhe had never read. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the impreſſion which this Piece made on her; an impreſſion ſhe will feel ſo often and for ſo long a time. Imagine, Madam, what delight it muſt afford a young, ſenſible, and well inſtructed perſon, to ſee, in the courſe of Winter, the beſt repreſentations of Cinna, of the Horatii, of Rodogune, of Athaliah, of Andromache, Zara, the Miſanthrope, Tartuffe, les Femmes Savantes, &c. &c. &c. and to be able to ſay, in the Spring, this pleaſure is far from being exhauſted, next Winter I ſhall ſee other Plays equally good and well repreſented.

To

To give you an account, Madam, of all our employments, we have begun a courſe of Philoſophy. There are about fifteen of us who attend the Lectures, which are twice a week, and will laſt two months. We ſhall attend for the ſame time Lectures on Chymiſtry; and we ſhall finiſh, by going through a courſe of Natural Hiſtory; which will carry us to the month of May. We ſhall repeat them all again next Winter, as that is the only means of making them uſeful, for it is impoſſible to reap the ſmalleſt advantage from them, attending each only once. *Adelaide* and *Theodore* are neither of them ſtrangers to Natural Hiſtory; and they have acquired ſome knowledge of minerals, and ſhells, as well as of plants. They read in their infancy, and almoſt know by heart, the *Spectacle de la Nature*, and a *Hiſtoire des Inſectes* in two volumes, well written, and very intereſting; and in four months they will read that immortal work, which even without a taſte for Natural Hiſtory one muſt read over and over again.

Do not imagine, Madam, that my intention is to make *Adelaide learned*; you know my ſentiments in that reſpect, which are not at all changed. I only mean to give her a little knowledge of theſe things, which may ſerve to amuſe her ſometimes, and prevent her from being tired at any time, ſhould her faher, her brother, or her huſband, chuſe to talk on ſuch ſubjects; at the ſame time it will preſerve her from an infinite number of prejudices which are adopted by ignorance.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

SINCE you do not return from Ghent till next month, my dear Viſcount, I muſt ſend you ſome account of our children. For ſome time I had obſerved a viſible alteration in *Theodore*; he was become abſent and thoughtful: at one time he fixed his eyes on the Counteſs *Anatolle* (who ſups here often) at another he paſſionately admired the charming figure of the beautiful *Conſtantia*. I found it was neceſſary for me to ſpeak to him. One day, after having dined with Madame *de Limours*, where for the firſt time he had heard *Conſtantia* ſing, I ſaid to him, I perceive with pleaſure the impreſſion your couſin has made upon you. At theſe words *Theodore* bluſhed; ſurpriſe and joy was painted in his countenance. Yes, my ſon, added I, *Conſtantia* is perfectly well educated; charming in every reſpect; and my warmeſt wiſhes will be completed in having her for my daughter-in-law. I own, ſaid *Theodore*, I have often ſuſpected you had ſuch intentions: but your ſilence to me on that head made me reject theſe thoughts.—You was too young to be acquainted with a project in embrio, and which even now has no certainty. Yet the ties of blood and friendſhip which bind you to Monſ. *de Limours*.—Surely the match would be a very proper one; but above all you muſt, I deſire it moſt earneſtly—Do not doubt that in the leaſt—The heart of *Conſtantia* muſt alſo not make the leaſt objection: and it muſt be the merit that your conduct will acquire

quire, that will induce her parents to prefer you to the many that will seek their alliance: she is now but fourteen, will certainly not be married till she is seventeen: if till that time you do not act up to the hopes formed of you, or if you appear to have formed another attachment, Monsieur *de Limours* will never give you his daughter. O, my father! answered *Theodore*, I shall be always with you; I shall reveal to you my most secret thoughts and shall follow blindly your advice: can I then fear going astray for a moment?—No, doubtless, if you persist in this resolution.—If I persist, O! have no doubts of that! Have you not taught me two essential truths, that virtue alone insures a happy life, and that a guide to my youth is absolutely necessary. If the best founded gratitude, and the most tender affection, did not attach me inviolably to you, reason and self-interest would make me seek your advice and prefer your's to all other company. It is enough to be acquainted with your wisdom and knowledge of the world for me to consult and obey you. Figure to yourself the absolute power which you, my benefactor, a father, as affectionate as instructive, and a friend as indulgent as agreeable, have over me... *Theodore* uttered these words with that animated tone, that feeling and sincere air, which so much inhances the value of professions of friendship.—Delightful child! how all my labours are rewarded!

He has promised to keep secret from *Constantia* his hopes of being her's, and from every one else, except Madame *d'Almane*. I am sure he will keep his word. Since this conversation, he takes a warmer interest in *Constantia*, and is much

leſs ſtruck by the charms of the Counteſs *Anatolle*. She is no longer viſited by Monſieur *de St. Phar*. Some ſay there never was a ſincere attachment between them: others, that he has ſacrificed the Counteſs to Madame *de R***. However it is, ſhe has loſt her character, and is the leſs ſpared on account of her ſuperior beauty: they take her cruelly to pieces; and ſhe is much to be pitied, if ſhe has nothing to reproach herſelf with, except being a coquet.

LETTER XL.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

THEY are in the right, Madam, to ſay, that a mother is very proud the firſt time her daughter has an offer of marriage. I have juſt experienced that ſatisfaction. The Marquis *de Hernay*, a young man whom I ſaw in Italy, is very deſirous of marrying *Adelaide*; he hinted the ſubject to me near three weeks ago. I gave an indirect anſwer, and ſpoke of it to my daughter the ſame day: at the firſt mention of marriage, before I had named the Marquis *de Hernay*, ſhe changed countenance! What! Mamma, cried ſhe, do you already think of marrying me? Not immediately, anſwered I, ſince you have a good fortune and are well ſituated. Nothing can determine me to marry you till your education is quite completed. But I can from this time, if you conſent to it, enter into conditional engagements. In ſhort, he that makes propoſals.... is the Marquis *de Hernay*.... a very proper

per perſon, whoſe fortune and family.... Oh! Mamma, interrupted *Adelaide*, ſmiling, was his family ſtill more noble, and his fortune more conſiderable, it is impoſſible *that* man ſhould be deſtined to call you mother. But *Adelaide*, you are very cenſorious.....I think he does me great honour....but I confeſs, that he does not appear to me worthy of being your ſon...nor your huſband: Do you agree to that?...Confeſs, Mamma, that you are of my opinion!.... Let us ſpeak ſeriouſly: why have you ſo great a diſlike to him?.... becauſe, Mamma, you think him a coxcomb. ....I never told you ſo.....but I obſerved it, and your opinion will always determine mine...Well, if it ſhould be true that he is a coxcomb, if he is worthy....My dear Mamma ſhall find me a good huſband and one who is not a coxcomb...Take care, *Adelaide*, that you form no idle chimeras, nor carry your delicacy too far.....I cannot do that; for I aſſure you I never in my life conſidered the turn of mind I ſhould deſire in a huſband. I know I ſhould not have knowledge or experience enough to chuſe properly; and that I ſhould be juſt as fooliſh as ungrateful, if I did not truſt my happineſs intirely to you....Then you will readily accept the huſband that I ſhall ſeriouſly propoſe to you. Yes, Mamma; be aſſured of it, whoever he is. I deſerve this confidence; but how important is the choice! if you knew, my child, how difficult it is to judge of men....their manners are ſo different from our's, and then they know ſo well how to diſſemble when they think proper... How well Richardſon has deſcribed this! that horrible Lovelace! what a hypocrite! what a monſter!—it is true that they are only taken up in de-

ceiving us, in feigning affections they do not feel, to ſeduce us, that they may boaſt of it afterwards. ...It makes one tremble. But how can a woman be ſo fooliſh as to ſacrifice to a man her happineſs and reputation? — That is the abyſs into which a diſordered imagination leads us. We perſuade ourſelves that our love is unconquerable; we make no efforts to oppoſe it; we yield to it; and we are not undeceived, till our character is intirely loſt. Rational people, though poſſeſſed of great ſenſibility, will never be violently in love; therefore you ſee how careful Richardſon has been (who certainly knew the human heart) not to repreſent Clariſſa in love; even at the time when ſhe is deceived in Lovelace, ſhe has only a ſmall degree of preference for him, and never any love: yet ſhe has a tender heart; but ſhe has virtuous principles, a ſuperior underſtanding, and great prudence; and conſequently it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould be ſuſceptible of an affection which cannot fill the heart till it has turned the head; and from which reaſon will always preſerve a perſon of reflection who has a command over herſelf. After this converſation it is unneceſſary to tell you that I have not accepted the Marquis *de Hernay*'s offer: he deſired a poſitive anſwer, and ſince that time he has intirely left off viſiting here.

You are anxious to know, Madam, what impreſſion going into company has made upon *Adelaide*; as ſhe has all her ſenſes about her, ſhe is very much ſtruck with the abſurdities ſhe perceives. I carried her the other day to Madame *de B*——'s, where there was a great deal of company, and we ſtaid ſome time. She made many obſervations, which ſhe communicated to me, when

when we were alone. Can any thing be, ſhe aſked me, more amiable than Madame *de B——?* no, certainly, replied I, and you will find very few perſons to be compared to her. She poſſeſſes that true politeneſs that always pleaſes and never fatigues. She has the art ſo infinitely rare of ſpeaking well, of expreſſing herſelf with elegance and purity, without its being poſſible to accuſe her for one moment of pedantry. You may ſay of her converſation the ſame that they ſay of Madame *de Sevigne*'s writing, that it is never far fetched, nor ever vulgar. She has ſo ſweet a diſpoſition, that we are more charmed than ſurpriſed at her moſt lively ſallies, and reflection convinces us of her ſuperiority.—With what warmth, Mamma, you make her elogium, and yet ſhe is not one of your friends!... Was ſhe my enemy I ſhould ſay, the ſame things of her; it is ſo pleaſing to ſpeak of her as ſhe deſerves.... Mamma, what is the name of that young Lady who was ſeated by Madame *de B——*, who had her handkerchief ſo trimmed and ſo many flowers ſhaking on her head?.... Madame *de* ——How do you like her? — She is not at all pretty, and ſhe has a diſagreeable manner of turning her head to the right and left every moment... and of making faces!... what a group of them ſhe drew round her!.... As ſoon as ſhe went into another room, all the men who were there alſo came and ſurrounded her alſo.—I lay a wager it was on account of the faces ſhe made; for it was very droll to ſee her near.... Yes; this is what is called coquetry; which men deſpiſe ſo much and which yet attracts their notice. — Mamma, did you remark when Madame *de B——* ſaid ſo much in praiſe of Madame *C——*, with what

coldneſs Madame *de* *** anſwered her!....Yes, ſhe was not able to diſſemble her chagrin; for envy is a vice which no art can conceal....You ſee the proof of it: ſince you, who are ſo young and ſo little experienced, have diſcovered in a moment, that Madame *de* *** was envious. — And how can one be ſo! how at leaſt can one be inſenſible to the noble pleaſure of doing juſtice to others.

You ſee, Madam, how ridiculous *Adelaide* finds coquetry and envy as diſagreeable. If ſhe had ſeen company at my houſe from the age of eight years, ſhe would have been accuſtomed to all theſe things: ſhe would not have remarked them, or at leaſt ſhe would not have been ſhocked by them; and in that caſe how ſhould I have acted, in order to have preſerved her from the ſame faults; inſtead of which, I have no occaſion to tell her how hateful the vice is, her eyes are open, ſhe ſees and deteſts it.

Yes, Madam, the Chevalier *de Valmont* conducts himſelf always as well as your affection can wiſh: his connexions are not very much extended, becauſe he has choſen his friends with propriety. He is particularly attached this Winter to the Marquis *de* **** that young man ſo diſtinguiſhed by his virtues, by his genius, and brilliant qualities, and whoſe conduct has given every father of a family the ſatisfaction of being able to offer to his ſons a model worthy to be imitated. The Chevalier *de Valmont* ſhews the moſt ſincere attachment to *Theodore*; they have both the ſame principles and the ſame ſentiment, and they are made to love each other throughout their lives.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

WELL, my dear child, does the affair ſucceed? Will Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* obtain his wiſhes, and be appointed to the Embaſſy? Send me a meſſenger to tell me the *Yes*... and even the *No*; that *No* which will make you remain at home!... In preference to every thing, I wiſh for the advancement of your huſband and all that will contribute to his honour and the increaſe of his fortune... But I am in the moſt difficult ſituation; for that which my heart wiſhes for my reaſon condemns!... For me to wiſh to ſee you ſetting out for La**! No, do not imagine it!... Ah, my daughter!... How often have I reproached myſelf during the two years I ſtaid in Italy, at ſuch a diſtance from you, and which I might have ſpent with you!... But let us ſay no more of it; let us wait the event with reſignation, and prepare ourſelves to ſupport it with courage.

I ſupped laſt night at Madame de *Valcé*'s for the firſt time this Winter. The Viſcounteſs made ſuch a point of it that I could not deny her. There were near forty people of the beſt faſhion. We have ſeen the time when Madame *de Valcé* was not well received in company, but, now that ſhe has a hundred thouſand livres a year, all the world flock to her with eagerneſs. She is very much elated at it; ſhe is ignorant that ſhe has no better qualities, than her riches, to attract their notice,—People, who keep ſuch excellent houſes, are like Kings who

never know what is said of them. A good supper as often makes people guilty of meanness and falsehood as ambition. *Duclos* has said very justly, "Men never judge, but by appearances. Are "they made dupes of? It is because those who de-"ceive them are basely, as well as dexterously, "perfidious." It is also true, that, unless one is blinded by an immoderate share of vanity, a very little experience may inform one, that, whenever one pleases, one may draw company to one's house, even without giving them suppers; it is not necessary for one even to be amiable; one has only to keep one's chamber and open one's doors. This is a useful lesson for young people in order to keep them from the absurd folly of setting a high value on their extensive connexions. This eagerness for drawing all Paris to one's house occasions a loss of time, which is not repaid by any real pleasure. In the midst of such a vortex, it is impossible to cultivate the mind or improve it, and to preserve an inclination for study or business.—My intention is certainly not to let my daughter live in solitude; and I shall have no objection to her being in places sometimes, where she may meet with fifty or sixty people, provided she does not receive so many at her own house, where I would have her entertain only her friends and those that are really amiable; and, in that case, she will never have forty persons to supper. Monsr. and Madame *de Valcé* are minding themselves; their pride pays very dear for the boast of keeping one of the best houses in Paris. Adieu, my dear child; I do not press you to write to me; you can judge by my affection for you of the impatience with which I wait to hear from you.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

MONS. *d'Oſtalis* is named Ambaſſador to ***. He ſets out in two months, and his wife attends him. Far from exacting ſuch a ſacrifice, he preſſed Madame *d'Oſtalis* to remain in France; but, doubtleſs, he was certain ſhe would liſten only to her duty!... Yes, ſuch is the duty of a wife! She muſt without heſitation quit her friends, her family, her mother, to follow her huſband. *Adelaide* may one day be called upon perhaps to perform theſe ſame duties!... This cruel thought deprives me of my only conſolation... Madame *d'Oſtalis* rends my heart, when ſhe ſays *Adelaide* remains to you. Alas! who can aſſure me ſhe will always remain? What a melancholy Summer will this be to me! Monſ. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* ſet out in ſix weeks; and I, a fortnight after, ſhall fix myſelf at *S****, on that little eſtate we have ſix leagues from Paris; where I ſhall ſtay till the beginning of November. Adieu, Madam;—pity me... You know better than any body how much I ought to ſuffer at this time.

LETTER XLIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

YES, Madam, without doubt the intereſt of thoſe who are dear to us is able to make us ſupport with courage the moſt cruel diſappointments. Have I not myſelf taken all the ſteps that could poſſibly be uſeful to Monſ. *d'Oſtalis?* If I could be ſure that *Adelaide* would be happier two thouſand leagues from me, do you think I ſhould heſitate a moment to ſeparate myſelf from her? I ſhould not even then ſacrifice all my felicity to her; in ſecuring her's, I could not think myſelf unhappy.

I ſhall only receive my particular friends here; I have brought with me a Miniature Painter, the only Maſter *Adelaide* wants at preſent; for I can ſupply the place of all the others. Monſ. *Leblanc*, Monſ. *d'Almane*'s Steward, will ſtay ſix months with us, and will give my daughter ſome general knowledge of thoſe affairs in which a woman may find herſelf engaged. So it is recommended by the wiſeſt and beſt of Inſtructors. "It is right," ſays Monſ. *de Fenelon*, "that young people ſhould know "ſomething of the principal rules of the laws; for example, the difference there is between a *Will* and a "*Deed of Gift*; what is the meaning of a *Contract*, an "*Entail*, a *Diviſion*, and *Coheirs*; the principal laws "of the country where we live, and the cuſtoms "which render theſe acts valid; what is meant by "*Property*, by *Community*, by *real* and *perſonal* "*Eſtates*. If they are married, their principal "buſineſs will turn upon theſe things... Girls of "family and large fortunes ought to be inſtructed in the duties of their ſituation.... With "re-

" regard to these estates, it is right to teach them " what they may do, in order to avoid being cheated, " and all those artifices so common in the " country. Add to this the means by which they " may establish little schools and hospitals for the " sick and poor. In explaining the duties of landlords, do not forget their rights; tell them what " are *Fiefs*, *Vassals*, *Homage*, *Rent*, *Impropriations*, the *right* of *Field Rent*, *Fines* of *Alienation*, " *Indemnities*, *Mortmain*, *Acknowledgement*, *Court-rolls*, and such things, to be acquainted with " which is necessary, since the management of " estates intirely depends on all these matters." We have every morning a conversation of three quarters of an hour with Monsr. *Leblanc* on this subject. In the afternoon, *Adelaide* writes down all she is able to retain in her memory. M. *Leblanc* corrects it the next day, and adds in the margin the words she has omitted. *Adelaide* will preserve these papers, in order to remember what they retain. It will be sufficient, if she only reads them once a quarter. I do not allow her to write at the time, because she would not listen with so much attention, if she was not obliged to take an account of the conversation four or five hours after; and I have not allowed her Master to write these papers, because the cleareſt explanation, and what we never forget, is that which we make ourselves.

Adelaide finds the country, where we now are, not half so agreeable as our situation in Languedoc. She is also surprised and much hurt by perceiving the wretched poverty of the peasants, who surround this little estate. What, said she to me! so many unfortunate people so near Paris; so near this multitude of rich persons!... Can you be astonished at it, replied I, when this poverty exists even at

Paris itſelf? It is not in the regions of pomp and oſtentation that you will find benevolence. Luxury ſupports the manufactures, gives bread to a number of workmen, that is, when it is moderate; but carried to exceſs it equally ruins the workmen, and thoſe who employ them: the laſt never pay, and the firſt die of hunger, and every tradeſman is made a bankrupt. In ſhort, how is it, when you have fifty thouſand livres a year, and ſpend eighty, that you can do any good actions?... Mamma, I ſhall never contract any debts, and ſhall always have ſome money left of my allowance. I wiſh you would have the goodneſs to direct me how to employ a ſum which I deſign for the poor.... And what is this ſum?... Five hundred livres a year certain, and my brother will give the ſame: but we wiſh to devote this money to a certain object which is not to be changed.

I promiſe you I will think about it, anſwered I, and even to ſecond you in this project. Mamma, ſaid *Adelaide*, could not we form a little aſſociation with ſome of our acquaintance?... It is poſſible we may; but we muſt never make propoſals of this kind, except to particular friends... You do not then approve of thoſe collections that are frequently made in company?... Not at all; let us give as much as we can; it is all that religion and humanity require of us. We are not ordered to beg alms to give away. For my part, I had much rather diſpoſe of ſome of my goods to ſupport an unfortunate perſon who aſks my charity, than to beg money of thirty people whom I do not know, and who give it with reluctance and an ill grace: for my part I never ſubmit to this contribution but through politeneſs.—How can I be certain that the

the object of the charity is really worthy my compassion? I know nothing of the matter; I have my own poor whom I love; the money they ask me for belongs to them; the begging Lady would take it from them, and also take from me the merit and delightful pleasure of giving it. She alone will enjoy the little portion of gratitude that is due to me. If it was not unpolite, I should have a perfect right to say to her, deny yourself one or two superfluities, and you will complete the sum you now ask for, in a manner much more noble and more meritorious. It is very likely this discourse may make little impression; for I imagine it is much easier in general to be troublesome and indiscreet than charitable and benevolent... Yet, Mamma, I have often heard you praise Madame ——, for her benevolence, and she is a begging Lady... If the benevolence of all the begging Ladies was as sincere and as universally known as her's, I should no longer condemn the custom; it would appear respectable, though, even then, I should still be determined not to adopt it. I repeat, let us return to our first principles, and we shall never deviate from them. Above all, it is necessary to be strictly just... And it cannot be called justice to obtain money from those who give it with regret; and this reason alone would give me an aversion for collecting money in company.

The same day that we had this conversation, I told Madame *de Limours* and Madame *de S*** who were here the scheme of *Adelaide*; and it is agreed that we should form an association with some more persons, in order to found a little establishment about two leagues from Paris; and that each member should preside over it in turn.

We

We have not yet made our calculation; we have only determined at preſent on having a ſchool for ſix very poor girls, whom we ſhall chuſe, with agreeable perſons and healthy conſtitutions, and about ten years old. Theſe ſix children we ſhall have taught to read, write, and caſt accounts, and to work at their needle. We ſhall take a ſmall houſe for them, and put at the head of it a good workwoman, and a man who will be the ſteward, and at the ſame time the ſchoolmaſter. We ſhall alſo give them a cook and a maid-ſervant. We imagine this eſtabliſhment will coſt us poſſibly ſix thouſand livres a year. Our intentions are to keep the girls only ſeven years, the two laſt of which they are to work for their own profit; and they will be employed by the Ladies who eſtabliſh the ſchool and by their friends: ſo that, when they leave it at ſeventeen years old, they will have a ſmall ſum of money, underſtand reading working, writing, and accounts: the Governeſſes of the ſociety will have the liberty of letting the girls they preſent be taught other things, ſuch as embroidery, making caps, and working tapeſtry, &c. Theſe girls, having received an excellent education for their ſtations, will be eaſily ſettled in places either at Paris, or in the country; and the ſooner, as they will have the protection of all the Governeſſes. On the day they quit the ſchool, ſix other girls of the ſame age will take their places; and ſo on, as long as any of the Governeſſes live; who enter into new engagements every ſeven years. *Adelaide* is employed in forming the regulations of the ſchool and the Chriſtian and moral inſtructions for the girls: the Governeſſes are to be the judges of this work, and to correct it as they

they see occasion. You, Madam, who take so much pleasure in doing good, will easily imagine how much this scheme employs us; we talk of nothing else, and *Adelaide* has already drawn up a part of the instructions destined for the girls.

I punctually receive news of the Chevalier *de Valmont* from my son, who is very happy to find himself this year in the same garrison; and the praises of the Chevalier always take up a whole page of every letter I receive from *Theodore*.

LETTER XLIV.

The Baroness to Madame de Valmont.

From St. ****

I HAVE made acquaintance, Madam, with a person you often met with at Narbonne in the Winter you spent there: it is Mons. the Count *de Retel*. He gave me the pleasure of talking of you, which was sufficient to make him agreeable. He has, besides great knowledge and understanding, a little roughness and singularity, but an excellent character and an air of freedom which pleases me much. He has a charming house about three quarters of a league from mine: he gives us the liberty of walking in his garden; which has been the means of bringing us acquainted. He has no great opinion of the knowledge or talents of women. He smiled when he saw the plan of my garden raised by *Adelaide*, as well as at the landscapes, flowers, and miniatures of her drawing. I suspect he may more than once have been

been deceived in this way, and that experience has made him incredulous. *Rouſſeau* ſays, "At "Paris the rich underſtand every thing; the poor "only are ignorant. This capital is full of artiſts "of rank, particularly females, who finiſh their "works, as Monſieur *Guiallaum* invented his "colours. I only know three fair exceptions to "this rule among the men, though there may be "more; but I know not one among the Ladies, "and I doubt whether there is any."

For my part, I know two exceptions already, which are Madame *d'Oſtalis* and *Adelaide*, and therefore I believe there may be more; though I have not ſeen any other female artiſts draw landſcapes from Nature, or make good and correct likeneſſes in their portraits. But at length Monſieur *de Retel* has ſeen *Adelaide* drawing in a garden: he has ſeen her paint from Nature; he has examined into her improvements, and is now convinced there is no treachery. This diſcovery has made him go from one extreme to another; for he is become one of *Adelaide*'s greateſt admirers. The other day we were playing by chance, at a game where every one is to make a verſe in their turn. The prettieſt hand-writing in the world diſcovered all thoſe which were written by *Adelaide*. Monſieur *de Retel*, after praiſing the writing, examined the poetry with great attention. How, ſaid he, there are not only no faults in the ſpelling, but not one line bad of the verſification! .... So then, Mademoiſelle, ſaid he, with a tone rather ironical, you have learned to make verſes, and doubtleſs we may flatter ourſelves one day or other with ſeeing ſome of your productions. It is true, replied *Adelaide*, that Mamma, to make me better able

able to judge of the measure of verse, put me upon making some myself; but at the same time she taught me, that unless one possessed this talent in a very superior degree, it would render a woman ridiculous..... Well, Mademoiselle, interrupted Monsieur *de Retel*, why should you not hope to be able, some time, to equal any of the Ladies who have distinguished themselves in this way?..... Because my vanity does not hinder me, said *Adelaide*, from perceiving that the verses I make are good for nothing. The paper I have in my hand, said Monsieur *de Retel*, proves that your modesty deceives you. This is only your gallantry, said I, in my turn; but *Adelaide* knows very well, that with much labour she could only produce very moderate verses. Besides, it is much better to write well In prose. The name of Madame *Sevigny* will be immortal: and Mademoiselle *Barbier* is known to very few people, though she died only in 1742, and though she wrote several operas and tragedies, which were very well received at the time: But why is this? Because Mademoiselle *Barbier*'s tragedies are very indifferent, and Madame de *Sevigny*'s letters have every degree of perfection of which this kind of writing is susceptible. Thus it is, that there is more merit in writing a song that is perfect than a whole Epic poem, if it is ill done. Four verses only have raised the reputation of Monsieur *St. Aulaire* for ever; and *Chapelaine* would have been long since forgotten, if some Authors had not taken the trouble to criticise him. Therefore, since *Adelaide* writes a very good letter, and makes bad verses, I advise her always to keep to prose: But suppose, said Madame *de Limours*, some time hence,

hence, born with so much wit as she has, and educated with so much care, she should distinguish herself, and become an Authoress, would you dissuade her from it?.....No; I would not; for, though I am not certain she would make an excellent work, yet I am very sure it would not be a bad one, when her understanding is perfectly formed.....But you say, that good works alone pass to posterity?....Yes, works of mere entertainment and pleasure; but a work of morality, provided it is well written, may be excused for its want of genius and superior talents. An Author, who wishes only to shine, has no right to this indulgence; if he does not please, he is to blame and is good for nothing: but I can pardon great faults and an indifferent style in one who means to instruct and inlighten me. I could not without ingratitude judge him with severity: his book would merit esteem, were it void of all entertainment, and even tiresome; as long as it is useful, it will always be read. It is thus, that many works on science written without genius, and several books on morality which are but moderate performances, have descended to posterity, merely because they are useful. For these reasons I would always endeavour to prevent young people from the madness of turning Poets: there can be nothing really useful in that kind of writing which consequently requires a superiority of genius; therefore, it is much wiser to prefer prose, in which one is sure of distinguishing one's self, if it does but convey instruction and good sense; and may, with the addition of genius, be reckoned in the number of the best Writers, and equally valued for every great talent and the use made of them.

This

This converſation has put an end to Monſieur *de Retel*'s fears, leſt *Adelaide* ſhould turn Poeteſs. Madame *de Limours* is perſuaded it will conclude by his falling in love with *Adelaide*. This eſtabliſhment would be far above any thing I could expect for my daughter, and yet it would give me no pleaſure; Monſieur *de Retel* has a hundred thouſand livres a year, and is of a very good family; but he is ſeven and thirty years old, and has a perſon which cannot be agreeable to a young woman. If his being ſo very plain did not abſolutely create an averſion to him, it would at leaſt make it probable that his wife could never love him; and, though I am far from deſiring that *Adelaide* ſhould be violently in love with her huſband, yet I ſhould wiſh her to like him, and conſequently would have nothing to be diſagreeable in him. I am very ſenſible that in general this conſideration has no weight, and that a man of family and fortune is ſeldom refuſed on account of his perſon, however diſguſting it may be. But I confeſs I am of a different opinion; and, even if the happineſs of my daughter were leſs dear to me, Religion would prevent me from ſacrificing her to ambition, and from giving her a huſband who might inſpire her with averſion: and, even if it were her own choice, I ſhould oppoſe it, unleſs ſhe was five and twenty years old, as I ſhould think it was owing to her ſimplicity, rather than her underſtanding.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

From Straſburg.

WE muſt, abſolutely, my dear Baron, alter ſomething in our plan; or, better to expreſs myſelf, remedy the troubles Madame *de Limours*'s raſhneſs has cauſed. *Theodore* talks of *Conſtantia* with pleaſure, but is too certain of having the happineſs of belonging to you, to be warmly intereſted in that thought. He depends upon it; which is enough to take away his anxiety. All my endeavours to diminiſh his hopes will be in vain: the laſt farewells of Madame *de Limours* are too ſtrongly in his thoughts....Nevertheleſs the Counteſs *Anotolle* is arrived (for you know her huſband's grandmother lives at Straſburg) ſhe is every day the object of a new entertainment. She takes particular notice of *Theodore*, and they will meet this Winter at Paris. All this gives me uneaſineſs. The reſult of much reflection upon this ſubject is, that I think *you and I muſt fall out*; not publicly, for appearances muſt be kept up. *Deſormeaux*'s buſineſs will be a good pretence. Our intereſt claſhed there, and I ſucceeded: do you take it in ill humour, and write me a formal letter: I will ſhew it to *Theodore*. On your ſide complain of me to the Viſcounteſs: on our return to Paris, we ſhall find her uneaſy and alarmed. This is all I aſk of you; I will manage every thing elſe myſelf. Adieu, my dear friend! In expectation of this quarrel be aſſured that nothing can diminiſh my affection for you.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

St. * *

SINCE you have been at * *, my dear child, I have received two letters from the Count *de Reſeville*; for it is true that I wiſhed to hear news of you from more hands than one; he has very particularly anſwered all my queſtions about you and your children. He not only tells me that you are beautiful as the day, but that you have no appearance of ſadneſs nor dejection, and that you was not in the leaſt fatigued with your long voyage. In ſhort, his account intirely agrees with your's, and this confirmation was very neceſſary to me. I do not doubt your ſenſe; I rely upon your promiſes; but you know the moſt trifling and idle fears ought to be excuſed, when they proceed from real affection.

At length, my dear, the Count *de Retel* has juſtified Madame *de Limours*'s prediction. This is the copy of a letter I received from him laſt night:

" You know, Madam, that to be able to talk " on important affairs, it is neceſſary to have all " our ſenſes about us, to have a cool head and a " heart free. I am now in that ſituation, but I " have not a moment to loſe, if I would profit by " it. For near ſix months, ſince I had the plea- " ſure of knowing you, I am become leſs incre- " dulous. I did not believe the education of a " young perſon could contribute to her eſtabliſh- " ment. It is true I have ſcarcely till now ſeen

" any

" any inſtance of education which deſerved to be " looked upon as of importance; but at preſent " I can conceive it very poſſible for our heads to " be quite turned by a perſon who unites to the " moſt ſtriking talents a cultivated mind, an ele- " gant figure, and an amiable temper. Such a " perſon can equally ſeduce the moſt trifling, as " well as the wiſer men. She has but to ſhew " herſelf, and ſhe will attract all hearts; ſhe will " fix them by making herſelf known. Why, " when we wiſh to marry, do we only aſk for " fortune? It is, becauſe it would generally be in " vain to demand a good education. We never " aſk for things which appear imaginary to us, " and we often ſeek only for a rich wife, deſ- " pairing to find one at the ſame time handſome, " amiable, ſenſible, and ingenious. In ſhort, " Madam, I am thirty-ſeven, and Mademoiſelle " *d'Almane* (I may as well ſpeak plain) is but " ſeventeen. She is lovely in all reſpects, and I " have nothing to offer in my own favour but " the deſire I ſhould have of making her happy, " and my attachment to you, Madam!.... I " am not ignorant that you think her education " will not be completed till ſhe is eighteen and " a half; and I too much admire your Work not " to wiſh it brought to perfection. If you have " other views, I have no right to demand your " ſecret; but I have a right to expect from ſuch a " character as your's a frankneſs that will pre- " ſerve me from the misfortune of entertaining " vain hopes. I again repeat it to you, Madam, " I am not yet in love; but, if your anſwer is not " favourable to me, haſten to ſend it, and de- " prive me of all hopes."

After

After having read this letter, I called *Adelaide*, and ſhewed it to her. What do you think, ſaid I, of this new propoſal? I could marry Monſ. *de Retel* without reluctance, replied *Adelaide*. .... Without reluctance! that is not ſufficient.—I do not think I can ever marry with pleaſure, I am ſo happy in my preſent condition! .... Monſ. *de Retel* is a man of honour, he has good ſenſe; by aſking for your hand, he proves that he loves you, ſince he has a hundred thouſand livres a year, is of a good family, and has a title. Ambition and vanity will never determine your daughter's choice. .... yet I ſhould perhaps be more ſenſible of the value of a conſiderable fortune than moſt people of my age. You have taught me how much riches can add to our happineſs, when we know how to make a proper uſe of them; but I confeſs I ſhould feel a kind of repugnance in uniting myſelf to a man for whom I ſhould be but a bad match; and more ſo, if like Monſ. *de Retel*, he was intirely deſtitute of all external graces: for I ſhould fear he would ſuſpect that I had not ſo much conſulted reaſon and eſteem as intereſt and ambition. I underſtand you, ſaid I ſmiling; you would be better pleaſed with Monſ. *de Retel*, if his perſon was agreeable, and if he was ſome years younger. We may eaſily comprehend this delicacy.—Joking apart, replied *Adelaide*, if Monſ. *de Retel*, ſuch as he is, had only a fortune equal to mine, and that you aſſured me he really poſſeſſed all the good qualities he appears to have, I could determine to marry him without any trouble; and I am very ſure I ſhould be happy with him. My motive for chuſing him could not then be ſuſpected;—by preferring him to a young man, I ſhould ſhew ſenſe

ſenſe above my years, and I ſhould deſerve his affection and the eſteem of the Public.—I approve this manner of thinking, my dear *Adelaide*; it is quite conformable to my own, and I will thank Monſ. *de Retel*.—I am very glad of it, I confeſs, Mamma; yet I muſt again repeat to you that it is not his age which makes me diſlike him. I know very well that a man is not old at ſeven and thirty; it even appears to me that I ſhould be flattered by having a huſband of experience and conſideration. I have yet ſeen but little of the world; but I have already obſerved how unhappy young men make their wives; the Count *Anatolle*, for example, and many others.....I proteſt to you, Mamma, I ſhould like better to marry an amiable man of thirty-ſeven than a young man of three and twenty. Scarce had *Adelaide* pronounced the words *three* and *twenty*, than ſhe bluſhed moſt violently, as if ſhe had named the Chevalier *Valmont*. It was in effect the ſame thing; for he was in her thoughts. I was delighted that ſhe gave me an opportunity of ſpeaking about him to her. I was careful however not to increaſe her confuſion by appearing to fix any particular meaning on the words that had juſt eſcaped her. Indeed, ſaid I, laughing, there is a vaſt deal to bluſh at: becauſe you think of the only young unmarried man you are acquainted with, could you fear from me an improper interpretation.—Ah! Mamma, replied *Adelaide*, embracing me with ſome remains of emotion, I never ſhall fear your reading to the bottom of my heart.—I am very certain of it; and be ſure that all your ſentiments are perfectly known to me..... Well, Mamma, I hope I have none that you can diſapprove. *Adelaide*'s appear-

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ance of uneaſineſs at ſaying theſe words, and the ſimplicity of the queſtion itſelf made me ſmile. What then, replied I, are you not ſure of it? .... but I believe you better than myſelf .... be compoſed then, for you are perfectly right..... I really thought ſo. .... The Chevalier *de Valmont* is the ſon of a Lady you have loved from your infancy; he is your brother's friend; he has many agreeable qualities; he promiſes to be amiable; he ought to inſpire you with more affection than any other young man of his age. But you have often heard that his aunt Mademoiſelle *d'Olcy* has for a long time had views for his eſtabliſhment; and, beſides, you know very well that you may pretend to a much more advantageous match. You know ſtill better that you are not at liberty to diſpoſe of your heart; and that we are to direct its inclinations..... Be alſo very ſure, Mamma, that I never thought for two minutes together of the perſon you mention. It is true I am more intereſted about him than about any *other young man*; but, though I have often ſeen him, he is too young for me ever to have been able to converſe with him. I can neither judge of his ſenſe nor his diſpoſition. I know Monſ. *de Retel* much better than I know him; ſo that, unleſs my head had been abſolutely turned by fooliſh Romances, where we ſee ſo many examples of pretended unconquerable paſſions which ſpring up ſuddenly at firſt ſight, how could I perſuade myſelf that what I feel for him is a real ſentiment of preference? My brother loves him tenderly; but he knows how improper it would be to converſe with me about a young man of the Chevalier's age, and he never in his life mentioned his name to me. I never hear him ſpoken of; and I

am absolutely ignorant what his disposition really is. I have only a good opinion of him, as my father permits his connexion with my brother; but I cannot know whether he has any particular attachment, or any essential faults in his disposition. In a word, I find his person agreeable; he appears to me honest, polite, reserved; is sufficient to inspire favour, and not to generate friendship. This is the way we always think, replied I, when our imaginations are not heated; in short, when we possess the sense, reason, and purity of heart of *Clarissa*, Miss *Byron*, and *Adelaide*. I see with pleasure, that you have too much good sense to exaggerate to your own affections yourself, an illusion which has ruined so many young people. Nevertheless it is sufficient that you have discovered that preference at the bottom of your heart of which you have been speaking, that you may carefully avoid the object of it, and drive from your imagination all that can recall him to your remembrance. It is a duty which modesty and prudence equally impose upon you. It is right already to accustom yourself to discharge scrupulously this duty now indispensable, and which will become sacred when you are married. For example, your husband will certainly be a Gentleman, because I shall chuse him for you; but I shall be too intent upon essential qualities to be able to promise you that he shall have many graces; so that it is very possible that you may meet with many people more amiable. The smallest degree of preference will not then be allowed you; as soon as ever you feel it, it is necessary to oppose it and destroy it; an effort which will never be painful to you. It is very unusual that a person perfectly discreet should

not be ſecure from theſe little ſurprizes, however ſlight and tranſient they may be. Duty, acquaintance, eſteem, and gratitude form real attachments; ſo that the huſband I ſhall give you will certainly become too dear to you, for you ever to value in others thoſe graces which he may not be poſſeſſed of. You well know that the Chevalier *de Valmont* is not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, a ſuitable match for you; yet he is free, and you are not married; ſo that the kind of preference which he inſpires you with does not amaze me; but if I ſhould to-morrow tell you my choice was made, if I was to preſent to you the man who is to be your huſband, I am certain that from that moment the Chevalier *de Valmont* would be baniſhed from your memory. Oh! yes, Mamma, cried *Adelaide*, do not doubt it. Very freely, I ſhould no longer think of him, indeed I ſcarcely think about him now; and I am ſenſible how juſt and reaſonable every thing is that you have ſaid; and I promiſe you to intirely baniſh from my breaſt this little inclination: if it was ſtill ſtronger, I could do it without trouble, I have ſo many employments that pleaſe me! Objects that are ſo dear to me!.... My little *Hermione* alone would be ſufficient to divert me from an affection a thouſand times more ſerious.—Ah I do not queſtion it.—We are going back to Paris, and he is returning from Straſburg: how ought I to behave?.... I ſhall more rarely aſk him to ſupper, and never but when we have much company. On thoſe days I ſhall be careful to invite Mademoiſelle *de Limours*; ſhe never ſits down to table; you will remain in the ſaloon with her, and, when we return, you will retire to bed. As for the reſt, think no more of it, and never ſpeak to me again about

it; for all converſations hereafter are needleſs, ſince this has not left in me the ſmalleſt inquietude. At theſe words I embraced *Adelaide*, and changed the ſubject. You may judge by this account, if I ought not to be ſatisfied with the ſenſe and diſcretion of *Adelaide*. She is nevertheleſs in the moſt dangerous ſituation in which a young perſon can poſſibly find herſelf. She has from her infancy been acquainted with an amiable young man, her brother's friend, and the ſon of a woman with whom I am intimately connected. She knows beſides, that if by marrying the Chevalier *de Valmont* ſhe ſhould not form a ſplendid alliance, at leaſt it could not be found fault with. In ſhort, ſhe has great ſenſibility, and yet ſhe has no violent paſſion; this is in fact, becauſe ſhe has true feelings; becauſe her heart is filled with the ſofteſt ſentiments. The want of love does not diſturb her, ſince ſhe is ſatisfied. She does not ſpend her evenings in reading Zaide, the Princeſs of Cleves, the Siege of Calais, Cleveland, &c. She read theſe Romances with me when ſhe was thirteen. She may read them again now without danger; the firſt impreſſion is made. She will ſee in ſimilar works only the delirium of an inflamed imagination. She reads *Clariſſa*, *Pamela*, and *Grandiſon*; ſhe ſees there how little power love has over the heart of a ſenſible woman. She will ſay to herſelf, theſe three Works are univerſally looked upon as the beſt of their kind; they have loſt none of their reputation; they preſent a faithful picture of the human heart; for what merit can there be without truth? If Richardſon's Heroines are not imaginary beings; if the angelic and ſublime *Clariſſa*, the virtuous *Pamela*, are not unnatural characters; if they are equally intereſting and affecting;

affecting; these novels are master-pieces, and we must despise all the others; we must necessarily believe, that it is to the errors of imagination, and not to sensibility of heart, that love owes its greatest power; and that a prudent, modest, and virtuous woman will be always secured from the violence of this passion, even when she might lawfully yield to it.

Good night, my dear child; the courier does not go till Monday; to-morrow *Adelaide* will bring me her dispatches for you, and I shall then add something in her letter.

LETTER XLVII.

Madame d'Ostalis to the Baroness.

I CAN now, my dear aunt, give you the accounts you desire of this country. Every thing you have been told concerning the young Prince, pupil of the Count *de Roseville*, is infinitely short of the praise he merits. It is impossible to be more polite, more amiable, or to behave with more dignity. He brings to my mind the definition of La Bruyere, who says, "False grandeur is fierce and inaccessible; "as it knows its weakness, it endeavours to hide "itself, and will only appear when it means to de- "ceive, and is not likely to be discovered to be "what it really is, that is to say, really littleness. "But true greatness is free, mild, familiar, and popu- "lar.... It loses nothing by being looked at; the "more you know it, the more you admire it.... "and one approaches it at the same time with free- "dom and with humility, &c. &c." The Prince has

as much knowledge as politeneſs. He is equally unaffected, good-humoured and ſenſible. He has, without any attempts to ſhew it, all that variety of wit and delicacy which is improved by a good education. He does not ſpeak to an old man with the ſame tone and air with which he talks to a young one: and, if he addreſſes himſelf to a Lady, it is with that gentle and ſoftened voice which gives to the moſt common expreſſions the appearance of deference and reſpect. He ſpeaks in a plain but correct manner; and every thing he ſays appears obliging, becauſe he liſtens to the anſwers made him, and never interrupts you by his inattention. He has a very pleaſing ſmile, which he does not laviſh on every one alike; but has always an open and ſerene countenance, which expreſſes better than I ever ſaw goodneſs and benevolence. He protects and encourages arts, ſciences, and letters; and he does it with great diſcernment. He has juſt founded two prizes of gold medals to be given annually by the Academy of * *; one for men of wit and learning who compoſe the beſt work in the courſe of the year: and the other for painters and ſculptors. The firſt is under expreſs conditions, that no one ſhall be intitled to it who does not bear a good character; or who has ever written any thing contrary to religion, government, or morality. From the choice made by the Academy there lies an appeal by the Prince; which makes it doubly honourable to obtain the medal, ſince it is at the ſame time the reward of virtue as well as of ingenuity, and is a certain proof of the protection and eſteem of the Prince. The Academy of Painting give on the ſame conditions a gold medal alternately to the beſt ſculptor or moſt diſtinguiſhed painter,

painter, provided, as you may ſuppoſe, they do not diſgrace their talents by one ſingle indecent production. The Prince ſince his marriage has formed many charitable eſtabliſhments; and, beſides giving money to them, he has formed their adminiſtration in the beſt manner poſſible, and has himſelf ſelected the perſons to conduct them. In ſhort, he is beloved by all who ſee him: he is adored by his own people; he is the delight of a tender father, and the pride and happineſs of his Governor who has been able to form ſuch a Prince.

I ſaw laſt week, for the firſt time, the unfortunate Chevalier *de Murville*. I went to his houſe; for the bad ſtate of his health will no longer permit him to come to * *. He learned from the Count *de Roſeville*, that I knew *Cecilia*; he ſpoke of her to me. Time and reflexion, ſaid he, have in ſome meaſure reſtored my tranquillity; but I muſt own the unexpected meeting with Monſieur *d'Aimeri*, the ſight of *Charles*, ... the news of the death of *Cecilia*, and the particulars which attended it: all theſe events have been a mortal ſtroke to me! My life, if not intirely inſupportable, is become a burthen to me, and I ſee the approaching end of it with joy. His eyes, while he ſpoke, were filled with tears. I pity him! he is ſenſible; he is patient; but I am far from admiring his ſentiments. If he had not taken pleaſure in nouriſhing his grief, he would not at this time have been ſinking under it. With his underſtanding, and a leſs Romantic turn, his ſtrength of mind would have been able to triumph over a paſſion to which he is now a victim. He regards his weakneſs as a virtue, and his grief as a duty, being ignorant that

the firſt duty of man is to preſerve his reaſon, which was given him to heal the deepeſt wounds of his heart, and to inable him to ſupport with fortitude all the changes of fortune.

Adieu, my dear aunt, I may well recommend fortitude, when you are at Paris, and I am at * *, and when no body perceives the ſmalleſt alteration in my temper and diſpoſition.

LETTER XLVIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

From Paris.

WE were no ſooner arrived this morning than *Adelaide* ran haſtily into her chamber, and in about a quarter of an hour returned, bringing a large box which I recollected in a moment. Here, Mamma, ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, I am going to part with every thing that can call to my mind the *ſmalleſt remembrance* . . . Therefore I bring you this little collection of pebbles and the pretty box of Acacia—That is filled with play-things belonging to *Hermione*. As I took the box from her, I thought I heard her utter a gentle ſigh . . . I ſhall lock up this collection carefully, as I received it only as a depoſit, which I have no doubt one day or other I ſhall return to her again.

Madame *de* * * * died yeſterday; ſhe could not ſupport the loſs of her daughter! If there is any misfortune, for which we are not to be conſoled; if there is any grief which our reaſon will not help us to conquer; it is doubtleſs that which Madame

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de * * * has sunk under. She has fallen a victim to the most innocent and most natural of all affections, and this Lady, whose grief has carried her to her grave, whose fortune was half given away in charity, and who was in every respect so estimable, appeared reserved to many people. She neither boasted of her tenderness for her daughter, nor the pleasures of benevolence: she never amused herself with talking of it, but she really performed it. She neither prided herself on being a good mother, nor for being charitable; but she was both the one and the other, and she did not suppose she merited praise for doing what she thought her duty. When her daughter died, there were no accounts of affecting scenes and tragedy-speeches; her grief was not painted with eloquence!... At the time Madame *de Blinville* became a widow, we heard of nothing but the excess of her affliction; people repeated proofs of it, in the most interesting and pathetic terms. She would renounce all *amusements and company*, and would *consecrate the rest of her days to friendship and solitude* ... But see the difference; in the space of eight months Madame *de* * * * no longer exists, and Madame *de Blinville* is just returned to the world more admired, more brilliant, and more artful than ever. It was not necessary to console herself so quickly, when she had made a resolution to afflict herself for ever. When, labouring under similar misfortunes, we are supported by reason, we submit, though we are not consoled; we bear our loss with fortitude, but we feel it. Time weakens the remembrance of it, but does not cure us intirely; insensibility alone makes us forget it. Real affliction is never totally effaced from the mind, even when you have conquered it. We

never thoroughly recover our former ſtate of mind. When we have loſt the perſon the deareſt to us in the world, if at the end of one, or even of ten years, we have the ſame diſpoſition, the ſame appearance, and the ſame behaviour, which we had before our loſs, we never truly loved.

Madame *de Limours* is in deſpair; ſhe really believes Monſ. *de Limours* and Monſ. *d'Almane* have quarrelled on the affair of *Deſormeaux*. The Marquis *de Hernay*, who wanted to marry, was very deſirous of paying his addreſſes to *Conſtantia*, whom he often ſaw at Monſ. *de Limours*'s, where he was received with the greateſt politeneſs. The Viſcounteſs, as uſual, ſaw every thing in the worſt light, and was certain every thing was ſettled, which ſhe dreaded. It was painful to me to ſee her grief, and not relieve her mind; but, if I had told her the truth, *Conſtantia* would have known it a quarter of an hour after: the whole houſe would have been told it in the courſe of the day, and Monſ. *d'Almane* would never have forgiven me. The poor Viſcounteſs afflicts herſelf with imaginary diſtreſſes, and her intimate friend dares not undeceive her; ſee to what evil indiſcretion leads us! When ſhe talks to me of her fears, I always tell her ſhe alarms herſelf without reaſon, and that, for my part, I am perfectly eaſy about it. But ſhe will not hear me, and nothing can convince her. On the other hand, little *Conſtantia* makes herſelf miſerable. Having an idea from her infancy, that ſhe was one day to be the wife of *Theodore*, ſhe has conceived a paſſion for him, which at preſent makes her unhappy, and which is indeed too ardent ever to make her otherwiſe! And, if in reality the Viſcount and Monſ. *d'Almane* ſhould quarrel, if he

he should chuse another husband for *Constantia*, what would become of her? . . . She is only fifteen, and her heart is no longer her own. She is melancholy and indolent, and nothing seems to amuse or please her; even friendship seems to affect her very slightly. She loves *Adelaide*, not on her own account, but because she is *Theodore*'s sister. In short, her imagination is fixed on one object, and her heart is affected by a passion which absorbs all her faculties. This is not, I confess, the daughter I should have wished; however, she has some excellent qualities. She is extremely sweet-tempered, and so diffident that she does not think herself handsome; she has some useful and agreeable talents, and does not want knowledge. But she is too bashful, and too indolent, to appear to the best advantage; and has not resolution enough to attach herself to her tender friends; but she will be liked in general, and will not create enemies. Adieu, my dear child; I have answered all your questions, which is more than you have done by mine. For instance, you have not told me any thing of the people with whom you live on an intimate footing. It is true, I am not acquainted with them; but what does that signify? If you like them, and they are your friends, I wish to know their names, their characters, and even their persons: I wish to figure to myself the persons who surround you. Adieu, my dear child; I sup this evening at Madame *de Limours*'s, with Madame *de S*——, the Countess *Anatolle*, and the Chevalier *de Herbain*. You may guess whether we shall not speak of *de la* ***. Yet the Viscountess is rather angry with you for not admiring her Hero, the Chevalier *de Murville*; she says, you are *not worthy of being witness of*

the great example he has given. Adieu, my dear, and lovely friend; tell me more of yourself, and of those you are with; or I will give you shorter accounts from hence.

LETTER XLIX.

The same to the same.

AT length *Theodore* is really in love with *Constantia*; his anxiety has betrayed his passion; and he loves the more ardently, as he perceives he is beloved again. I have made a discovery which I shall only impart to you. It is, that the Countess *Anatolle* has persuaded herself, that she has an affection for *Theodore*. Madame *de Valcé* never had a more lively attachment than at this time she has received for Monsr. *de Remicourt*, who has no great merit, but, with a serious and discreet appearance has already ruined three or four women, consequently he is quite the *ton*; which of itself is a very good reason for Madame *de Valcé* to admire him. You will judge then of her uneasiness in seeing M. *de Remicourt* intirely taken up in admiring the Countess *Anatolle*. The only thing for her to do in this case is to persuade the Countess that she has a secret attachment to *Theodore*, which is easily done with a young woman of nineteen whose ideas are so lively. If the Countess thought *Theodore* loved her, she would give no encouragement to Monsr. *Remicourt*; besides, Madame *de Valcé* hates her sister, whose sentiments she has found means to penetrate; so that, if *Theodore* would but attach himself

himself seriously to the Countess *Anatolle*, *Constantia* would lose her lover whom she adored, and a husband who had been destined for her from her infancy; all which would give great pleasure to Madame *de Valcé*. This discovery I have made by spending two or three evenings with Madame *de Valcé*, the Countess *Anatolle*, and Monsr. *de Remicourt*; and I hope, my dear, I shall be able to prevent her succeeding in her intended mischief.

Yes, my dear child; I am perfectly satisfied with the impression *Adelaide* has received of the world. The more she sees of it, the more she is confirmed in the principles I have given her. The world will help to spoil a bad understanding, but it will improve a just one; according to this maxim of Monsr. *Dumarsais*, who says, "That every "thing which is received depends on the person's "situation and disposition who receives it: thus it "is, that the rays of the sun harden clay and soften "wax." We are continually saying the world is very dangerous for young persons: it is our own fault: let us educate our daughters properly, and the world will afford them useful lessons.

Madame *de Narton* is returned from England; *Adelaide* saw her the other day at my house for the first time, and the next day she dined with her. She asked me several questions about Madame *de Narton*, and whether it was true, that she had ever been handsome? Yes, I told her; fifteen years ago she was a very beautiful woman.—She had then every requisite for pleasing?—No, far from it; she was not at all amiable... She had a very bad education, and was extremely ignorant. Her disposition was as little attended to as her mind; she had a thousand faults, and was so ill-tempered, capricious,

cious, and ill-bred, nobody could live with her: but, having good ſenſe at the bottom, ſhe has at length perceived her own defects, and has by degrees corrected them. She is become mild, gentle, and obliging; and, conſcious of her ignorance, ſhe has read a great deal; in ſhort, ſhe *has educated herſelf*.—What a pity that her parents did not take that trouble; for, without reckoning what ſhe muſt have ſuffered in reforming her own mind, ſhe has not had the pleaſure of appearing in the world with all the advantages which ſhe might, and the moſt valuable are thoſe which ſhe laſt became poſſeſſed of: for, if ſhe had had a good education, ſhe would have been, at the ſame time, amiable, ſenſible, well inſtructed, young and beautiful. After this reflection *Adelaide* made many more on the happineſs ſhe enjoyed by having a tender and ſenſible mother. She amply rewarded me for my cares, not only by the ſucceſs I have had, but by an affection and gratitude which ſeem to increaſe every day.

You know, my dear child, that Monſ. *de Reſan* is married to Mademoiſelle *de Sevanne*; and, as he is a friend and relation of Monſ. *de Limours*', the Viſcounteſs has made acquaintance with the Ladies of the *Sevanne* family. The bride's ſiſter-in-law is the moſt tireſome creature in the world; ſhe is ſtill young and tolerably pretty; but, joined to the misfortune of not having common ſenſe, ſhe has the abſurdity of ſuppoſing herſelf one of the greateſt wits of the age; and is not only always talking, but it is always of herſelf. She is continually replying to every thing that is ſaid, *Oh, yes, I am of this opinion*; *I did that, or I ſaid this*; and this *I* is repeated without ceaſing, and forms the chief part

part of her converſation. We were talking yeſterday of the Perſian Letters; the Chevalier *de Herbain* mentioned this charming obſervation: "Happy is the perſon, who has guard enough over his "vanity never to praiſe himſelf; who is diffident "of thoſe who liſten to him, and never *offends by* "*oppoſing* his own merits to the pride of others." Upon this, Madame *de Sevanne* extolled the beauty of the thought; and added, that people who were always ſpeaking of themſelves were inſupportable: and yet the force of cuſtom made her ſay at the ſame inſtant, *for my part, I never talk of myſelf*... A general laugh enſued, and Madame *de Sevanne* aſked very ſeriouſly, what we laughed at? She has many other *ſingularities*; *the leaſt thing that happens ſurpriſes her*; *is wonderful to relate*; *ſhe has the ſtrangeſt antipathies which were born with her, and are unconquerable*; *ſhe has fainted away with eating gooſeberry-jelly into which one ſingle raſberry had fallen.* Even her illneſſes are very extraordinary; ſhe has for theſe two years laboured under complaints which the moſt able Phyſicians have not been able to find out; and theſe complaints we are forced to liſten to from day to day!... In ſhort, though ſhe is in perfect health, you may every moment hear her complain of the head-ach, or of her nerves; or the weather is either too cold, or too hot, or too damp. Every thing of this kind, ſhe ſays, affects her, and makes her ſuffer more than any body living. *Adelaide* hears her, and conſiders her with the greateſt aſtoniſhment; and is convinced by her own obſervation, how abſurd and tireſome it is to be always talking of one's ſelf.

Our little ſchool is eſtabliſhed: we have taken ſix little girls from the moſt miſerable ſtate of poverty.

verty. They are all pretty, which was what we wiſhed; becauſe there is more danger of ſuch than if they were plain. Our head Manager was formerly a writing-maſter; he underſtands writeing and accounts thoroughly, is perfectly honeſt, and is taken from great diſtreſs, as is alſo a ſemſtreſs, whom we have appointed to teach the girls. I have depoſited with Monſieur *Browne*, our Banker, the ſum which you ſent me for this purpoſe: we are in all fifteen Members, or Governors; Monſ. and Madame *de Limours*, *Conſtantia*, Madame *de S****, the Counteſs *Anatolle*, the Chevalier *de Herbain*, *Porphyry*, Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, the Chevalier *de Valmont*, the Count *de Retel*, Monſ. *d'Almane*, my children, and myſelf: we each give a ſum according to our abilities. Some only give two hundred livres a year; nobody gives more than five hundred, except Monſ. *de Retel*, who, being the richeſt and a ſingle man, gives five-and-twenty louis d'ores; and is alſo at the firſt expence of furniſhing the linen and other neceſſaries to equip the little girls, which will nearly amount to a hundred piſtoles. The yearly expences at the outſide will amount to ſix thouſand livres, and this ſum will provide for ten perſons including the cook and maid ſervant: and, as all the girls are renewed every ſeven years without additional expence, the benefit produced by this eſtabliſhment will not be confined merely to ten perſons.

Adieu, my dear child; I have no news to tell you, unleſs it is, that Madame *de Germeuil* is ſeparated from her huſband, and abſolutely baniſhed from ſociety; for the world, ſo mild in general, has for ſome years paſt never pardoned thoſe who are ſeparated. It is indeed neceſſary for all thoſe who

who ſeparate to have the ſtrongeſt reaſons for it, and to have a juſt right to the eſteem and good opinion of the publick; otherwiſe the noiſe, which ſuch an affair makes, deprives them of all conſideration, let them be ever ſo much intitled to it.

LETTER L.

Madame de Valcé to the Counteſs Anatolle.

WHAT! in the middle of winter to leave Paris all at once, and to go and ſpend ſix weeks with an aunt of an huſband one no longer loves! What, my dear, is the meaning of this whim?... You wiſh to conceal your ſecrets from me, but, notwithſtanding your want of confidence, I cannot forbear opening your eyes, and giving you that advice you are at preſent in want of—you fly *to cure yourſelf!*—the medicine is worſe than the diſeaſe; it is therefore abſurd. Beſides, cuſtom forms and ſtrengthens friendſhip, but it deſtroys love; expect then nothing from abſence; it makes one forget a friend, but it renders a lover more dear; becauſe the imagination always repreſents him more amiable than he really is: ſo that, by continually ſeeing the perſon on whom you have placed your affection, you will in the end love him leſs: but this your romantic ideas will not ſuffer you to credit: if you pretend to triumph over yourpaſſion, you flatter yourſelf with a vain conceit; take my advice, reckon more on your virtue, and leſs on your reaſon...: Do not fear that the love, with which you are poſſeſſed, can conquer your principles; but do not hope

hope that you can tear it from your heart. What, indeed, cannot one love passionately without disgracing one's self! I am not ignorant, that in general this sentiment is not believed to exist; * but it does exist, and you cannot doubt it, for it was certainly made for you:—Cease then to be your own tormentor by reproaching yourself for a sensibility less dangerous in you than in any other.—I know exactly what passes in your soul; for you think they are bound by the sacred engagements; this is an error: there has not been even a promise given, and at this very moment they are forsaking the vain projects planned in former times. You must suppose I am well informed on this subject, and you may rely on the truth of what I have told you. I shall feel happy, if it is in my power to afford you any comfort, and be the means of restoring your tranquillity; for I am certain you are now in a cruel agitation, and my compassion for you is more than I can express: if your's was only a common affection, I would exhort you to get the better of it; but you have too much energy in your soul to love slightly; recall all your principles, and promise yourself never to deviate from them: conceal your affection from the object which inspires it; never let a positive confession escape from your mouth; and be sufficiently generous to demand only friendship in return for violent love: this now is the only advice which can be given you, and all that can be expected from a heart sensible, generous, and innocent as your's.—Adieu, my dear friend; write

* And very properly; but those who wish to corrupt a young person will begin by talking to them in this manner.

to

to me punctually, and be more sincere with a person who is equally interested for your happiness and your reputation.

LETTER LI.

The Baron to the Viscount.

Versailles.

OUR affair, my dear Viscount, is settled; we set out for *L*—— on the first of April. It is needless to recommend caution to you who know all my reasons for wishing to have this secret kept faithfully: I have told it to my son, on the following occasion: On Monday we supped at Madame *de G*——'s. The Countess *Anatolle* was there; we had not seen her since her return: she wished to play at trictrac; and, finding no one to make up her party but a Lady who knew little of the game, she desired *Theodore* to make one, and took him into a closet joining the saloon where the table was; by this means I lost sight of him all the evening. At supper he appeared thoughtful; his eyes and those of the Countess often met. On leaving the table, we all went to the Villa of M. *de G*—— situated in the approach to Versailles. There was a delightful sight;—and *Theodore* was placed close to the Countess: I was so situated as to observe them without being seen. My son spoke little, but heard and saw nothing but her. She seemed only to talk to him by stealth; being so near, she dared not look at him. She sat upright in her place, without turning her body; and yet she every moment cast her soft and languishing eyes towards him,

him, and haſtily turned them down to the ground! a glance well underſtood, and which ſpeaks very plain! — The Counteſs, after a moment's thought, talked with a Lady that ſet next to her, and for a time ſeemed to forget *Theodore*, who in the mean while was admiring two very long braids of the fineſt hair in the world, and waiting with impatience for the end of her converſation.

After the ſight, *Theodore* handed the Counteſs to her carriage: we got into our's, and diſcourſed of our amuſement and indifferent ſubjects, and never mentioned the name of the Counteſs till we went to bed. The next morning, as ſoon as I waked, my ſon came into my room. He diſmiſſed my ſervants, and, ſeating himſelf with his back to the window, that the light might not ſhew his face, he took and ſqueezed one of my hands between his: he was much moved, and at a loſs, and for ſome time unable to ſpeak. I embraced him, and, ſmiling, ſaid to him, Do you know that you would make me very uneaſy, if I was not perfectly acquainted with you? I ſee that the heart of my *Theodore* wants to relieve itſelf, and that he wants to truſt a ſecret to his friend.—But I cannot imagine this confidence can be diſtreſſing to you, or afflicting to me.—I thank God! I have nothing as yet of real conſequence to reproach myſelf with;—but I am in a particular ſituation!... Particular!... not at all. You love a perſon worthy of the firmeſt attachment, and at the ſame time ſuffer yourſelf to be flattered and ſeduced by the coquetry of a woman as fickle as ſhe is imprudent. Such a ſituation is not extraordinary..... How could you find it out?—The Counteſs *Anatolle*'s conduct is well known to me... I own, my father, that I did not believe her to be a coquette.

coquette.—I conceive it to be flattering to think she has sensibility. If our self-love did not often produce similar deceptions, coquettes would never seduce us. Your want of experience renders your fault excusable: besides, the Countess *Anatolle* is one of those coquettes who mistake themselves: she is lively, and thinks she loves you.... How then is she mistaken? — Because she before thought she loved Monsieur *de St. Phar*, and because you are too young to inspire a passion in a woman who has been four years in the world. Well, I am comforted: you have read my heart; but what must I do?..... Avoid the Countess; never place yourself near her, nor look at her: it will cost you but little to do this, as you have a command over yourself, and if you love *Constantia*..... If I love her! You know, Sir, there is no sacrifice I could not chearfully make for her sake: her idea alone possesses me: I think only of her: yet I mistrust myself; and I fear, I own, the Countess *Anatolle*. Her remembrance never troubles me; when she is near *Constantia*, I do not even see her; but,....when you play at trictrac with her in a small closet, you find her very handsome and very bewitching; particularly when she tells you that she only took her journey of a fortnight (which ought by the bye to have been for six weeks) to snatch herself from the danger of seeing you.—Here *Theodore* blushed exceedingly, and had the greatest surprise marked on his countenance. You take me for a conjurer, added I, laughing; really I did not hear one word that passed at your *tête à tête*; but I have known by heart, for these five and twenty years, what she said to you yesterday.... Coquettes are not dangerous, when they are so easily discovered. I promise you, my father,

father, to avoid the Counteſs *Anatolle* with the greateſt care: yet politeneſs will often forbid my quitting her as much as I could wiſh.—Well, you muſt keep yourſelf out of her ſight long enough for her to forget you: for example, a year.—A year, and *Conſtantia*?—You ſhall leave *Conſtantia* without regret: I propoſe to you a way of making yourſelf more worthy of her.—War is broke out in —— Let us go—You know that the Chevalier *de Valmont* and I had that intention laſt ſummer—I have been earneſtly buſied ſince upon that object; I have now hopes of being employed; ſhould that be the caſe, I will take you and your friend with me. *Theodore*, tranſported with joy, flung his arms about my neck. In that moment he ſaw nothing but glory; he forgot all the ſacrifices that were to be made to it! Yeſterday I told him my petition was granted, and our departure fixed for the end of March. He has given me his word, that he will keep this a ſecret from his mother. I know perfectly Madame *d'Almane*'s good ſenſe and reſolution: I am ſure ſhe will approve of a ſcheme which ſhe herſelf would have adviſed: but I can too well judge how much ſhe will ſuffer at heart! I will not diſtreſs her unneceſſarily: I will not therefore impart this to her, till a fortnight before we leave her. Adieu! my friend, I will return to Paris on Tueſday night for certain, and will immediately join you in your box at the Opera.

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LETTER LII.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

From Paris.

I HAVE juſt experienced a very great pleaſure, my dear child. A Tragedy of *Porphyry*'s has been performed this evening for the firſt time; and it has had, as it truly deſerved, the moſt brilliant ſucceſs. It did not require the advantages of being well acted, or the addition of beautiful ſcenes; it will bear reading, and will confirm the good opinion the firſt repreſentation of it has given. *Porphyry* has learnt by this the advantages which an Author derives from bearing an excellent character. He is certain before-hand of having the good-will of the Public, and that there will be no cabal againſt him. He has only written valuable Works. He has never taken notice of the criticiſms which have been made by the envious and ſevere, and he does not pride himſelf on his moderation. We generally atrribute great merit to people who have a number of enemies. The reaſon is, becauſe we ſee ſo many perſons boaſting of being hated, and repeating frequently, with ſuch emphaſis, *my enemies*, which in fact means *my rivals*. *Porphyry* is privately much afflicted at having gained enemies; but, ſo far from being proud of them, he has not even made a ſingle complaint againſt them, which has much ſoftened them. Incapable of envy or reſentment, he can forgive their injuſtice, and finds a noble pleaſure in extolling his rivals. He has always been intimately connected with the moſt celebrated men of letters; he was at all times deſirous of

of their friendſhip and advice, and took every poſſible opportunity to oblige them. He thinks with *La Bruyere*, who ſays, "Come in; all my doors "are open to you. . . . . Come always without ce- "remony; you bring with you that which is more "precious than ſilver or gold: if I can oblige you, "tell me ſo. What is there I can do for you? "If it is to quit my books, my ſtudies, my works, "even this line which I have begun? What a "pleaſing interruption for me to be uſeful to you! "&c." . . . . With ſuch an obliging diſpoſition, can any one be more capable of gratitude? If you ſolicit a favour for him and ſucceed, he will be infinitely obliged; if you are not ſucceſsful, he will not be leſs grateful. Thus it is impoſſible to reunite more good qualities, or to have a more diſtinguiſhed place in ſociety. Every one is ready to acknowledge his ſuperiority, becauſe he does not appear to expect it. In ſhort, his gentleneſs, his modeſty, and ſimplicity appear leſs ſurpriſing in him than in any other perſon. Men of the world can only ſhew their wit by their converſation. It is not therefore aſtoniſhing that they ſhould aim at doing that which makes them ſhine. But a man of letters, whoſe merit all the world knows, ought not to be ſuſceptible of this trifling ambition. *He has given his proofs*; what then can it coſt him to be humble and modeſt? If he is not ſuperior to ſuch littleneſs, he is not worthy the glory he has gained. Beſides, by employing himſelf in company to make others appear to advantage, he will always appear moſt amiable himſelf. People are always inſupportable, when they wiſh to rule; and never obtain the ſucceſs they aſpire to but by attention,

tention, mildneſs, and modeſty, with a deſire to pleaſe and to be beloved.

I ſaw, by this firſt repreſentation of *Porphyry*'s Tragedy, how few people judge from their own ſentiments. I ſupped with fifty people this evening; *Porphyry* is univerſally eſteemed, his Play had met with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs; and yet they only praiſed it with the greateſt precaution, endeavouring, before they ſaid any thing, to ſound the perſons who were thought to have the moſt judgment, and to collect the general opinion; and reſtrained their admiration, contenting themſelves with ſaying, *This play has given me great pleaſure; there are many fine lines in it and beautiful ſcenes.*—For before the Public had given their ſentiments. They had not the courage to ſay, It is an excellent Piece, a Work of great genius. In ſhort, people rather chuſe to appear too difficult than not to be nice enough in their judgment. Theſe very perſons, who are ſo reſerved in giving their opinions and approbation with regard to men of genius, make themſelves amends for their prudence and reſtraint by judging freely on the conduct of ſociety, which they boldly decide upon, and are not afraid of being contradicted by the Public.

Adieu, my dear child; I perceive the approach of Spring with concern, ſince at that time, as *Theodore* is entered into the army, I muſt part from him for many months. He yeſterday proved his ſenſibility on this occaſion, which affected me extremely. I was alone with him and his ſiſter: *Theodore*, ſaid I to him, you are every day more and more dear to me; ſo that I perceive I ſhall part with you this year with more reluctance than I have ever done yet!.... At theſe words *Theodore*

looked at me in a manner which penetrated my heart; he then rose up, and went to the chimney; he turned his back to us, but *Adelaide*, who saw his face in the glass, flew towards him, and threw herself on his neck, crying out, *My dear Theodore!* Oh Mamma, look at him.... I got up: *Theodore*, bathed in tears, threw himself into my arms. He could not speak; and his emotions were so extraordinary, and so lively, that they appeared downright affliction; which surprized as much as it affected me. Adieu, my dear child; the twentieth of next month we shall have been separated a whole twelvemonth; in another month Monsr. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* will leave us!.... I am very melancholy!.... Ah, when shall I see you again! when shall we be re-united?

LETTER LIII.

Count de Roseville to the Baron.

IN a year at farthest, my dear Baron, I shall have the pleasure of returning to you and to my country. An event, which will complete my pupil's happiness, is now my only delay. The Princess's pregnancy is announced, and the Prince, in the hopes of a son, is already busied in the choice of a Governor. I have recommended to him a book little known, (intitled a Treatise on the Education of Princes destined to a Throne, by Monsr. *de Bassedow*, translated from the German by Monsr. *de B***.) This Work is well worthy of notice, and makes essential remarks on the choice of a Governor, among which are the following: "The King named "for Governor to the young Prince, *Polyprates*, a

" diſtinguiſhed Nobleman. It was not high birth,
" nor military and political abilities, that deter-
" mined this choice. For, ſaid he, the moſt ex-
" perienced politician, the ſageſt civilian, may not
" have the neceſſary qualifications for educating a
" young Prince. Therefore the young *Agatacrator*
" was intruſted to *Polyprates*, as he had aſſiduouſly
" attended to the bringing up of his own children
" who excelled in prudence and learning all their
" cotemporaries..... Three years before he placed
" them under the tutor he had appointed, he made
" him qualify himſelf for that employment by
" reading the moſt approved Works on the ſubject,
" by conſulting thoſe who had ſucceeded beſt in
" their Plans of Education, and by making trials
" with poor people's children, which would at the
" ſame time give him opportunities of practiſing
" acts of benevolence. *Polyprates* had alſo pro-
" cured ſervants, from whoſe converſation no harm
" could ariſe to the children. The intended tutor
" was directed to appoint them to their places about
" other children, that they might know how to
" conduct themſelves about his own.... With-
" out ſuch a Governor, ſaid the King, and a moſt
" ſcrupulous choice of all the Prince's attendants,
" it is impoſſible his education can be perfect.
" Neither trouble nor expence ſhould be ſpared to
" ſeek, even in foreign countries, proper perſons,
" and to prepare them by a well regulated courſe
" of experience."

This is not all, ſaid I to the Prince; your ſon will
e firſt under the care of the women; to fix upon
fit Governeſs is much more eſſential than is ge-
erally thought. She will give him the firſt im-
reſſions; and the Prince will owe her gratitude

and affection; she should be of an excellent character and well accomplished. Consider farther, Sir, after all these precautions, you will but imperfectly fulfil your duty, if you do not yourself watch over your son's education. What more important affairs can employ you even on a Throne? Your most useful and glorious actions will have only a temporary effect, if your successor is not a great Prince. He will bring to perfection or destroy your Works. Without him you may be great; but without him you cannot hand down your good name to posterity. Watch then over him, over his Governor, and all who attend him. Study his character, learn his inclinations, his faults, and his virtues. Always bear in mind that *Augustus*, master of the whole world, found leisure to superintend the education of his grandson.—At this audience I gave the Prince a short list of people in my opinion worthy of being appointed Governors. You will find there, said I, four names; a great many without doubt. Happy the Prince who can reckon at his Court four men truly meritorious! Out of these you should chuse a Governor; but I would advise you to study and observe them carefully, and not to determine hastily; for all your prudence and reflection is necessary in an affair of so great consequence. The Prince examined the list, without surprise, at the three first names. The Public had already approved them. At the fourth name he exclaimed, what Mr. * * *? Do not you know his birth intitles him not to this honour? .... It is true he is not of an illustrious or an ancient family, but he is received at Court. What signifies his having fewer titles than others, while his merit is superior!

In

In every other poſt, which eſſentially requires great abilities, high birth is never regarded. Nothing but merit is ſought for in a Prime Miniſter. Is it not equally neceſſary in a Preceptor? Is his a leſs important charge? You wonder, Sir, to ſee the name of Mr. ***, how much more would you have been ſurpriſed in reading that of Monſ. *d'Elford?*—What, a man who is not even admitted at Court?—The ſame: a man replete with virtue and genius. It was not his mean birth hindered my propoſing him, for that circumſtance would have been an additional advantage in his appointment. What a noble leſſon for a young Prince to find in his own Governor an example of virtue rewarded? With how much greater reſpect will he hear him, as knowing his qualifications and ſuperior abilities gained that office?—But can I, without offending common prejudices, avail myſelf of Monſ. *d'Elford*'s talents to aſſiſt the education of my ſon in a lower degree. . . . . If he is not at the head, and with the title of Governor, he will have but very little influence. The places, Sir, of a lower degree, which you mention, though very honourable for thoſe of Monſ. *d'Elford*'s ſituation in life, are ſeldom accepted by men of real genius. They can do good but by halves; even ſhould the Governor adopt their plan, they would not reap the moſt pleaſing reward of their labour, the credit of it, and the gratitude of their country.—Do you ſuppoſe that common prejudices can influence me, when my deareſt intereſts are concerned?—No, to be ſure.—Why then did you not propoſe M. *d'Elford?* Becauſe he never lived in the Court, or in the great World; and it is abſolutely neceſſary that a Preceptor

ſhould have a knowledge of both.—You do not think then that a Prince, brought up far from Court and in ignorance of his birth, will be the fitter to reign?.... The heir apparent cannot be ſo treated: This plan is merely chimerical; of courſe I have beſtowed little reflection upon what benefits might reſult from it.—But is it not very eaſy, without concealing his birth, to bring up a Prince far from Court?—It has no advantage that can ſufficiently repay his misfortune of being from under the eyes of his parents. It is his duty to regard them in the higheſt light; his happineſs to poſſeſs their affections; and, to effect theſe good purpoſes, he ſhould live always with them. I am much pleaſed with the idea of a houſe of education ſeven or eight leagues from the Court, for the young Prince to ſpend there two or three months every year. At ſuch a diſtance he would frequently enjoy the company of his parents, and this retirement would be of equal advantage to his body and his mind.—I am ſo ſtruck with this thought, that I will certainly have ſuch a houſe built; I am of opinion, that the plan is not to be truſted ſolely to the architect. Inſtruction ſhould not only be gained from the tapeſtries, carpets, and other furniture of the apartments; one ſhould meet with it in the Court-yards and gardens. It ſhould be without gildings, looking-glaſſes, and other uſeleſs decorations. It ſhould preſent every-where objects calculated to inſpire virtuous ſentiments in youthful minds.*

You

* For example, pictures of the moſt noble actions, and, in the gardens and courts, ſtatues and buſts of the moſt famous men; their hiſtories ſhould be written on the pedeſtals. Without

You will eaſily believe, my dear Baron, that I ſhall engage the Prince to reflect ſeriouſly on the plan of this houſe, before it is built; and to conſult thoſe who are capable of giving the beſt advice on this head.

Adieu, my dear Baron. I write alſo by this poſt to Madame *d'Almane*, ſo I do not mention Monſieur and Madame *d'Oſtalis:* Madame *d'Almane* will ſhew you my letter: the accounts contained in it will give you the greater pleaſure, for you are ſenſible that I never allow myſelf to exaggerate in the leaſt, even to give you pleaſure.

LETTER LIV.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

Paris.

AH! Madam, you alone can conceive the condition I am in and the griefs which ſurround me!..... To you I may diſcloſe that grief of which here I conceal the greateſt part in my own breaſt; you will ſhare it; you feel it yourſelf. Alas! at break of day to-morrow they depart!... They wiſhed to deceive and perſuade us, that they did not ſet out before Monday or Tueſday. I pretended to believe them; but I knew the truth this morning.... What a ſupper this laſt!.... Monſ.

out any additional expence, a King might ſelect from his own collections pictures, drawings, prints, and ſtatues, which hand down to us great men and their actions. Theſe ſhould be always before the eyes of the Prince, his ſon.

d'Aimeri and the Chevalier dined here: they did not leave me till five, and Monſieur *d'Almane* and *Theodore* returned with them at ſeven: this eagerneſs alone would have made me ſuſpicious. We ſupped together; the manner Monſieur *d'Almane* had placed us at table had ſomething very remarkable in it: I was ſeated between him and my ſon, *Adelaide* was on her father's right hand; he told the Chevalier to ſit on the other ſide of her; and he, fearing he did not hear right, obliged Monſ. *d'Almane* to repeat this invitation twice..... The converſation was very melancholy and ill ſupported. You are ſenſible how difficult it is to forbear weeping when we ſpeak; *Adelaide* and I were ſilent.... When we roſe from table, I felt I had ſo little command over myſelf, that I reſolved to retire for a minute.... At eleven Monſieur *d'Aimeri* looked at his watch, and I ſaw him make a ſign to Monſieur *d'Almane*; preſently they all aroſe; my huſband and ſon drew near, and in an heſitateing manner bid me good night; on embracing them, I could not refrain my tears. I felt my ſon's flow; my face was bathed with them.—*Adelaide*, ſhocked and comprehending but too readily that theſe embraces were a farewell, came and threw herſelf between her father and brother —— At length Monſieur *d'Almane* ſnatched himſelf from our arms, and took ſome ſteps towards the door.—*Adelaide*, pale and trembling, ſeeing him go, attempted to follow him; but, unable to ſupport herſelf, would have fallen, had not the Chevalier flown towards her, caught her, and carried her to a chair....Monſieur *d'Almane* returned, to aſſure his daughter that they ſhould not leave us that night; then, obſerving that the Chevalier and

Theodore

Theodore could no longer hide their extreme ſenſibility, took an hand of each and went abruptly out of the room. *Adelaide* caſt herſelf into my arms, and we gave a looſe to our tears.....We were above two hours together without ſpeaking; we could only weep..... Beſides, inquietude and ſorrow ſometimes inſpire ſuch diſmal ideas that it is impoſſible to communicate them....We have not courage to utter them; we experience a kind of ſuperſtition in our fears for thoſe we love, which hinders us from expreſſing our moſt diſtracting thoughts. In this caſe, ſuch terrible words occur, that one cannot reſolve to pronounce them. I remember *Adelaide* at four years of age had a blow on her head; ſhe fell ill at the time, and had a fever; I ſent for a phyſician; I talked of the blow ſhe had received; I aſked whether her fever did not proceed from it. It would have been poſſible for me to have ſaid, Don't you think ſhe has fractured her ſkull? That horrid word *fracture* was uppermoſt in my thoughts night and day, but my mouth could not give it utterance..... Such is my ſituation at this moment, it would exceed my reſolution to communicate all my thoughts to the perſon in whom I place the greateſt confidence! Ah! Madam, when I reflect (and at what minute do I not think of it) to what an height of happineſs I am raiſed, I tremble at my own good fortune: is it poſſible that ſuch perfect felicity can be permanent?.... It is now four o'clock in the morning, and they depart at ſix; I know not if I can reſiſt the deſire of ſeeing them again for a moment and embracing them! My poor *Theodore*, how deeply is he affected! what goodneſs and ſenſibility! how dearly do I love him!....and the

Chevalier *de Valmont!* .... believe me, Madam, he alſo is very dear to me..... But in eight or ten months we ſhall ſee them again. They will have made a glorious campaign .... The will diſtinguiſh themſelves, I am very ſure.... Oh! what joy, what tranſports, on reading the letter which announces their return!..... When we know they are landed!.....Alas! what mortal fears, what pain muſt we ſupport, before we taſte ſuch delight! but then, can it be bought too dear? Adieu, Madam; Monſieur *d'Aimeri* will ſpend three weeks with us at *St.* —— Then he will come to you; ſo you will certainly have the pleaſure of ſeeing him towards the end of April.

LETTER LV.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

De St. * * * *.

I HAVE been two days here, my dear daughter; the two moſt unhappy and painful days of my life.....Although naturally I weep with great difficulty, for theſe laſt forty-eight hours the tears have been continually in my eyes and every moment ready to flow. In hopes of amuſing myſelf on Monday evening, I took up my harp and played ſome leſſons, chuſing thoſe I knew not, in order to force my attention; but, as I was playing, my eyes were ſo darkened by tears that I could not ſee the notes. It is poſſible to baniſh reflection, but not fly from ſorrow: a frightful weight always remains at the bottom of the heart! . . . Hitherto I can reap no true conſolation but from Religion, by addreſſing myſelf to God in prayers,

prayers, by placing all my hopes in him alone. It is with a firm faith I dare implore him, and he has already deigned to revive and ſtrengthen me: in every event of my life may I render myſelf worthy to be either ſuſtained, conſoled, or guided by him! The Viſcounteſs and *Conſtantia* are here; the dejection of the latter fully evinces her attachment for *Theodore*; *Adelaide* readily ſees into her ſentiments: ſhe pities but cannot comprehend her. As I do not chuſe to have my daughter the confidant of ſuch paſſions, I take the greateſt care to prevent her being alone with *Conſtantia*, and have ſtrictly forbid her ever talking to her of *Theodore*. The Viſcount, to calm his Lady's fears (which are as tormenting as *Conſtantia*'s) a fortnight before Monſieur *d'Almane*'s departure, poſitively refuſed the Marquis *de Hernay*, and aſſured her at the ſame time, that in his heart he always preferred *Theodore* to any other. The Viſcounteſs intreated him to make a contract with Monſieur *d'Almane*; but ſhe could not prevail, which cauſes her much fear and uneaſineſs.

Adelaide is much afflicted, but her ſtrength of mind equals her ſenſibility. She is continually employed, and has loſt none of her activity.

Porphyry came here with me, but leaves me tomorrow; he has received a letter with the melancholy account of Monſieur *Lagaraye*'s being dangerouſly ill; and he is going to nurſe his benefactor. Adieu, my dear daughter. Ah! why muſt I be deprived of the conſolation of confiding to you the moſt cruel incidents of my life!..... I write indeed, but when will you read this letter? When ſhall I receive your anſwer?.... God bleſs you, my child! I will write again on Thurſday and give you more particulars.

LETTER LVI.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

Paris.

I HAVE a great deal of news to tell you, my dear friend. Madame *de Blemur* has revenged herſelf in a very ſtriking manner on Madame *de Serville*. A thouſand circumſtances united to make the latter ardently wiſh for the place which you know ſhe applied for, and thought herſelf ſure of obtaining, when Madame *de Blemur* returned from the waters. This event intirely changed the face of things: for ſhe planned ſo deep and well-formed an intrigue, that ſhe abſolutely contrived to make the affair come to nothing; and then wrote to Madame *de Serville* to glory in the exploit. All the world have copies of her note, which are in the following words: "In former times you experienced, Ma-"dam, I knew how to ſerve my friends; it is then "but juſtice that you ſhould feel I alſo know how "to revenge ingratitude and deceit; it was owing "to me that your ſchemes failed. I have not in-"deed returned you all the evil which you did to "me, but yet feel myſelf ſatisfied at having it in "my power to convince you that I am not to be "deceived and betrayed with impunity."—This extraordinary manner of making a boaſt of one's anger, and glorying in revenge, has, however, met with its ſucceſs, and is applauded by many people; for they find in this proceeding a generous ſincerity, and repeat all the common expreſſions you already know, which are ſo dangerous as well as falſe;

falſe; "that people of the greateſt ſenſibility know "beſt how to ſhew diſlike;" and "that grateful "hearts are always the moſt revengeful." Such maxims are now become proverbs, not on account of their truth, but on account of their being an excuſe for wickedneſs. A feeling and grateful heart will always act nobly and generouſly, and will think of hatred with horror, and of revenge with diſdain. Thoſe who avenge themſelves ſhamefully give way to a furious paſſion, and ſacrifice honour and humanity to the moſt terrible of feelings. To think of employing one's thoughts without ceaſing, only to injure and to endeavour to make the object of one's diſlike for ever unfortunate, to find pleaſure in the traits of ſo black a picture, to carry into execution ſo horrid a deſign, does it not ſhew, at the bottom, a ſavage character abſolutely void of all feelings either of tenderneſs or affection? Madame *de Blemur*'s friends ſay, by way of excuſe, that ſhe did not give herſelf time to reflect on this action, and endeavour to perſuade one it was not premeditated: but Madame *de Serville*'s ſcheme could not be defeated in four-and-twenty hours; and it has been ſufficiently proved, that this was the effect of more than two months intrigue; beſides, never does a ſudden fit of anger make a really good heart guilty of a bad action. If we ever give way to paſſion, reaſon forſakes us, and for a time we are loſt to ourſelves; but then the inſtinct of a natural good diſpoſition is left, and will ſerve as our guide.—Another event is, that Monſ. *de Somires* has juſt gained his cauſe. It was expected he would have acted in the moſt generous manner to his relation, who has a numerous family, and almoſt reduced to beggary by this event; during the

three

three years which this law-ſuit has laſted, you are not ignorant of all that Monſ. *de Somires* and his friends ſaid on the ſubject; well then, after all that violent diſplay of heroic ſentiments, Monſ. *de Somires* keeps all his fortune! It has been proved he has the right, and he ſhews he has the inclination alſo.—But I cannot endure to find words and actions ſo very contrary; why ſay, *I am more generous than another*, in order to prove in the end, that one is only an impoſtor? But yet, on the whole, I do not think it a bad plan; undoubtedly it renders one contemptible in the opinion of ſenſible people; but then it is ſure of gaining one the eſteem and admiration of fools, who are always more guided by expreſſions than actions. If Madame *d'Inſelin* was not for ever talking of her own *rank* and *greatneſs* of *ſoul*, and did not pronounce theſe two words with ſuch ſtrong emphaſes; and if ſhe was not herſelf to tell of her diſlike to every thing that was *mean*, would any one talk either of her rank or greatneſs of ſoul? For ſhe dearly loves money, is very parſimonious, and has nothing the leaſt obliging in her manner. She ſeeks, cultivates, and flatters, all perſons who can be ſerviceable to her: and ſhe has ſpent her whole life in begging and ſoliciting favours, but aſſures people that her ſentiments are perfectly noble; and they give her credit for it. Every one ſays the world is bad; as for myſelf, the longer I live, the more I ſee that it is equally credulous and fooliſh: and indeed there needs no great wit or genius to impoſe on it; nothing is wanted but impudence and art.

My laſt news is that Madame *de Gerville* is ſeized with a religious zeal; her pretence for this alteration is the death of her brother, whom it is well

well known she never loved: but the motive has made the change very interesting, and she is now quite restored to favour; which costs her only the sacrifice of her box at the Opera; for now even the outward forms of religion are not so strict as they were formerly, and neither rouge nor headdress is discarded; it is only forsaking public amusements, and assuring one's friend that one is a devotee. Thus, since my return here, I absolutely hear little else than the praises of Madame *de Gerville* for her sensibility.—All principle apart, I cannot hate her; though she is certainly the person in the world who has done me the greatest injury; yet she causes no alteration in my disposition. Was I to see her in distress, I should feel the same compassion for her as I should for a person wholly indifferent to me.—Even in the midst of her prosperity, I wish her no harm; but will confess to you, that the sight of her happiness is not pleasant to me, as I really think her not deserving of it; for she is a person I cannot esteem, and I do not take aversions without feeling contempt; I never hate what I once valued: for, even if any rivals of mine were to obtain the prize I wished to gain, and succeeded without using either artifice or falsehood, I should own the generosity of their conduct, though they deprived me of the happiness of my life; and I should never hate them. It is with the greatest ease I can forbear exposing in public the faults of those who are not my friends, and can even defend them when they are falsely accused before me: but I must own it does hurt me to hear them praised and extolled for virtues which I know they do not possess. It is then with difficulty I keep within bounds; but my

my anger ſoon ceaſes, and reflection reſtores to me eaſe and indifference.—Adieu, my dear friend; on Thurſday I mean to come and ſpend three days with you.—I endeavour to amuſe myſelf and divert my little *Conſtantia*; but yet we are not in ſpirits, and when alone can talk only of you, M. *d'Almane*, and *Theodore*.

I have received only one letter from *Porphyry* during the three months that he has left us, and I fear there is no hope of Monſ. *Lagaraye*'s recovery. What a loſs will he be to humanity! and with what regret muſt that good man leave this world, when he reflects on the numbers of thoſe unfortunate people who, by his death, will be deprived of their only benefactor!—How terrible muſt his laſt moments be! What a ſhocking ſcene for our poor friend!—If you have heard from him ſince the fifteenth, pray let me know.

LETTER LVII.

Porphyry to the Baroneſs.

De Lagaraye..

OH, Madam! I have loſt my benefactor, my father, my guide!... His death was worthy of his life. The melancholy account, which rends my heart, can alone relieve it and procure the only conſolation it is ſuſceptible of at this dreadful moment... Oh! can I better honour his memory, than by relating with fidelity his actions and his diſcourſe, which will raiſe him higher in your eſtimation?

I in-

I informed you, Madam, in my laſt letter, that I then had ſome hope, but two days after I loſt it intirely. Laſt Monday, M. *Lagaraye* would not permit me to ſit up with him; I lay in an adjoining cloſet. About four o'clock in the morning I was called, and informed he was much worſe. I found him in a ſwoon and in Madame *de Lagaraye*'s arms; which laſted for a conſiderable time. When he came to himſelf, his pulſe became pretty good, which was thought a favourable circumſtance. At ſix he deſired we would quit the room and leave the Prieſt and him together. We went into his anti-chamber, and, in about an hour, the folding doors opening, judge, Madam, our ſurprize, on ſeeing his ſervants carrying him in a great chair; he juſt ſtopped, and told us he was going to viſit *his ſick*. Theſe words ſtruck us all with the ſame idea, that they were meant as his laſt adieu, which drew tears from every one in the room ... M. *de Lagaraye* deſired me to announce his viſit in the infirmary, that his preſence might not alarm the invalids; which proved a very neceſſary caution, for they were tranſported beyond expreſſion, all concluding that M. *de Lagaraye* was out of danger. Many exclaimed, now is life deſirable! ... Others offered up to Heaven their moſt fervent prayers, expreſſive of their gratitude and joy. All renewed their promiſes to God of accompliſhing their different vows for the re-eſtabliſhment of their benefactor's health. The moment M. *de Lagaraye* appeared in the hall, they all drew aſide their curtains, and leaned almoſt out of their beds to ſee him come in. There was a confuſed murmur of ſobs and tears; their misfortunes were forgotten, their ſufferings ſuſpended, grati-

gratitude alone employed and filled their hearts. M. *de Lagaraye* ordered himself to be carried round the hall, in order that they might imagine he was past all danger. At the same time he exhorted them to resignation, in case it should please God to take him; and, for their greater consolation, he ordered that part of his will to be read, in which he had directed, that they should remain in the infirmary till they were perfectly cured. At last he informed them, that, as he found himself weak, he should not visit them again for ten or twelve days: he then retired, loaded with benedictions and thanks. As I followed him, I remarked that he looked back at the door, and with a profound sigh lifted up his eyes to Heaven. As soon as he got to bed, finding himself faint, he took a few drops of æther, and made some pretence to send Monsr. *de Lagaraye* out of the room, as well as all his attendants, except myself; and, begging *Lemire*, his surgeon, and *St. André* to withdraw, and then holding out his hand to me, moments, said he, are dear to us, and there are none to lose. Has *Lemire* told you the truth? How, interrupted I, with inexpressible grief, what do you mean! He replied, on my situation ... This struck me dumb, for till then I had flattered myself; but now my hopes were fled, for I saw it was all over, and that he was sensible of it ... I laid my head on his hand; and he, perceiving that I bathed it with my tears, remained for a short time silent; then resuming the discourse: Regret me, said he, you ought; but do not pity me; think on my life and the reward which I shall receive, and be not so selfish as to be inconsolable for my death ... No, cried I; you will not die; no, it is impossible. Cease, replied

plied he, ceaſe, my dear *Porphyry*, to flatter yourſelf. I have not twenty-four hours to live... You! Great God! It was for that reaſon that I wiſhed to ſee the ſick; I owed them that conſolation. You, my father.... At ſixty-three, then your career will be finiſhed... Well then, what occaſion have you for murmuring? If I had lived fifteen years longer, I ſhould have been rewarded later... But theſe unfortunate people to whom your life is ſo neceſſary!... I put them again with confidence into his hands, who firſt inſpired me with the reſolution of conſecrating my life to them... You think, perhaps, I bitterly regret all the good I could have done, had I ten years longer to live; if I had only worked for glory, it is true, I ſhould die in deſpair; theſe two years I have been thinking on new plans, and was juſt about carrying ſome great things into execution. A few years more, and I ſhould have left eſtabliſhments which would have ſurvived me. But death comes and deſtroys all theſe hopes. What does it ſignify? God, who reads the very bottom of our hearts, will keep an account of my projects as well as of my actions. All my deſigns are overturned; but I had formed them, which will intitle me to the reward; ſo that I die fully ſatisfied, and twenty years more could not have made my laſt moments more ſweet and tranquil. O admirable triumph of Religion, cried I! O my father! How you make me love this ſublime piety that can alone, by inſpiring heroic actions, even raiſe a great ſoul above glory! Ah, what ſignifies the judgment of men and the vain reputation of a moment, when we are under the eye of the Supreme Judge, who penetrates the motives, who knows

knows the desires, from whom virtuous intentions are never hid, and from whom we must expect immortal recompence, for the good we have done, and for that we are willing to do. At these words, M. *de Lagaraye*, looking at me with eyes which expressed the sweetest satisfaction; promise me then, said he, to preserve these religious sentiments in a world where so many look on irreligion as a proof of strength and superiority of understanding. Remember, my dear *Porphyry*, that *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Fenelon*, *Boileau*, *Bossuet*, and *Paschal*, were as much distinguished by their eminent piety as by the superiority of their talents... Your example is sufficient for me; I shall compare the life of the slanderers of Religion with your's; and I shall preserve to my latest breath the principles you have instilled into me. On pronouncing these words, I fell on my knees at his bed-side; he clasped me in his arms, and was some time before he could speak; then, raising me up, and making me sit down by him, he charged me with a painful commission, that of acquainting Madame *de Lagaraye* with his situation; and at the same time ordering me to take all necessary precautions that his death might be concealed from the sick till after their recovery; which the precaution he took of telling them he should not see them, for twelve days, the better inabled me to do. He finished by recommending to me a young man of his school, to whom he had taken a particular liking, and for whom you will easily believe, Madam, I shall have the greatest friendship. After this cruel and affecting conversation, I went in search of Madame *de Lagaraye*: the sight of me but too well prepared her for the dreadful news which

which I was charged to communicate: ſhe, trembling, queſtioned me, and ſoon diſcovered the extent of her unhappineſs. She claſped her hands together, and, lifting up her eyes to Heaven, filled with tears, ſhe remained ſome minutes in that attitude, without uttering a ſingle word;—but the ſublime and affecting expreſſion of her countenance ſufficiently declared her thoughts and ſentiments. .....She offered the happineſs of her life as a ſacrifice to God! and yet there was nothing violent or frantic in her grief; it appeared ſtrong, but a perfect reſignation ſoftened the bitterneſs of it; ſo that my commiſerations were in part loſt in admiration .... At laſt, Madame *de Lagaraye*, wipeing away her tears, aroſe, and, leaning on my arm, Let us go to him, ſaid ſhe; be not under the leaſt apprehenſions that the ſight of him will add to my weakneſs: on the contrary, it will give me firmneſs; for is it poſſible to want reſignation or courage in his preſence? I conducted Madame *de Lagaraye* to the door of the apartment, and ſtayed in the next, where I found *St. André* and *Blanch*. The firſt was ſtanding, leaning againſt the chimney; he did not weep, but grief and conſternation were ſtrongly painted in his pale and disfigured countenance. You are, Madam, already acquainted with his hiſtory, and with the natural violence of his paſſions; and how ſincere and violent his enthuſiaſm is for Monſieur *de Lagaraye*. I went up to him; he preſſed my hand, and perceiving my tears to flow, You are young, ſaid he, this is an event you had reaſon to expect; but for me, who am ſo much older than him, and a uſeleſs burden upon earth, to ſurvive him!—As *St. André* pronounced theſe words, we heard a dreadful ſcream; it was Madame

Madame *de Lagaraye:* terrified and trembling, we ran towards the door, and, entering the room, what a ſight preſented itſelf to our view! We ſaw Monſieur *de Lagaraye* ready to breathe his laſt; the frightful paleneſs of death had already overſpread his countenance: his unhappy wife, ſeated on his bed, ſupported him in her arms. The Prieſt, ſtanding by the bed-ſide, held one of his hands.... On perceiving us, he made a ſign for us to draw near him; then, turning his head towards us, with a look full of mildneſs and ſerenity, *Porphyry*, oh, my ſon! ſaid he, remember thy promiſe; and you, my dear *St. André*, continued he, never leave my wife; but do you and your family continue with her in ſuch retreat as ſhe ſhall chuſe; and may Friendſhip, but, above all, Religion, be your comfort. In pronouncing theſe words his head fell on his breaſt, and his eyes cloſed: the ſurgeon drew near to feel his pulſe, and made a ſign that he ſtill breathed: a moment after he ſaid aloud, *His Pulſe revives.* Alas! how eaſily is the human heart impreſſed with hope! Theſe few words cauſed an univerſal tranſport; every one repeated them, and expected a miracle... I approached, and, looking ſtedfaſtly at Monſieur *de Lagaraye*, I perceived the paleneſs diſperſing, his colour returning, his eyes opening, and a ſupernatural expreſſion made his venerable appearance more and more ſtriking.... All at once he lifted up his hands to Heaven, and with the moſt fervent emotion he ſaid, Oh, my God! thou calleſt me; I come! Theſe were his laſt words..... Struck with ſurpriſe, and ſeized with emotion, which ſuch a ſight never perhaps before produced, we all fell on our knees. We looked on his death without

without fear, and we conſidered the melancholy object of our loſs without terror; becauſe we were ſure that he was happy. It appeared not as if death had approached and ſtruck him; but the Almighty had deſcended from Heaven to call and to receive him. After having torn Madame *de Lagaraye* from his apartments, I recollected his laſt injunctions concerning the ſick; I ran to the Infirmary, but too late; the ſkreams of the domeſtics, the tears, the groans of the nurſes, had but too ſoon divulged the melancholy news which I was charged to conceal. I ſtayed only a minute, and withdrew, penetrated with compaſſion and horror..... I was doomed to be a witneſs to a ſtill more pathetic and dreadful ſcene.

The day before yeſterday, that I intended for the funeral, I went at the time appointed into the ſchool-hall, where the coffin then lay: in croſſing the court I perceived it was filled with many of the inhabitants of the village and all the manufacturers in tears: on entering the hall, I found near ſixty children kneeling round the coffin; *St. André*, in a long black cloke, was, at the top of the room, motionleſs and plunged in the deepeſt meditation, with his eyes fixed on the coffin, which he ſeemed to contemplate in the moſt melancholy and unhappy manner. His three ſons were placed behind him; we were waiting for the Prieſt, when all at once ſix men, with the moſt terrifying aſpects, pale, livid, and imaciated, cloathed in white ſheets which covered them from head to foot; who could ſcarce ſupport themſelves, and appeared like phantoms; like ghoſts coming out of their tombs; proſtrated themſelves before the coffin with the moſt hideous groans..... Theſe unfortunate people

people ſtole out of the Infirmary to render their laſt homage to their benefactor, in the abſence of their nurſes, who had left them in the general trouble and confuſion..... Two of theſe unhappy people fainted, and fell near the coffin: I had them removed, and went with them myſelf to the Infirmary, where I gave them all the relief that they ſtood in need of; and returned to the hall juſt as the Prieſt arrived, and immediately we were in motion. As ſoon as we came near the court, we heard more diſtinctly the lamentable groans of the multitude, who waited to join the funeral pomp; but, the moment they ſaw the coffin, an univerſal ſilence enſued, and an awful reſpect ſtopped their lamentations and tears. In about half an hour the numerous retinue arrived at the church. Alas! in my infancy I ſaw Monſieur *de Lagaraye* lay the firſt ſtone of this ſacred edifice! We now approached the awful tomb which was going to incloſe the precious remains of the moſt virtuous and beſt of men. The grave was half open, and the coffin placed on it: my heart was now torn aſunder, and I turned my trembling eyes from it. At this moment I heard a plaintive voice, and ſaw the unhappy *St. André* ſtaggering on the edge of the grave; his ſons tried, but in vain, to drag him from it; loſt and wandering he ſtruggled in their arms, crying out, Oh, my Maſter! Oh, my Friend!.... and at that inſtant fell into the grave, and expired on his benefactor's coffin; a noble and ſtriking victim of gratitude and friendſhip.

I cannot give you an account, Madam, of the concluſion of this melancholy ſcene, as I was deprived of my ſenſes. Upon my recovery I found myſelf in my own room; they bled me, and obliged

ged me to keep my bed, being in a high fever. Yesterday, finding myself a little better, I arose, in order to pay my respects to Madame *de Lagaraye* who communicated to me all her plans: she proposes to reside at Anjou, where she was born, as soon as the sick are recovered. She will there establish a charitable hospital and a little school for girls; to which she will devote the thirty thousand livres a year which were left her. She takes with her the unhappy family of *St. André*: the latter was interred this morning; and they have justly immortalized his memory and his death by placing his body in the same grave with Monsieur *de Lagaraye*.

The heirs of Monsieur *de Lagaraye* are all here, and treat her with the greatest regard and respect, which indeed they cannot refuse to her virtues; but it is already known that they will not keep up any of Monsieur *de Lagaraye*'s establishments. As to me, Madam, I know not when I can enjoy the happiness of seeing you: I shall stay with Madame *de Lagaraye* as long as I can render myself useful to her; therefore, in all probability, I shall not return to Paris till the beginning of the Winter.

LETTER LVIII.

The Baroness to Madame d'Ostalis.

From St. ****

IT is determined, my dear child, that I shall stay here all the Winter; for what should I do at Paris in the situation in which I am. Could I go

to public places, or even mix with company? Even ſuppoſing diſſipation was not wholly diſagreeable to me; yet prudence would oblige me to renounce any pleaſures it might afford me. How can a woman venture to ſhew herſelf at an opera or a ball, when her huſband or her ſon are expoſed to all the dangers of war? Madame *de Limours* came frequently to ſee me: but you know it muſt be a little Paris to pleaſe her, as ſhe owns herſelf; therefore ſhe never ſtays more than eight or ten days at a time with us.

The Count *Anatolle* died yeſterday of a conſumption, or rather of the exceſſes in which he has lived for theſe two years. He has left a rich and lovely widow, and, I think, not an inconſolable one. One thing pleaſant enough is, that *Conſtantia* is jealous of the Counteſs *Anatolle*; for ſhe has found out her attachment to *Theodore*. So ſhe never mentions her name; and, if by chance ſhe hears any body ſpeak of him with admiration, ſhe bluſhes and appears hurt. So young and already to feel ſuch ſtrong paſſions!...

Monſieur *de Valcé* has ſold one of his fineſt eſtates.....We hear he is nearly ruined;—you would not know his wife; ſhe is at this time as red-faced, as ugly, and old as ſhe was young and pretty five years ago. She ſeems more ſenſible of this misfortune than ſhe is of her huſband's ruin. *Adelaide* grows every day more lovely; ſhe is quite capable now of being my friend.—Her ſenſe is equally as good as her temper. No converſation can be more agreeable to me than her's: our ſentiments and opinions are exactly alike.... We often ſpend whole days *tête à tête*, and they paſs away quicker than others. We know how to

employ

employ them. We are equally lively, with the same tastes, the same manner of thinking. Can we ever be tired of being together? Even if I did not love her so much, her freedom and extreme candour would make me always prefer her society to any other. She is not only incapable of falsehood, but exaggeration is also as much unknown to her as telling lyes. She is in every action of her life as sincere as is consistent with prudence and politeness. This charming quality gives inestimable value to whatever she does or says; we are sure that neither interest nor flattery will ever dictate the praises she bestows. Her attentions are obliging; the proofs of her friendship really affect the heart. We listen to her with earnestness, and are interested in what she says, because truth in its most pleasing form comes from her lips: her looks, her gaiety, her smiles are all natural and without art. Was she not handsome, had she not so much grace nor talents, yet she would please; she would engage your friendship; she would still possess that inexpressible charm which truth and candour bestow. We cannot have this precious virtue without possessing many others; we can never be perfectly sincere without being noble, equitable and generous. We do justice to our enemies; we acknowledge freely their good qualities: we reject praises which are not our due; and, in short, we can neither intrigue nor flatter; for to do either we must make use both of cunning and falsehood.

Adelaide is not yet eighteen years old, and has already corrected all the faults natural to her age and sex. Since *the Veillée des quarante*, she has never been tempted to make a joke of any one; par-

particularly on account of thoſe things which are ſo common and trifling as clothes and head-dreſſes, &c. At the ſame time ſhe takes a joke herſelf; even if it were ſevere, provided it did not affect her character, ſhe would receive it with good-humour and ſweetneſs. She deſpiſes that kind of malignity ſo much, that ſuch a joke would neither confuſe nor diſtreſs her.—She tells me all her obſervations, and confides to me her private opinions on the perſons we ſee: but never, before a third perſon the leaſt ſuſpicious, will ſhe permit herſelf to criticiſe the ſmalleſt matter. As ſhe has an excellent underſtanding, ſhe is abſolutely exempt from that trifling curioſity which women in general are ſo juſtly reproached with, and which is only occaſioned by idleneſs and envy. *Adelaide* thinks ſuch trifles of no importance, and wonders how people can diſturb themſelves for ſuch things or wiſh to know a ſecret which cannot intereſt them. When ſhe lives in the world, ſhe will be the laſt to hear the ſcandalous reports which are circulated of quarrels, agreements, &c. &c. She will be witneſs to many treacheries, without taking any part in them; and often, without attending to them. People ridicule her on this account, and will be always aſking her, *from whence ſhe comes that ſhe knows nothing?* It is true, ſhe will be ignorant of them; but ſhe will know how to find out the characters and diſpoſitions of the perſons with whom ſhe aſſociates. Wickedneſs, indolence, and goſſiping often betray the little intrigues of ſociety; but ſenſe and prudence only can give penetration. *Adelaide* will ſeldom be deceived by falſe friends, (for what good heart is not ſometimes made a dupe;) but ſhe will not beſtow

beſtow her confidence, unleſs to thoſe who deſerve it; which is an eſſential matter: for, if you cannot prevent being treated with ingratitude, prudence at leaſt will keep you from being betrayed. *Adelaide* never forgot our little retreat in the Convent *de* * * * and Mademoiſelle *de Cligny*. She will never more judge of people by their appearance nor expreſſions: ſhe is cured of this infatuation. No one ever carried this weakneſs ſo far as Madame *de Limours* did; when ſhe was young, to be amiable in her eyes, it was ſufficient to have a long face, light hair, and an aquiline noſe. On the other hand, all the *Brunetts*, who were handſome, ſhe called lovely, ſtriking, and witty; and thoſe who were plain were croſs and good for nothing. However, as it is very poſſible to have black eyes and a mild diſpoſition, or a pale complexion with a peeviſh temper, the Viſcounteſs frequently found herſelf deceived in her opinions; an error which experience alone could diſcover. Madame *de Berniere*, a fair and intereſting figure, became her intimate friend in the ſpace of eight days; and they intirely broke with each other in three months, after having had a dozen quarrels in the time. To this friendſhip Madame *de Senire* ſucceeded, a *Brunette* full of wit and vivacity. But the Viſcounteſs ſoon put an end to this attachment, inraged at the inſupportable folly and impertinence of a perſon ſhe had thought ſo droll and ſo clever. I could tell you twenty ſtories of her on ſimilar occaſions.... We ſaw her for ſix months inſeparable from a woman whom ſhe called *my love*, *my dear*, and *my child*; and the very next Winter they were quite ſtrangers. This conduct did much harm to her character, and her caſt-

off friends aſperſed her without mercy, and betrayed all the little ſecrets ſhe had confided to them during their intimacy. The extreme youth of the Viſcounteſs, and the bad education ſhe had received, could only plead her excuſe; and ſhe had too much ſenſe not to endeavour to correct her error, when ſhe grew older.

No, my dear child, *Adelaide*'s affection for *Hermione* is not at all leſſened. On the contrary, ſhe is every day fonder of her. *Hermione* is now ten years old, and is really as pleaſing in her temper as in her perſon. She has all the ſincerity of her little Mamma; a virtue which ſhe intirely owes to her, as ſhehad naturally a diſpoſition to falſehood. The poor little girl has been under great trouble to-day, ſhe had a little white cat which ſhe took great delight in. This morning the unfortunate Azolin fell out of a window into a paved court, and two hours after died on his miſtreſs's lap. At this ſhocking ſight, *Hermione* turned pale as death, and then burſt into tears, throwing herſelf into *Adelaide*'s arms, who did not receive her without emotion!..... This ſcene made me recollect a picture of de Greuze, which repreſents a little girl weeping for her Canary bird.... The tears of *Hermione* on this accident, gave me I know not what kind of pleaſing ſenſation.... Theſe infantine troubles are agreeable to contemplate, becauſe they prove the innocence and felicity of that age. Theſe pure tears, which fall for the loſs of a cat, convince us that the heart has never experienced any real grief. Happy age!.... *Adelaide* has this evening given *Hermione* a ſquirrel. Should any ſimilar accident happen to it in two or three years, may it be wept for as ſincerely as Azolin!

lin! *Adelaide* and I have waited till near midnight merely to talk of *Hermione*. *Adelaide*, like a true mother, pleases herself with building Castles for her. She looks forward to the time when *Hermione* will be twenty years old; she wishes she was so now. But in that case, said I to her, you would be eight-and-twenty, and no longer in the prime of youth? .... But *Hermione* would be in all the charms of her's!... This is a sentiment which not only consoles a good mother for the loss of her charms, but makes her even desirous of growing older, that she may see the happy days destined for her children. She cannot be under any concern on the decrease of her own beauty, when she sees her daughter's every day improve. Time only takes graces from the mother to add them to her child.

Adieu, my dear child; on Tuesday I shall send to your Banker's a little picture painted by *Adelaide*, which represents her giving a lesson to *Hermione*. I hope the painting will please you as well as the resemblances.

LETTER LIX.

Baroness to Madame de Valmont.

From St. **.

HOW happy we are, Madam!... How great will your felicity be, what joy will you feel! Ah, who is more sensible of it than myself?... Our children are equally distinguished; they are well!.... We shall see them in three months....

I ſend you all the particulars, and not only the letter Monſ. *d'Almane* has written to you, but that which I have received from him, as I imagine it will give you ſtill more pleaſure, and I have nothing I wiſh to conceal from you! ... When this precious packet was brought me by the Chevalier *de Herbain*, I was with Madame *de Limours*, *Conſtantia*, and my daughter. I trembled ſo much I could ſcarce open my letter or ſpeak ... At length I found it was from Monſ. *d'Almane* .... I opened it; and judge what I felt on reading theſe words: "Glory "and happineſs, my deareſt friend!" ... I could not utter a word,—I threw myſelf on my knees ... My dear *Adelaide* came and flung her arms about my neck; all my friends ſurrounded me; their joy added to my felicity ... Why were you not here, Madam? How delightful would it have been for me to embrace you at that moment! What would I not have given, had you been here, that we might have read our letters together! ... Poor little *Conſtantia* was much affected, and the name of *Theodore* eſcaped her lips! ... and ſhe ſhed a torrent of tears! ... Nevertheleſs, when I read an account of the action, I obſerved that *Adelaide*'s tranſport and emotions infinitely exceeded her couſin's. Great ſouls alone are capable of feeling ſentiments of this kind! ... After *Conſtantia* had heard that *Theodore* had received no wounds, the reſt of the account appeared to have very little effect on her.

Adieu, Madam; remember me, I intreat you, to Monſieurs *d'Aimeri* and *Valmont*. Ah! that you were but all here! ... *Adelaide* has written you a very good letter, which ſhe has juſt ſhewn me; yet ſhe has not expreſſed half the part ſhe takes in your joy ...

LET-

LETTER LX.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

LAST night I took *Conſtantia* for the firſt time to one of the dreſſed balls; we ſtaid to the very laſt, and gueſs what time it was before we were in bed; abſolutely half paſt three in the morning.—The Aſſembly was magnificent; an immenſe croud and all the prettieſt women in Paris were there; but they only appeared to ſhew their fine clothes; for they came at two, and went away again at three; that is, as ſoon as they had been viewed by the whole Aſſembly, and when their rouge began to run, and their hair to get out of order: they gaped, complained of heat, and retired. Oh! in our time, people had more real ſpirit; I cannot conceive any thing more abſolutely dull or inanimate than the flirtations now a-days; for they really conſiſt in nothing more than grimaces and inquiries about dreſs.—I ſupped the other night with one of theſe faſhionable flirts; it was Madame *de Blemur*; ſhe is ugly, but thinks herſelf clever and agreeable; ſhe has a flow of words, with a conſtant giggle which ſhe ſtyles wit; ſhe has a poſitive manner, and her converſation is as inſipid as it is common; and, when ſhe particularly wiſhes to ſhew herſelf off, one may diſcover it in a moment, for ſhe toſſes herſelf about the room, never ſits ſtill, walks with a careleſs air, and even jumps to admire herſelf in the looking-glaſs; and finds a thouſand occaſions to ſhew a pretty foot, and ſhe laughs quite loud.—Theſe now are all the artifices of a faſhionable Coquette: they appear to me perfectly innocent, becauſe it is impoſſible that they can

ever injure any one.—*Conſtantia* was with me the evening I met her, and all the company were full of her praiſes; indeed I never ſaw her look ſo well. Madame *de Blemur* had not ſenſe ſufficient to know ſhe ought to diſguiſe her envy; ſhe could not perceive that *Conſtantia* was pretty; at firſt ſhe uſed all her arts to endeavour to eclipſe her, and tried all thoſe graces which I have deſcribed; but, when ſhe perceived all her arts were in vain, and that the eyes of the company were ſtill fixed on *Conſtantia*, ſhe was abſolutely ſo diſconcerted, that ſhe took no further pains to conceal her envy or ill-humour. How much does a fooliſh and ridiculous envy diſgrace and humble one!.... I remember when I was young, there was nothing I ſo much dreaded as the fear of being thought to poſſeſs a jealous diſpoſition; and I not only agreed in the praiſes of all the pretty women, but really found pleaſure in talking of their beauty, in hopes of perſuading thoſe who heard me, that I was abſolutely exempt from this contemptible vice. But to return to Madame *de Blemur:* what completed my averſion to her was, that, when the converſation turned that evening on Madame *de* ——, ſhe, in my opinion, abuſed her in a moſt ſhameful manner, and wanted to turn into ridicule her love for her huſband; ſhe gave us ſeveral proofs, which, however, had a very different effect from what ſhe expected, as all the company admired the character, ſenſe, and behaviour of Madame ——. Madame *de Blemur* agreed that ſhe was a perſon quite *perfect*—but pronounced that laſt word in a moſt ſatyrical manner, and then added, that Madame *de* —— tired one to death in converſation, and that ſhe was romantic to the greateſt exceſs: I had a great inclination to anſwer, they cannot

not be very tireſome who poſſeſs a good underſtanding, great ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and much information, and I had rather be ſtyled romantic than ill-tempered: for I am certain, that, if Madame *de* —— was to ſhew that affection to a lover, which ſhe ſhews to her huſband, Madame *de Blomar* would then think her engaging, and would be always praiſing her for her ſenſibility. People, void of principle, have always an averſion to thoſe who are amiable, and wiſh to make even virtue itſelf appear ridiculous! a difficult taſk! and which can only ſerve to diſcover their own faults and depravity of heart.

I yeſterday made a hundred viſits with *Conſtantia*, and carried her among the number to Madame *de* ——. She returned delighted with a Mademoiſelle *de* ——; in truth it is impoſſible for any perſon to have been better educated, or to be more amiable. She is neither ſhy nor confuſed in any company, and yet has all that modeſty which is ſo deſirable at her age, and that deference, and even reſpect for married women, which is always engaging in ſo young a perſon. Her manner of expreſſing herſelf is always gentle, unaffected, and obliging; and her figure is as pleaſing as it is ingenuous; and I know, that ſhe poſſeſſes as much knowledge as ſhe has wit and grace.—But how is it poſſible for a mother ſuch as her's not to make her children abſolutely delightful? Adieu, my dear friend; I ſhall come and ſee you either on Thurſday or Friday. There is no alluſion either to you or me in thoſe ſhameful verſes which you have heard of: and that is all I know about them, as I abſolutely refuſed to ſee them. At all times one meets with people (otherwiſe amiable) who are curious to ſee

such abominable productions, will learn them by heart, and repeat them in all companies; but surely to read and repeat such horrid stuff is making one's self a partaker with the wicked Author of the calumny! I can hardly conceive how any persons of real principle can suffer themselves to read a libel; still less that any one can so much despise all decency as to talk of them and quote passages from them in company.

LETTER LXI.

The Baroness to Madame d'Ostalis.

St. **

I HAVE been very uneasy these two days past, my dear child. Miss *Bridget* has been dangerously ill with a sore throat. The day before yesterday she was blooded for the third time; and at night *Adelaide* came into my room with tears in her eyes, telling me that Miss *Bridget* was worse. I beg, Mamma, added *Adelaide*, you will permit me to sit up with her to-night, for it is of great consequence that she should take the medicine which the Physician has just ordered her every hour; and it is impossible to trust to the care of a nurse or a chamber-maid. Very well, interrupted I, I consent to your sitting up to night: to-morrow I shall watch in my turn. *Adelaide* went out of the room, and I remained alone with Madame *de Limours*. What, said she to me, do you permit *Adelaide* to sit up a whole night!... At her age all young people go to balls at night; so... but Miss *Bridget* has a fe-

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ver ... Miſs *Bridget*'s diſorder is not catching; beſides, to ſave my daughter a little fatigue, and even a ſlight fever, I would not prevent her diſcharging a duty ... Yet what could ſhe do more for you? I do not know; and I flatter myſelf ſhe herſelf does not; but, the more gratitude and attachment I ſee in her to her Governeſs, the more I ſhall depend on her tenderneſs to me. According to this manner of thinking, I have reaſon to be ſatisfied; for Miſs *Bridget* has received from *Adelaide* the moſt tender marks of affection. She would not ſuffer her to paſs the whole night with her.—*Adelaide*, to ſatisfy her, pretended to leave her at three o'clock; but concealed herſelf behind her bed, that ſhe might watch the attention of the nurſe. She did not doſe for a moment; ſhe put out the medicine every hour, and gave it to the nurſe, whom ſhe was obliged to wake ſeveral times. When the Phyſician arrived at nine in the morning, *Adelaide* was ſtill in Miſs *Bridget*'s chamber, and gave the moſt exact account of the night. The Phyſician aſſuring her then, that Miſs *Bridget* was abſolutely out of danger, ſhe burſt into tears, and her joy ſo greatly overcame her fatigue, that ſhe would not conſent to lie down, but paſſed the whole day in her chamber. She was tired at night, but her ſpirits were not exhauſted, as her reſolution had kept them up. She ſlept twelve hours laſt night, is extremely well to-day, and Miſs *Bridget* is perfectly recovered.

There has been a little dialogue to-night between *Adelaide* and *Conſtantia*, the account of which I am ſure will give you pleaſure. The Viſcounteſs was a little out of humour this morning, and after dinner found fault with *Conſtantia* rather

rather unjuſtly.—I went into my own room as uſual at five o'clock; *Adelaide* went to her ſtudies in an adjoining room, and left her door open, ſo that I could hear her ſing, ſpeak, and play, as well as if we had been together. You know that no noiſe prevents me from writing, and that I compoſed all my Works by the ſound of the harp and harpſichord; and interrupting myſelf every minute to ſay, *that is wrong*, *you play out of time*, &c. I ſeated myſelf at my deſk, and my daughter took up her harp. In about half an hour after I was informed that Mademoiſelle *de P*—— was coming; that her coach was in the avenue. I told *Adelaide*, that I was obliged to go down and ſtay in the ſaloon till ſupper. Coming out of my chamber, I met *Conſtantia*, and told her the ſame; but a moment after I found it was a miſtake, and that Mademoiſelle *de P*—— was not come. So I went up ſtairs again, and, as there was a carpet in my room, I went in without making the leaſt noiſe. I had left a candle upon my deſk, ſeated myſelf in my great chair, and took up my pen; and, hearing *Adelaide* and *Conſtantia* talking, I thought it would be amuſing to write their converſation, which forms the following dialogue:

Conſtantia. . . . . One quarter of an hour only?

Adelaide. Ah, my dear! I would converſe with you with all my heart, if Mamma knew it; but ſhe thinks I am buſy at this time, and the thought of that would give me pain; it looks as if I deceived her. . . . .

Conſtantia. At your age my aunt does not require you to ſtudy without ſome relaxation. . . . . .

Adelaide. She knows how much I love to be employed. I ſhould have ill profited by her cares

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and her example, if putting aſide my work would be any pleaſure to me; but I repeat it to you, that the reaſon I had rather talk to you another time is, becauſe I told my Mamma, when ſhe went down ſtairs, that I ſhould work hard.

Conſtantia. Well then, I muſt go..... but it is very cruel however.....

Adelaide. Conſtantia?....

Conſtantia. What?....

Adelaide. If you are angry, ſtay then.....

Conſtantia. You certainly do not love me....

Adelaide. Do you think ſo?....

Conſtantia. But.....

Adelaide. Come, let us talk then.....

Conſtantia. If you knew how unhappy I am to-day!....

Adelaide. How ſo?....

Conſtantia. You ſaw in what a manner Mamma treated me this afternoon..... We may ſpeak before *Hermione*, ſhe will not tell what we ſay.

Hermione. Oh! I read ſo attentively, I ſhall not even hear it.

Conſtantia. When Mamma returned to her chamber, I followed her. I wiſhed to ſpeak to her; but ſhe received me with ſuch ſeverity, notwithſtanding I was not in fault, as you was witneſs to.

Adelaide. Not in fault, my dear *Conſtantia!* do you conſider what you ſay?.... You accuſe your mother of injuſtice.

Conſtantia. I have not complained to any body elſe, but may I not to you?

Adelaide. No, for, if ſuch an idea ſhould enter into your imagination, you ought to reject it, and think you have deceived yourſelf. Would you tell

tell my aunt you was not in fault? No, ſurely, on the contrary, you appeared to think ſhe was in the right; the complaints which you have ſince made takes from you all the merit of the mildneſs you ſhewed her, and looked like hypocriſy. Beſides, ſuppoſing it true that my aunt was for a moment out of humour, who will excuſe it, and ſeek to conceal her little foibles, if you do not? This is the only proof of gratitude you can ſhew her. Have you a right to expect that ſhe is perfect? Pardon my freedom, my dear Couſin; it gives me great pain to afflict you, but I love you too much to conceal the truth.

Conſtantia (weeping.) Yet I flatter myſelf you do not doubt my affection for my Mamma.

Adelaide. It is becauſe I know the extreme goodneſs of your heart, that I ſpeak to you with ſo much ſincerity.

Conſtantia (ſtill weeping.) I know you are in the right.

Adelaide. Amiable candour! embrace me, my charming friend.

Conſtantia. My dear Couſin, I wiſh I could reſemble you!

Adelaide. You have nothing to wiſh for; you have every good quality; but, as I am older than you, it is not ſurpriſing that I ſhould have a little more reflection.

Conſtantia. I am in deſpair; you have juſt made me ſenſible that my fault is inexcuſable.....

Adelaide. Well, my dear *Conſtantia*, repair it; it is in your power.

Conſtantia. How?

At this part of the converſation I got up ſoftly, and went to find the Viſcounteſs. I did not tell her

her the whole of what I had just heard; but informed her that *Constantia* was in despair for having displeased her; and desired her to conceal my having heard the conversation. While we were talking, the door opened, and *Constantia* came in with her eyes much inflamed. Perceiving me, she was a little confused; I told her that Mademoiselle *de P*—— was not come; and I suffered her to believe I had been all this time with the Viscountess. After a moment's reflection *Constantia* approached her mother in tears; the Viscountess embraced her; and *Constantia*, throwing herself upon her knees, frankly owned she had been complaining of her, and that *Adelaide* had made her sensible how much she was in fault. At these words the Viscountess, much softened, raised her up and praised her for her sincerity. Alas, Mamma! said *Constantia*, I have not had the merit of doing it of my own accord: it is *Adelaide* who advised me to make this confession! At this last proof of her sincerity the Viscountess and I both embraced her, and found it impossible to refrain from tears; for who could avoid being affected by such proofs of ingenuous frankness? I praised this action with enthusiasm, for indeed it was charming; but the Viscountess insisted that I should not have been so much affected by it, if it had not made *Adelaide* appear so amiable. Apropos of this little incident, the Viscountess is very desirous I should acknowledge what are *Adelaide*'s secret faults. I must own, says she, I do not know myself that she has any; but I should think she must have one at least, however trifling it may be..... That would be my fault, since we are convinced that there are no imperfections, nor even vices,

vices, that education cannot deſtroy.... Then you really do not know one ſingle fault ſhe has.... But firſt we muſt underſtand each other; explain to me what is the having a fault?... It is an inclination, more or leſs dangerous, which conſtantly governs us.... Which conſtantly governs us? What a terrible definition!.... I believe it juſt. .... And I alſo, which is the reaſon that I have always thought it impoſſible to be perfectly happy, if we have a ſingle defect.—And you think that education is able to extirpate them all?—If it corrects one, why can it not correct more?.... Oh, becauſe it is not poſſible for us to be perfect. —Perfect! no, certainly; but conſider it is a very different thing to commit a fault, and to have a fault. I proteſt to you that *Adelaide* has not one ſingle defect; that is to ſay, one bad cuſtom that has taken root, or rather, as you ſay, no dangerous inclination which conſtantly predominates; yet ſhe is not perfect, ſince no mortal can be ſo. She is very gentle; yet it is poſſible certain circumſtances may make her ſhew a little impatience and even anger; ſhe may be deceived; ſhe may be unjuſt for a moment, or out of humour. But, ſince ſhe has no habitual faults, her errors will appear very rarely, and be very trifling, and can never hurt her reputation, or make her unhappy.—Then you think, if I had been better educated, I ſhould have had a milder diſpoſition.... I have no doubt of it.... In that caſe, replied the Viſcounteſs, it is an excellent thing to be well inſtructed.— Adieu, my dear child; you often aſk me for particulars and whole converſations. I hope you will be contented with this letter; but I ſhould not be ſatisfied myſelf with it, if I had not written

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at the same time these long pages to *Seraphina*, merely to talk about you.—Embrace her for me, as well as her sister, to whom I shall write on Thursday.

I have opened my letter again to tell you news, of which Mademoiselle *de P*—— had undertaken to acquaint the Viscountess. M. *de Valcé* has just quitted the army, and is totally ruined; of all his great fortune he has nothing remaining but an annuity of fifty thousand livres! Mademoiselle *de Valcé* has consumed all her fortune, for her debts far exceed the portion she received. Her husband went away last night; it is said he means to travel for two or three years. Mademoiselle *de Valcé* remains here without assistance, without advice, without resource, abandoned by all her friends, and even by Monsr. *de Remicourt*. She is very ill and keeps her bed; at this moment the Viscountess sees only her misfortunes; she forgets the causes of them, and has just left us to fly to her assistance.

LETTER LXII.

The Baron to Monsieur d'Aimeri.

I SHALL most certainly, Sir, be at Paris the beginning of April. I bring back our two children still more deserving of our affection, and of the happiness that awaits them. Could they have acted otherwise? They are Frenchmen! They have shewn as much knowledge and alertness as courage. In giving them due praise, we cannot say they have distinguished themselves; for, amongst such

ſuch a number of young Frenchmen as are here, no one can diſtinguiſh himſelf by courage only.

I hope, Sir, to find you at Paris as well as Monſ. and Madame *de Valmont*. I keep in reſerve for our amiable *Charles* all the pleaſure of ſurpriſing him. I think he entertains great hopes; he ſees I love him as a ſon; but I pleaſe myſelf ſometimes with perplexing him, at leaſt I keep him in ſuſpence.

Yes, we are about to form that union ſo much wiſhed for, that union, the object of both our vows! Drive away then from you thoſe dark thoughts which poſſeſs you. Forget, if poſſible, thoſe melancholy reflections which have imbittered your life. Dare to think yourſelf worthy of happineſs; you have acquired that right. Adieu! Sir; I beſeech you to engage Monſ. and Madame *de Valmont* to keep the ſecret, till Madame *d'Almane* has communicated it to the Viſcount and Viſcounteſs *de Limours*.

LETTER LXIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

IMAGINE my happineſs, my dear child; they are coming!..We ſhall ſee them in two days!... To-morrow we ſet out, and are in hopes we ſhall meet them thirty or forty leagues from Paris.... Oh, what could add to my felicity, if you were but here? You cannot conceive all that paſſes in my heart; no, though you know it ſo well, you cannot gueſs at it!... I only returned from *St.* ** this morning. The Courier ſent by Monſieur *d'Almane*

d' Almane came through Paris, and told me Madame *de Valmont* was juſt arrived and waited for me at my houſe. This intelligence I concealed from my daughter. I ſent for horſes, and we ſet out immediately. *Adelaide* had no ſuſpicion of the event which was to fix her fortune.... When we alighted from the coach, we ſaw Madame *de Valmont* on the ſteps; *Adelaide* flew to embrace her and expreſs her joy. As to myſelf, I was ſo much moved and ſoftened to find myſelf in Madame *de Valmont*'s arms, that I cannot deſcribe to you what I felt..... We all three wept, without being able to ſay a word. However, as ſoon as we entered my apartment, I took *Adelaide* by the hand, and ſaid to her, embrace Madame *de Valmont* again; embrace her, my dear *Adelaide* with the tenderneſs of a daughter, for ſoon you will become her's.... At theſe words *Adelaide* bluſhed and trembled; a flood of tears bathed her cheeks. For the firſt moment ſhe ſaw only her mother... She was ſtruck with the ideas of fear and grief, conſidering that I was to be no longer arbitreſs of her fate... We each took her in our arms. *Adelaide* leaned on my neck; ſhe could only anſwer by ſobs and ſighs; ſhe was indifferent to the careſſes of Madame *de Valmont*. It appeared ſhe wanted to let me ſee ſhe could love no-body but me... At length Madame *de Valmont* left us; and, when we were alone, ſhe opened her heart to me without diſguiſe: ſhe confeſſed that ſhe preferred this match to any other; and the more ſo, as ſhe was ſure the Chevalier *de Valmont* would never ſeparate her from me. But ſhe added, that ſhe thought the Chevalier was too young,

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and she wished he was a few years older. I satisfied her on this matter by saying I perfectly knew his disposition, and that, when one has received a good education, twenty-four is old enough to avoid being corrupted. Monsieur and Madame *de Valmont* and Monsr. *d'Aimeri* supped with us this evening; *Adelaide*, though for the whole time rather serious, behaved charmingly. I have had to-day a very high quarrel with the Viscountess. It was necessary to tell her, that *Adelaide* would be married in six weeks. This news, which was not confided to her, could not fail of exciting her anger. She told me, I put no confidence in her. I was obliged to reproach her with indiscretion.—Friendship, said I to her, does not require me to expose the peace and happiness of my daughter, in trusting you with a secret which I knew you could not keep. Did you not give me your promise, to conceal from *Constantia* your design of marrying her to *Theodore?* Did you keep it? . . . At these words the Viscountess, having nothing to answer, rose up in a furious passion, which actually terrified me—I would have stopped her; but she went away instantly, declaring she would never see me again, as long as she lived. About an hour after I went to her house, where I found her alone with her daughter, who was in a dreadful situation, for she thought we had intirely broke with each other: and her mother at that moment, being governed by her passion and resentment, was more irritated than affected by her sorrow and tears. As soon as I appeared, she sent her away, and, coming up to me with determined rage, asked me *what I wanted?* I was so much affected with seeing her in such a situation, that I trembled as if I had been the guilty person.

ſon. I am come, ſaid I, to endeavour to reſtore the tranquillity which you have not only loſt yourſelf, but have deprived me of. It is very true, that I have concealed from you the moſt important ſecret of my life. It is not my fault;—it is your's . . . I could not depend on your diſcretion; but I never doubted your juſtice or your friendſhip . . . . As I finiſhed theſe words, the Viſcounteſs, bathed in tears, threw herſelf into my arms with that charming frankneſs, which accompanies all her actions . . . . I received this embrace as a pardon; it reſtored me to happineſs, which I could not enjoy without her friendſhip. Our hearts were made for each other;—how then does it happen they are formed ſo unlike?

The Counteſs *Anatolle*, prettier than ever, came to ſee me this afternoon. She talked to me for an hour of Monſ. *d'Almane*'s return, and aſked me a thouſand queſtions about *Theodore*. Poor Madame *de Valcé* is dying of a conſumption, and can ſcarcely live three months. Adieu, my dear child; it is two o'clock in the morning, and I muſt riſe to-morrow before ſeven. Adieu; though the poſt does not go till Tueſday, I ſhall write every day: you may depend on a particular and exact Journal, ſince I have no other means of informing you of my ſentiments and ideas.

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LETTER LXIV.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

Tueſday.

O! my daughter, they are here! . . . I have ſeen and embraced them! . . . They are here; and neither grief nor joy has been fatal. Scarce was I out of bed this morning, when I heard a carriage in the Court: thinking it mine, I finiſhed dreſſing, when my door ſuddenly flew open, and I ſaw Monſ. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* . . . . At the ſame inſtant, *Adelaide*, amazed, ran in and threw herſelf into her father's arms. What a ſcene! . . . . what happineſs! after a year's abſence, after having felt ſo many fears and anxieties! you, my daughter, who know my heart; you alone are capable of judging of the extent of my felicity! . . . The meeting of *Adelaide* and the Chevalier *de Valmont* was at noon! He is ſo affected, ſo tranſported with his good fortune, that he is deprived of ſpeech. He can only gaze on *Adelaide*, embrace his mother, and kiſs my hands. *Adelaide* bluſhes more than uſual, and redoubles her tenderneſs to me. Her eyes frequently are filled with tears, when ſhe looks at me; but ſhe does not avoid the Chevalier, nor even omit any opportunity of ſhewing her attention to him, or ſaying an obliging thing. *Theodore* takes a lively ſhare in his friend's happineſs; to-morrow evening he will be acquainted with his own; for M. *d'Almane* has ſent an expreſs to the Viſcount who has been abſent a week, and they only wait for his return to declare the marriage of *Conſtantia* and *Theodore*. You can-

cannot form an idea of the affectionate joy of Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, yet the indelible remembrance of the hapleſs *Cecilia* troubles him in the midſt of his tranſports! Have I deſerved ſo much happineſs! ſaid he to me this evening, I always dread loſing it... He pronounced theſe words in a voice that penetrated me: one ſingle ſubject of remorſe ſuffices to taint the pureſt felicity... To enjoy true happineſs, one muſt have merited it. God bleſs you, my dear child! I will continue this letter to-morrow, as it cannot go till Thurſday.

Wedneſday Night.

I HAVE this moment received your letter, in which you acquaint me of the Chevalier *de Murville*'s death. I would not have Monſ. *d'Aimeri* hear it, till the weddings are over: for in his preſent frame of mind I am ſure he would be extremly affected. I have mentioned it to no one but Madame *de Valmont*, who agrees with me in the neceſſity of concealing it at preſent from her father; and we have taken all proper precautions, in caſe any parcel ſhould arrive from * * *, that this melancholy reſtitution may not be delivered to her in his preſence.

The Viſcounteſs is all in raptures; the Viſcount is arrived, and it is agreed, that *Conſtantia*, *Theodore*, *Adelaide*, and *Charles* are to be married the ſame day. What a day for me!... We are in hourly expectation of the Count *de Roſeville*; his laſt letter was dated from * * *. The return of ſo beloved and deſerving a brother will complete Madame *de Limours*'s bliſs... Mine, alas! will not be perfect,

you will not be preſent! . . . And what a ſpace divides us! . . . You will not read for a month all theſe particulars you ſo impatiently expect! . . .

The Counteſs *Anatolle* came to ſee me to-day; I acquainted her with my ſon's marriage. She bluſhed, turned pale, and caſt down her eyes. I took no notice of her concern, and changed the diſcourſe. In a few minutes ſhe told me ſhe ſhould leave Paris to-morrow for two months, and preſently after went away. I own myſelf deeply intereſted for her. What mother does not in her heart pardon a weakneſs, of which her ſon is the cauſe.

I am writing to you, my dear daughter, ſurrounded by taylors, mantua-makers, milliners; no leſs than ten perſons are in my room, and my bureau is covered with rich ſtuffs, flowers, gauzes, and lace. *Adelaide* will chuſe nothing, and depends on my taſte. This is truſting to me a buſineſs which I ſhall be very attentive to; it is the adorning and beautifying of *Adelaide*. No Coquette can be more taken up with ornamenting her own perſon than I am with ſtudying what will beſt ſuit her's. During this time ſhe attends to her books, her learning, and her muſick, juſt as uſual. *Hermione* did not know till to-day, that her Mamma was going to be married. She ſhewed the greateſt aſtoniſhment; and, looking at *Adelaide* with tears in her eyes, ſaid, Mamma, ſhall I ſtill be your child? . . . Theſe words made *Adelaide* weep alſo; and, taking *Hermione* in her arms, ſhe aſſured her, with a thouſand embraces, that ſhe ſhould always love her dearly. This reſtored the little one's ſpirits; and ſhe told me, ſhe was very glad I had choſen the Chevalier

de

de Valmont, becauſe he was almoſt as amiable as her little Mamma.

What they informed you concerning Madame *de Gerville* was then true, but is now no longer ſo. She has given up devotion, and with it the character ſhe had attained; and all for the ſake of a young man juſt coming into the world, and whom ſhe has undertaken to faſhion and introduce. She only needed this kind of error, ſo ſcandalous in a woman of her age, to render her as ridiculous as ſhe is deſpicable.

Madame *de Valcé* continues in the ſame ſtate: it is ſaid to be diſappointment alone which kills her. The Viſcounteſs's behaviour to her ought to augment her remorſe, if ſhe is really capable of any emotions of gratitude and repentance.

Thurſday.

THE Count *de Roſeville* comes to-night; ſo we ſhall certainly ſign the articles next Monday.... Oh what a day!....I am really not myſelf.... I am continually moved, ever ready to ſhed tears. I neither ſleep nor eat; I cannot ſpeak; my looks are wild and ſtupid; I have but one thought,—but one idea.

I forgot to mention Madame *d'Olcy*; ſhe behaves perfectly well on this occaſion. Her vanity is flattered by her nephew's nuptials; ſhe is at preſent the tendereſt and beſt of ſiſters. She inſiſted on Madame *de Valmont*'s lodging with her; ſhe never leaves her, and ſhe is always here; which inrages

the Viſcounteſs, who cannot abide her. Adieu, my dear daughter; were you but here, what happineſs could equal mine!

LETTER LXV.

The Count de Roſeville to the Prince.

AH! Sir, what an expreſſion has eſcaped you! You praiſe, it is true, the moderation of the Prince your father; that virtuous principle which leads him to prefer peace to almoſt certain conqueſts: you add, however, "that a war, though unjuſt, would have given you an opportunity of ſignaliſing yourſelf." Is this your reaſon for diſcontent?—The much eſteemed Author of the Inſtitutions of a Prince, *Abbé Duguet*, exclaims, "Unhappy is the "Prince who engages in an unjuſt war; he is the "murderer of all the victims to his ambition or "his other paſſions: he plunges the poniard into "the heart of his ſubjects, and is the executioner "of all thoſe who periſh in the enemy's army. "All the carnage on both ſides will be ſet to his "account: the blood of both parties, that is ſhed, "will be required of him. He will be found, in "the ſight of God, guilty of all the horrid conſe-"quences of war, of all the conflagrations and ra-"pine committed both by his own troops and by "thoſe of the enemy: of the ravages and devaſta-"tions, which the moſt active and humane Gene-"rals cannot prevent. All this dreadful heap of "crimes and of wickedneſs will fall on his head," &c.

What

What a frightful and terrible picture of the ſhocking miſchiefs ambition produces! — Does it not deeply affect you, Sir? To acquire merely fame, you need not be uniformly virtuous: even then, however, courage and ambition will fail you, unleſs attended by good fortune: it is only in proſperity that injuſtice can dazzle for a moment the eyes of the vulgar. Brilliant ſucceſſes alone gain a vein of temporary triumph. Should Fortune abandon you, hatred, contempt and infamy follow of courſe. But a reputation founded on true glory is not ſubject to chance nor the caprices of Fortune. Be juſt, be merciful, and you will appear as great in adverſity as in the moſt eſtabliſhed ſtate of happineſs.

Your Highneſs will allow me to make ſome remarks on this queſtion: "Whether a Prince ſhould ſuffer himſelf to read anonymous ſatyrical Works againſt himſelf, or his Miniſters, his people in office, and thoſe neareſt his perſon?" Your Highneſs ſeems willing to think, that ſuch writings may diſcover to a Prince his own faults and the true character and conduct of thoſe about him. I agree with you, Sir, that uſeful truths may ſometimes be extracted from ſuch contemptible productions: thoſe, however, which concern yourſelf, would diſguſt without improving you: for blame, dictated by malice, vexes, without amending us. If by chance, in a work of this ſort, amongſt the various accuſations of your Miniſters and people in office, there ſhould be one founded in juſtice, how are you to ſift it out of the confuſed heap of impoſitions and calumnies? Is a Prince to ſeek truth in a libel? Is he to expect it from a coward or a villain? Will you Sir, who deteſt and will not liſten to a ſlanderer, read a libel without ſcruple? Will you not give up a blameable curioſity to the gratitude you

owe to your Minister, or your people in place, who serve you with zeal and attachment? What! whilst they are dedicating their time to you, and labouring for your glory, and whilst your approbation is in their opinion the sweetest reward, will you in private read an infamous writing in which hatred and calumny seek to blacken and dishonour them? Ah! shudder, Sir! If you are not ashamed of being ungrateful, fear at least becoming unjust! If it should be in the power of imposture to deceive, lead astray, and deliver you up to fatal prejudices, ought you to expose yourself to this frightful danger? No man, scrupulously honest, will ever read a libel: a Sovereign should, if possible, be more delicate in this respect, and should look upon the man, who dares to quote a part of such a work, as a slanderer. I have heard of a great Prince, who, willing to give means to his subjects of informing him of the truth, placed in one of his closets a box which had an opening into the street, into which any one might throw a paper, and the Prince alone kept the key. This institution might be of great use, if the Prince should declare, that he would burn, without reading, all anonymous papers. If you, Sir, should ever be tempted to hold this kind of correspondence with an infinite number of people who have no other way of approaching, and writing to you let me advise you to insist particularly on the name and direction of each, and to impose it on yourself, as a fixed rule, to read none, till you are sure that the names and directions are not fictitious. Finally, Sir, without having recourse to this method, you may always discover the truth, if you encourage it, and have faithful friends. I learn with pleasure, that the Baron *de Sulbach* becomes daily a great favourite with you.

you. You are ſenſible of his integrity and knowledge. Conſult him always. But I muſt repeat, Sir, that in affairs of real conſequence, you ſhould take the advice of more than one, and follow none raſhly. I cannot but obſerve, notwithſtanding my great partiality for the Baron *de Sulbach*, that he is yet much too young to be your only confidant. He is well informed, rational, and virtuous; but he is only four and twenty: at that age, and at Court, one may eaſily degenerate and become corrupt. It will be ſoon perceived, ſhould his principles be changed: he will grow more ſupple, more obſequious, and have leſs ſincerity. The fear of your diſpleaſure, of making himſelf enemies, or even more trifling conſiderations, will prevent him from telling you freely the truth. You will ſee him inſenſibly loſe his diſintereſtedneſs and his moderation. He will value your favour more than your eſteem. He will endeavour to form a party in his intereſt: he will be buſied ſolely in making his own fortune, in removing his enemies from about your perſon, and in ſupplying their places with his own creatures. He will fear all perſons of a truly diſtinguiſhed merit, and will do his utmoſt to prejudice you againſt them. Attend to him ſtrictly, and you will eaſily diſcover theſe arts; and, ſhould there be ſuch, you ſurely will not ſuffer yourſelf to be a dupe to him.

I will not repeat to your Highneſs, how happy your bounties and your remembrance make me. You know my heart: and that your ſucceſs, your honour and friendſhip, conſtitute the chief comforts of my life. I muſt intreat you not to forget your promiſe to me of reading frequently Telemachus and the Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius.

LETTER LXVI.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

O, My daughter, what an event!..... This unfortunate Monſieur *d'Aimeri!* ..... Yet I believe his diſeaſe is not mortal: the phyſicians give hopes; but he has ſuch fatal forebodings, he ſuſtained ſo cruel a ſhock!.... Yeſterday, Monday, the day fixed for ſigning the articles, we all aſſembled at the Viſcounteſs's: Monſieur *d'Aimeri* had a ſlight attack of the gout on Sunday. We had not finiſhed our buſineſs above a quarter of an hour, when a ſervant whiſpered Madame *de Valmont*, that a perſon deſired to ſpeak to her on an affair of great importance. She turned pale, and deſired the man might be conducted into the Viſcounteſs's cloſet. She then roſe, and communicated her ſuſpicions to me. I recommended ſhutting herſelf up in the cloſet, and ſhe went out directly. Monſieur *d'Aimeri*, having obſerved her trouble and agitation, was queſtioning me anxiouſly, when all at once we were alarmed by the ſound of an unknown voice, crying aloud, Help, help. I attempted in vain to detain Monſieur *d'Aimeri*; he burſt from me; the Viſcounteſs, M. *de Valmont*, and myſelf followed him; we met a man in deep mourning, who told us, that Madame *de Valmont* had fallen down in dreadful convulſions..... Monſieur *d'Aimeri* quickened his pace; we entered the cloſet; I got before him, ſaying, For Heaven's ſake go; in the name of Friendſhip, I intreat you to abſent yourſelf for a moment..... I would have forced him, but he puſhed me away, and, advancing, ſaw Madame *de Valmont*

Valmont in a fit by a table, on which ſtood a box half open...He flew towards his daughter, caught her in his arms; he raiſed her up. At that moment a parcel ſlipped from under her gown to the ground..... He made a falſe ſtep, he ſtaggered, recovered himſelf as he was falling; caſt his eyes on the floor.... Heavens! what an object ſtruck him! the wretched man trod under his feet the hair of the unfortunate *Cecilia*..... He could not avoid knowing this dear and ſacred relic..... Madame *de Valmont*'s ſituation, the box, the ſtranger, all confirmed it.... He ſhuddered, turned pale, and trembled; he ſeemed to receive a mortal wound!.... I drew near, and hid from his eyes the melancholy object which had juſt renewed all his remorſe. Monſieur *d'Aimane* advanced at the ſame time, took him in his arms, and carried him into the next room. They were ſcarcely gone, before the Madame *de Valmont* recovered her ſenſes. There were then in the cloſet only the Viſcounteſs, Monſieur *de Valmont*, the ſtranger, and myſelf. What I have been relating, all paſt within three minutes. I had the precaution, on leaving the ſaloon, to forbid our children following us, and they remained with Madame *d'Olcy*, the Ladies *de S****, and all the company whom we had invited on this occaſion. In the mean time Madame *de Valmont* ſighed, revived, and ſome tears dropped from her half cloſed eyes!...O, my ſiſter! exclaimed ſhe. Pronouncing theſe words, ſhe raiſed herſelf gently; opened her eyes; ſaw the ſtranger; ſtarted; recovered her recollection; turning, ſhe perceived me, and extended her arms towards me with tranſport: Oh! cried ſhe, do you know?....My ſon!....the Chevalier *de Murville?* Yes, Madam, interrupted the ſtranger, addreſſing

himself to me, I was commissioned to present that box to this Lady, and to request her to open it immediately, as it contains Monsieur *Murville*'s will, by which he appoints the Chevalier *de Valmont* heir to all his fortune; that is to say, to seventy thousand French livres a year. As the stranger concluded his speech, Madame *de Valmont* and the Viscountess embraced me, with the most affecting expressions which the tendereſt friendship could inspire. Monsieur *Valmont*, who had hitherto appeared a more surprised than concerned spectator of what had passed, now took a true share in our joy. He wanted to run into the saloon, and to inform his son and all the company of this good news: but we convinced him, that it was necessary first to acquaint Monsr. *d'Aimeri*. The Gentleman in mourning (whose name is *Arnal*, an old friend of the Chevalier *de Murville*) told us, that the will was in the hands of Monsieur ** a lawyer; and, after giving us all necessary information, he took his leave with a promise of seeing us again at seven the next morning.—We told Madame *de Valmont* the situation of Monsieur *d'Aimeri*: she went directly to him with the copy of the will. He shewed much sensibility on the occasion, but persevered in his deep and heavy sorrow. The Chevalier received this news in a manner the most delightful to *Adelaide* and to me, testifying all the delicacy of the tendereſt and most passionate lover. He is truly inamoured, and for life. *Theodore* is violently in love with *Constantia*; but the Chevalier's passion is as fervent and far more profound. Monsieur *d'Aimeri* did not sit down to supper and went to-bed at ten o'clock. He encouraged us in regard to his health, and complained only of a little lassitude. *Adelaide* came into

into my room this morning, before I was up, in a visible agitation: she sat down on my bed-side, and I looked on her with an air of anxiety. What ails you, my child, said I, you seem to me to have been weeping? ..... Mamma, I have a confession to make to you, which hurts me a little .... Hurts you! .... O how you surprize me! .... Condescend to hear me. Yesterday in my first agitation I wrote a letter before I went to-bed, which I intended sending this morning unknown to you, lest you should disapprove it; although my tenderness for you was my only motive for writing it: but I have recollected, that we must swerve from our duty, even to do a good action. .... I owe you an unlimited confidence; no motive can justify my concealing any important step from you: therefore I come to acknowledge that I have written to the Chevalier *de Valmont* .... and here, Mamma, is my letter. I embraced *Adelaide*, and, taking the letter she offered, I read the following words: "My heart is rent by a cruel uneasiness which I "cannot help imparting to you; since one word "from you will dispel it intirely. Monsieur *de* "*Murville*'s will makes a change in your situation, "which alarms me. An inheritor of so large an "estate, do you not form new schemes ..... Will "you be always satisfied with this plain and con-"tracted apartment? .... which was even yester-"day so charming in your eyes! .... Remember, "Sir, that my mother, when she made choice of "you, had a right to expect never to be parted "from her daughter; with regard to me she deign-"ed to consult, do you not think that so pleasing "an expectation contributed to my ready com-"pliance? ... You owe the preference, with which

" you have inſpired me, to the regard my parents
" have for you, and to the attachment which I
" believe you have for them; in ſhort, to my per-
" ſuaſion that you would be perfectly happy in the
" midſt of my family. Alas, is it poſſible you
" ſhould be capable of ſacrificing ſuch ſolid and
" gentle happineſs for the vain deſire of poſſeſſing
" a fine houſe and of diſplaying your magnifi-
" cence? Can the moſt frivolous vanity make you
" forget the ſacred rights of friendſhip and grati-
" tude? Yes, gratitude; you own it to my mo-
" ther who loves you. She and my father adopted
" you in their hearts, even before your conduct
" juſtified their choice; and could you have the
" inhumanity to rob them of their daughter? Could
" you deſpiſe this habitation which has been
" deſtined for you theſe eight years; this ha-
" bitation, which my mother planned herſelf, and
" which ſhe pleaſed herſelf in decorating with ſo
" much care and delight? Could it be true,
" that you harbour ſo cruel an intent? Do not
" conceal it from me, it is not yet too late!
" ..... It is ſtill my duty to prefer my mother
" to you; and I declare that I do not heſitate.
" Thinking otherwiſe, ſhould I be worthy of the
" ſentiments you profeſs for me? What could you
" expect from my heart, could I now be ſo un-
" grateful as to waver between my mother and
" you? What ſhould I be at preſent but for the
" ſacrifices ſhe made for me, and for the atten-
" tion and care which ſhe has beſtowed on me?
" What would become of me, was I deprived of
" her example and advice? ..... I am indebted to
" her for all that can inſure the happineſs of my
" life. I owe to her a grateful heart, a love for

vir-

" virtue, thoſe talents which pleaſe you, and the " ſentiments with which I have inſpired you. O, " if you really love me, how very dear ſhould ſhe " be to you! .... Promiſe me you will never part " us. .... Since my mother has choſen you, you " muſt be virtuous and benevolent. .... To what " worthy and ſatisfactory purpoſes may you not " dedicate theſe unexpected riches which Heaven " has granted you! O, conſult only your own " heart and underſtanding, and you will uſe them " as I wiſh. Once more I repeat to you, Sir, that " a ſingle word will re-aſſure me; a promiſe will " annihilate all my fears, and diſpel all my un- " eaſineſs." ADELAIDE.

You will eaſily conceive, my dear, how ſenſibly I have been affected by this letter. *Adelaide*, ſeeing my tears flow, threw herſelf into my arms. O my child, ſaid I, how happy have you made me! .... not only by giving me ſo affecting a proof of your tenderneſs, but by convincing me how very dear your principles are to you, ſince you did not think you could ſend ſuch a letter without my conſent. Perſevere always in this manner of thinking, and never forget that a woman may have good qualities, but never can be virtuous unleſs her principles are unſhaken.—But never will you permit me to ſend this letter? .... Recollect, my dear, that (in the general opinion) you require from the Chevalier *de Valmont* a very great ſelf-denial. To content himſelf with an apartment at his father-in-law's; to promiſe to reſide there always; to have no houſe; no kitchen of his own; not to have it in his power to give a ſupper; is too much to aſk of the owner of an eſtate of 100,000 livres a year. .... He will be ſo much the richer, and may in-

dulge far more rational taſtes. So far from your ſociety's being new to him, he has no connexions nor friends but your's..... Nevertheleſs no other young man of his age, with ſuch a fortune, would conſent to what you demand; therefore you ought not to expect it..... If he has only a common way of thinking, I ſhall not regret him..... You are then reſolved not to marry him, unleſs he promiſes what you require?.... Yes, Mamma, if you will condeſcend to allow me to decide..... But, if Monſ. *de Retel* had had a more pleaſing perſon, you would have married him, and yet he would not have lived with me..... You, Mamma, have taught me, that our pleaſures muſt yield to reaſon and juſtice. Monſieur *de Retel* had no obligations to you; I could not expect a favour from him which I have a right to demand of the Chevalier..... The latter is certainly incapable of deceiving you, and ſhould he refuſe?.... He will not deſerve me, ſhould he only heſitate..... Have you conſidered the ill effects of ſuch a rupture, after the articles are ſigned, and even after an engagement ſtill more binding, the preference you have avowed?... I feel all the force of that engagement; and that it binds me never to marry any other; but, if he obliges me to give him up, I ſhall be wholly your's; my life will be devoted to you..... O do not doubt it; I deſire no better lot!.... *Adelaide* could not refrain from tears, as ſhe uttered theſe words. I ſtrove again to perſuade and divert her from her deſign; but ſhe interrupted me, and beſought me ſo earneſtly to permit her to ſend the letter, that I could not reſiſt her intreaties.—It was not without ſome inquietude that ſhe waited for the anſwer. At length 10 o'clock ſtruck, and they brought

brought her a letter, which she received with a trembling hand..... She gave it to me, and I opened a note which contained the following words:

" Who! me! I separate you from so beloved a " mother and so worthy of your affection! O " Madam, since she condescended to chuse me, " ought not you to esteem me at least!.... You, " who are unacquainted with love, cannot conceive " the extent of its dominion!.... But who is " more sensible of the sacred rights of gratitude and " of friendship?.... It is at the feet of Madame " *d'Almane*. (Alas! I have not as yet a right to " prostrate myself at your's.) It is at the feet of the " best of mothers that I will renew an oath so dear " to my heart and which, I hope, will restore " my happiness, which your unjust suspicions have " disturbed, by dispelling all your fears."

Adelaide did not conceal from me the joy this note gave her. We went down together to Monsr. *d'Almane*, and shewed him the Chevalier's answer. At this first moment *Adelaide* shewed a sensibility which she had never before discovered; and *Theodore* left us abruptly in the midst of our conversation, saying he would go seek his friend, and assure him that *Adelaide* was no longer unjust. *Adelaide* ran after her brother to prevent his going out; but I believe she did not employ all her strength to stop him. *Theodore* returned in an hour, and told us that Monsr. *d'Aimeri* suffered prodigiously with the gout, and that he had also a fever. Monsr. *d'Almane* and I went directly to see him. His Physician and Surgeon did not seem to think him in a very dangerous way; but he is so violently affected with what happened yesterday; he is so struck with the idea that Heaven denies him the consolation of seeing

ſeeing his grandſon married before his death; that he believes his illneſs mortal. He confeſſed and received all the Sacraments at noon. The Chevalier *de Valmont* is abſolutely in deſpair. He is tenderly attached to his grandfather; and it will delay (ſuppoſing the beſt) his marriage and *Theodore*'s at leaſt three weeks;—my ſon, you may believe, ſhares his ſorrow. Monſ. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* have been all the evening with Monſ. *d'Aimeri*. *Adelaide* and I ſupped alone; the pleaſure of talking together kept us up till midnight. I can, ſaid ſhe, at preſent have no doubt of the ſincerity of the Chevalier's affection; but will theſe ſentiments laſt for ever?—You are not ſpeaking of love I ſuppoſe, you know that is a paſſion which can never laſt.—His love will be over perhaps in a year; it certainly will not continue three. But, if you behave well, he will never feel a paſſion for any other, and you will be the object of his tendereſt affection. If you know how to inſpire this unalterable attachment, you will enjoy all the felicity this world can afford. You will obtain the only influence you ought to deſire, the influence which we acquire by our conduct and virtue; you will never feel that you have a maſter; the ſacred title of mother will not be a vain one to you; you will be conſulted in the eſtabliſhment of your children; you will preſide over their education, and you alone will marry your daughters; you will become the friend and confidant of your huſband; you will preſerve him from the errors of youth; you will ſtrengthen his principles, and increaſe his love for virtue; you will have part in all the reſpect he merits; for you can only ſhare his glory and his ſucceſs by obtaining his affection and making him happy. You will be ranked highly

highly in the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſocieties; in ſhort, your talents, your underſtanding and beauty, will add to the luſtre of the example of your virtue, and render it more alluring. But virtue alone will not ſuffice for the attainment of ſuch felicity; reaſon and prudence muſt direct and regulate all your actions, and you muſt form to yourſelf a fixed plan of conduct. For example, you ſhould from this minute conſider of a manner of behaviour to your huſband from the firſt. Shew him only thoſe ſentiments which will always laſt. If you ſhould be too fond at firſt, you will hereafter appear cool. By ſhewing much love, you will increaſe for a time that which you inſpire. For ſome months you will be more ardently beloved; but it will be in a leſs ſolid and durable manner. Love is not a ſentiment made for you, yet your heart is ſo tender, that you ſhould perpetually ſtrive to moderate your extreme ſenſibility; and if it ſhould be ſometimes too lively, know at leaſt how to diſſemble the exceſs of it. To pretend to ſentiments which we do not feel is falſhood; not to diſcloſe all we feel is prudence. Expreſs only confidence and friendſhip; but be ſure never to exact the cares and attentions of a lover; receive them with politeneſs and pleaſure, but at the ſame time never expect them; and appear more affected by a mark of eſteem, than by a proof of love. Finally, convince your huſband that his preſence is at all times moſt agreeable to you. The ſureſt and only means of keeping him near you is to receive him always with equal pleaſure. This is a duty, replied *Adelaide*, I ſhall certainly find no difficulty in fulfilling. Beſides, the care of my own reputation would of itſelf be a ſufficient inducement. Calumny can never

never fix her invenomed tooth in a woman who, ſo far from flying or avoiding her huſband, wiſhes to have him a witneſs to all her actions, and the preſence of the leaſt amiable huſband cannot be a reſtriction, provided ſhe is totally exempt from coquetry. You are in the right, anſwered I, but few people have elevation and ſenſe enough to think as you do. A young woman, who has never thought in her life, deſires only two things in marrying: to attract attention and to go by herſelf, that is, without her huſband or mother-in-law; and the former is generally reckoned the moſt offenſive and tireſome of *Chaperons*. If by chance a huſband takes it into his head to be fond of his wife, and chuſes to ſup frequently with her; ſhe never fails complaining in ſecret of ſuch tyranny. The boſom of friendſhip receives her groans; the friends declaim againſt the inſupportable man, who is preſently deſcribed as a jealous tyrant and a monſter. All the young men ſpeak of him with deriſion, and turn him into ridicule. Every one is in league againſt him; they all wiſh to be able to baniſh him from ſociety; and the whole world deplores the hapleſs lot of his victim. It is true, that this woman, ſo intereſting in the eyes of ſuch a number of ſimpletons, loſes at once her peace of mind, her happineſs, her reputation, and the eſteem of all ſenſible perſons.—Nevertheleſs, Mamma, returned *Adelaide*, the jealouſy of their huſbands is a real torment to many virtuous women.—True, my dear; neither do I ſpeak but in general; I always admit exceptions in every thing; but in this particular, which allows of none, namely, that a virtuous woman ſhould never betray any ſuſpicion of the jealouſy of her huſband; and, if ſhe avoids every temptation

that

that could give it birth, if she conceals it carefully, she will certainly cure him, without the world perceiving it.—But how is a man to avoid the imputation of jealousy, if the young men accuse him of it, merely because he is always seen with his wife? .... That is what never happens; let a beloved husband be ever so attentive, he will not be accused of jealousy. You know the Baron *de T**** and Mons. *D*****; they and their wives are inseparable. Has it ever been said, that they are jealous? Yet the Baroness and Madame *D***** are amiable, young, and handsome; but they are as much distinguished for their conduct as for accomplishments; and they do not think a husband's presence can be any trouble or constraint..... In this part of our conversation I heard the clock strike 12, and I sent *Adelaide* to bed, with a promise to renew the discourse to-morrow. Adieu, my dear daughter; it is three in the morning; but I would not go to bed till I had written all these particulars, since the Courier sets out to-morrow. I know the share you take in my conversations with *Adelaide*; and, as a mother and a friend, I assure you I relate them faithfully, and I believe without changing a word. You know the tenaciousness of my memory; so you may believe in truth, that it is as if you were by and listened; for you know exactly all we say. Finally, the sole idea that *Diana* and *Seraphina* will one day read all these letters would give me all that minute exactness which you so earnestly recommend. Farewell, my dear child! I shall continue my journal to-morrow, and go on with it until Mons. *d'Aimeri*'s recovery.

The Count *de Roseville* has engaged to send your stuffs by a safe and speedy conveyance. He breakfasts

fasts with me almost every day, not only to see me, but to talk of you for hours together. Judge how agreeable his company is to me! Besides, he is truly interesting, by his wit, his way of thinking, and that extreme simplicity which is his characteristic. No man surely can have more knowledge and merit and be less assuming. Our friend *Bruyere* very justly observes, "It is profound ignorance "which inspires one with a dogmatical manner. "He who knows scarcely any thing thinks to "teach others what he himself has but just learned. "He who knows a great deal thinks it hardly "possible for any one to be ignorant of what he "says, and therefore speaks with more simplicity."

LETTER LXVII.

The Baroness to Madame d'Ostalis.

Wednesday.

M. *d'Aimeri* is still nearly in the same state, yet they say he has less fever; but I find him more dejected, more depressed, than he was yesterday. He has been shut up for an hour to-night with two notaries: in short, he takes all the precautions of a man, who thinks himself at the last extremity. At the same time I observed a change in him to-day which struck me; it appeared to me, as if he wished to flatter himself, or rather to deceive us, in regard to his health. He told me to-day, for example, that he had slept pretty well last night, which is not true. He added, that he was in less pain than yesterday; he no longer talks of his fatal presages; his heart appears quite hardened;

dened; and he ſhews an inſenſibility which even extends to his grandſon. I believe that his remorſe, and his apprehenſions, naturally violent at this time, give him up to the moſt cruel terrors; to ſuch dreadful ideas that he can only think of himſelf. Nothing makes us ſo ſelfiſh as being in imminent danger; and how dreadful is that which looks him in the face! .... His tortured ſoul ſeems excluded from all hopes; he is inacceſſible to the ſoft ſentiments of friendſhip and to all kind of conſolation. I ſpent three hours with him: I obſerved alſo, that he could not without extreme pain hear the Chevalier *de Murville*'s will mentioned; but unfortunately Monſ. *de Valmont* has not yet exhauſted that ſubject of converſation, and it is abſolutely impoſſible to make him underſtand, that it diſpleaſes Monſ. *d'Aimeri*. He anſwers, that certainly his father-in-law muſt be delighted at *Charles*'s having an eſtate of an hundred thouſand livres a year; and of courſe he talks of nothing elſe; and ſtill keeps praiſing *this good Chevalier* de Murville, *whom he knew formerly only a poor Gentleman of* Picardy, *but whoſe perſon deſerved to have made his fortune*; *for he was as handſome as an Angel*. You know Monſ. *de Valmont*; therefore can both hear him and ſee him. If, in the midſt of this prating, any one makes a ſign to him in order to ſilence him, he never fails aſking aloud what they mean. He afflicts all Monſ. *d'Aimeri*'s nurſes, except the Viſcounteſs, whoſe attention is ſure to be fixed by talking of the Chevalier *de Murville*; and I have even ſurpriſed her ſeveral times queſtioning Monſ. *de Valmont* ſoftly on this ſubject, in order to know what kind of man the Chevalier *de Murville* was in his youth.

Theodore

Theodore conducts himself in a most delightful manner: instead of dining and supping at home with the Viscountess and *Constantia*, he stays with his friend, and never quits him but for one half hour in the day to come and see us just before dinner. He certainly cannot make a greater sacrifice to friendship. The Chevalier *de Valmont* is still more unhappy; for, since the day before yesterday, he has never seen *Adelaide*, who receives from him every day a most beautiful nosegay and a charming basket of flowers for *Hermione*.

To-night before supper, according to my promise, *Adelaide* and I resumed the conversation of yesterday. She questioned me very particularly on the Chevalier *de Valmont*'s disposition. I am certain, answered I, that he has all the essential virtues, and that he has excellent principles; yet I will not assure you, that he is without faults. He is naturally inclined to melancholy, and it is very possible he may sometimes be out of humour. He will certainly love you passionately the first year of your marriage. Take advantage of this temporary, though boundless, empire, which love will give you over him, to acquire the right of speaking freely to him of his faults; which should always be with a tone of interest and tender affection. At the same time ask advice of him; and, if you wish him to receive your counsels, appear desirous of his. What an interest have you in correcting all his defects, and in forming his temper and mind as much as possible! Reflect, that his virtues will be your happiness; that your fortune, the establishment of your children, your consequence, your glory, will depend upon his conduct; in short, that if you render

him better, he will become more dear to you, and you will attach him to you by the moſt laſting affections, eſteem and gratitude. Engage him to cultivate his mind; to be always employed; and, above all, to make a good uſe of his fortune. Convince him, that every action of benevolence will make him dearer to you. What lover will not be deſirous of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, and of acquiring glory, when his virtues give pride to the object beloved? But it is a virtuous woman alone that can inſpire this noble enthuſiaſm. If you are not yourſelf truly eſtimable in all particulars, your huſband will ſet no great value on your eſteem. To deſerve all his regard, be exactly that you are now; and, above all, preſerve that ſincere piety which diſtinguiſhes you: it will ſecure your happineſs, it will defend you from all the ſtrokes of calumny, and it will certainly preſerve your huſband from injurious ſuſpicions of jealouſy. So it is neceſſary, from the firſt year of your marriage, that your huſband ſhould be acquainted with your principles and your virtues; it is neceſſary for you to employ yourſelf in ſtudying his diſpoſition, and to accuſtom him to gently hear you tell him the truth..... It is very eſſential alſo, that I endeavour to gain his confidence ..... You have a very eaſy method of doing that; give him your's, and he will not refuſe you his. When we are well diſpoſed, we have at the bottom of our hearts a natural equity, which, without the aſſiſtance of reflection, will make us feel and partake all the reaſonable ſentiments we inſpire. If you would be loved, avoid artifice; it ſubdues ſometimes, but never attaches.—Love in good earneſt, and you will be beloved. One attracts,

tracts, one obtains confidence, in the same manner as friendship. If you have discovered to me your prudence and discretion, and if you are desirous of reading my heart, trust me with your most important secrets, and mine will escape me. Besides, my dear *Adelaide*, the knowledge you have gives you a right to your husband's confidence in all things. Though he should have the most perfect esteem for you, if you did not understand business, he could not converse with you about it. But Monsr *Leblanc*'s instructions have made you capable of discoursing sensibly on all kinds of affairs. To preserve the confidence he will grant you, never boast of it; if he should think you wanted to persuade people that he consulted you in every thing, he would not easily pardon this trifling vanity, as his pride would be hurt; and, even exclusively of this reason, if he knew that you imagined he concealed nothing from you, prudence alone would set bounds to his confidence.—I once knew the friend of a Minister of State, whose vanity of this kind rendered him very ridiculous. He was every moment telling people how great a confidence was reposed in him; and it was impossible for him to talk in that manner without his being guilty of many indiscretions; therefore such a person is the most dangerous confidant a Courtier could rely upon. A little political secret might easily have escaped him without his perceiving it; and a mysterious and cunning look, or even an affectation of silence, would be sufficient to make a discovery. I remember, once my father-in-law solicited a favour of great importance; the Minister's friend came to acquaint him privately, that his

his requeſt was granted. This attention did not ariſe from friendſhip, but was merely an indiſcretion occaſioned by vanity.—He only wanted to ſhew, that he was the firſt who knew it; and that he had heard it, even before the perſon moſt intereſted in it. This was a conduct well calculated to expoſe the Miniſter, who had ſo injudiciouſly placed his confidence. As to you, never think of gaining any one's confidence, except your huſband's.—All the world will imagine you poſſeſs it; and this opinion will neither hurt his conſequence nor his fortune; which far from being eſtabliſhed by your indiſcretion, will be founded on your merits and your virtue.

I have ſtill one thing more to adviſe you about, my dear *Adelaide*. You have an unalterable ſweetneſs and gentleneſs of diſpoſition; but yet you muſt not flatter yourſelf, that you will have no diſputes with your huſband. In all the little arguments you may have together, I recommend you always to wear an air and tone of reſpect; and at the ſame time never to ſuffer from him any expreſſion that can wound your delicacy, without appearing much concerned at it. In ſhort, in all ſituations, the more regard you ſhew him, the more he will ſhew for you.

After this converſation, I went and fetched your letters, and read to *Adelaide* that, which you wrote me ſome years ago on the ſubject of the attachment Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* had conceived for the Counteſs *Anatolle*. During my reading it, *Adelaide* was in an agitation, at the ſame time affecting and comical. Her anger againſt Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* at leaſt equalled her admiration of you; and I am not yet certain, whether ſhe has not ſtill a

little rancour at the bottom of her heart againſt Monſ. *d'Oſtalis*. But ſhe was much ſtruck with the prudence of your conduct; and ſhe ſaid with a deep ſigh, I promiſe you, Mamma, to follow ſo good an example, if ever I ſhould be in a ſimilar ſituation.

Thurſday Evening.

MONS. *d'Aimeri* is much worſe. I am juſt returned from him, overwhelmed with grief, tenderneſs, and compaſſion. About ſix in the evening, he became confuſed in his head; and inſenſibly grew delirious to the moſt frightful degree. Every moment he called out, *Cecilia*; this name, from his lips, made me tremble! .... At other times, he cried with a voice half choaked, and in the moſt piercing accents, take away that hair, take it away from me .... He thought he ſaw it on his bed; he ſhook the bed-cloaths with all his ſtrength; and turned his head away with grief and terror painted moſt forcibly in his eyes .... At ſeven o'clock, he grew calmer; he recovered his ſenſes, and demanded a Confeſſor; and we all left the chamber. In about half an hour he ſent for me; I found him ſo moved, ſo ſoftened, that he could not ſpeak. I ſeated myſelf near his bed, and, after a moment's ſilence, he wiped his eyes, and ſaid, I am going to tell you a thing which gives me great conſolation .... You know, Madam, that Monſ. * * the Notary, has in his hands twenty thouſand crowns, which belong to my grandſon. The firſt day of my illneſs *Charles* took ten thouſand livres upon this

this ſum, with which he has delivered thirty priſoners, detained at *Fort l'Eveque*, till they had paid the expences of their nurſes. He has not only carefully avoided boaſting of this action, but he has taken great precaution not to let it be known, that he was the author of it. However chance diſcovered it this day to the Abbè *Moreau*, who has juſt informed me of it. This is not all, ſaid Monſ. *d'Aimeri*; he has employed my ſteward to purchaſe a piece of ground, which joins to our little Charity School. He means to build a houſe, which may hold ten girls; and he charges himſelf with the whole expence of this ſecond ſchool, which will be eſtabliſhed on the plan of the other. How happy ought you to think yourſelf, interrupted I! the Chevalier *de Valmont* is your own work; he is indebted to you for all his virtues, as he owes his education wholly to you!.... At theſe words, Monſ. *d'Aimeri* raiſed his eyes to Heaven, fetching a deep ſigh.—Do me the favour, Madam, ſaid he, to fetch Monſ. *d'Almane*, Monſieur and Madame *de Valmont*, and my grandſon, and return with them. I went out immediately. When I came into the ſaloon, every body ſurrounded me to enquire after Monſ. *d'Aimeri*.—I was ſo much affected, I could not ſpeak; and beſides, at that moment I ſaw nobody but the Chevalier *de Valmont*; I ran to him, and embraced him with the affection of a real mother.... I afterwards acquitted myſelf of my commiſſion, and we returned to Monſ. *d'Aimeri*. As ſoon as he ſaw his grandſon, he held out his arms with the moſt affecting tenderneſs. The Chevalier flew to him, and Monſ. *d'Aimeri* preſſed him to his boſom. Oh, *Charles*, ſaid he, you

have eſtabliſhed peace and tranquillity in my ſoul ... Yes, Heaven will pardon me on account of your virtues? ... Think, my dear child, that every good action of your life will be an expiation of my crimes. ... The Chevalier could only anſwer by ſobs and tears;—and Monſ *d'Aimeri* was ſo much affected, that finding his ſtrength failed him, he made a ſign for us to lead his grandſon into the next room.—Before I left him, I aſked the Phyſician's opinion, who did not ſeem to be intirely without hope. You may eaſily imagine, how much *Adelaide* has been delighted by theſe particulars ... The ſchool for girls has above all given her infinite pleaſure. She flatters herſelf, that love has had a great ſhare in inducing the Chevalier to perform this noble action; and this is a motive, which does not leſſen the merit of it in her eyes. Adieu, my dear child; as the poſt goes to-morrow, I muſt finiſh this letter; but be aſſured the journal ſhall be exactly continued till the wedding-day.

LETTER LXVIII.

The ſame to the ſame.

Friday.

THIS unfortunate Monſ. *d'Aimeri!* ... Alas! his forebodings were but too juſt! Heaven has not permitted him the happineſs of conducting his grandſon to the altar. He retained his ſenſes to the laſt; and died this morning at ſix, after having inſiſted on Monſ. *de Valmont* and Monſ. *d'Almane* giving their words of honour, that the weddings ſhould be cele-

celebrated the 18th: that is to say, in four days. The Chevalier is in a pitiable condition. He was here this evening for the first time, since the articles were signed. His interview with *Adelaide* was truly affecting: he enjoyed the purest of all consolation; that of seeing the object of his love a sharer in his sorrow. He has seen *Adelaide* weep, and her tears fell for him.

In conformity to the last request of M. *d'Aincri*, the weddings are fixed for next Tuesday at nine in the morning; there is to be no parade; and we go from the Church to *Saint* * * * on Tuesday the 18th of April; what a day for me! what an epoch in my life!

Saturday, 15.

THE Viscountess has discovered a secret concerning *Theodore*, of which I was intirely ignorant. The day after his arrival, the Countess *Anatolle* sent him a letter, which contained a full acknowledgment of her sentiments, and an offer of her hand. She added, that his success and behaviour during the campaign had completed the discovery of a passion to her, which she had long endeavoured to suppress, &c. A person must have a weak head, and very little greatness of soul, to make such advances to a man of nineteen and a half. It is true, she had not thought of the possibility of a refusal; our engagements with Mons. *de Limours* were unknown to her, she has a vast fortune, is only twenty-one, and perfectly beautiful. Not doubting her success, she trusted the secret to a friend,

who told it to another, and from friend to friend it reached the Viſcounteſs; who related all theſe particulars to me this morning. Monſ. *d'Almane* tells me, that *Theodore* had no certainty of marrying *Conſtantia*, when he received the Counteſs's letter. Yet, as you will eaſily believe, he did not heſitate, but ſent immediately an anſwer full of reſpect and acknowledgments, but declared that his heart was engaged. The Viſcounteſs, in order to raiſe *Theodore* in *Conſtantia*'s eyes, told her all this Hiſtory, which I highly diſapproved.—She is naturally inclined to jealouſy. She muſt meet the Counteſs *Anatolle* frequently at her relations, and in publick company, and ſhe will never ſee her undiſturbed. I received a letter from *Porphyry* yeſterday, which announces his long expected return. He has ſpent near a year with Madame *de Lagaraye*. This conduct adds greatly to the eſteem and friendſhip I already felt for him. He informs me, that the ſole reaſon of his coming is to enjoy for a moment the ſight of my happineſs; and that he ſhall then return to Anjou, to the widow of his benefactor, whoſe affairs are not abſolutely ſettled. Good night my dear. Still two days to Tueſday.

Sunday, 16.

WHAT a delightful morning has this been to me! Although I did not go to bed till two, I was up again at ſeven; for how is it poſſible to ſleep an inſtant, when the moſt intereſting day of my life is ſo near!... I have been breakfaſting with M. *d'Almane*

d'Almane and my children. *Adelaide* was seated between us, and *Theodore* kneeled on a stool before us. He talked to us with as much affection as animation, of the excess of his happiness, and of his gratitude to us. You unite me to her I love, said he; every wish of my heart will after to-morrow be gratified. *Constantia* will have pledged her faith to me; I shall call my beloved friend by the dear name of *Brother*. Within three days *Constantia* and *Charles* will be your children; they will be there!... We shall never breakfast without them... *Adelaide* and *Constantia* will be placed between my parents; *Charles* and I shall be at their feet. During this discourse, *Adelaide*, reclining gently on my shoulder, with her eyes full of tears, looked tenderly on her brother, and from time to time pressed one of my hands, which she held in her's... *Theodore* left us at nine to go to Madame *de Valmont*; and *Adelaide* retired to write some letters:—only Monsr. *d'Almane* and I remained; and the pleasure of talking of our children kept us together till dinner. We not only were transported with our present prosperity, but we enjoyed all the felicity which we discovered in future days. I see you returned to Paris; and your children and mine educated in the same principles, forming but one family, too numerous, too united not to constitute a society in themselves. Their virtues, their affection, and their behaviour making the happiness of our lives! Such delightful hopes cannot be chimerical: we have a right to expect what we have deserved to see realised. You have no idea of the joy which fills this house; *Adelaide* and *Theodore* are adored, and they now receive the most affecting testimonies of affection from all the servants. But there are two persons who partake

almoſt all the ſentiments which I feel, *d'Ainville* and Miſs *Bridget*. He has already made ten allegorical pictures upon the marriages of *Theodore* and *Adelaide*. Beſides he ſhews his ſatisfaction by an exceſs of gaiety, which makes him appear mad. As for Miſs *Bridget*, ſhe is much more deeply affected: ſhe ſays, ſhe is charmed; in effect ſhe can neither ſpeak nor weep. She was never very explicit; but now, ſhe cannot even return the compliments made her on *Adelaide*'s nuptials; ſhe can only bow her head, and repeat, that ſhe is charmed. *Theodore* preſented *d'Ainville* this morning with an annuity of 1500 livres, and *Adelaide* did the like for her dear Miſs *Bridget*. For the reſt, theſe two perſons, who have been of ſuch great uſe to me in the education of my children, will end their lives with me; they will remain in the ſame rooms which they now occupy; and they both look forward to the time, when they can devote their talents to the education of my grand-children. My grand-children! ... In a year moſt probably I ſhall be a grandmother! Oh how I ſhall doat on the children of *Adelaide*, and on *Theodore*'s! How extremely dear will the daughter of *Adelaide* be to me! To me who can never hear her call *Hermione my child* without emotion.

The Chevalier de Herbain to the ſame.

Monday, 17.

I Am commiſſioned, Madam, to continue the journal; and I muſt ſend it to the Count *de Roſeville* before nine o'clock this evening. Madame *d'Almane*,

mane, surrounded by fifteen people, who will not leave her till midnight, will not be able to write till after supper; therefore, I hope you will excuse my being the relator this day: but without partiality you will lose nothing; for, in reality, I am the only person in the house who is at leisure to write, joy and happiness have turned all their heads. The business of the day is the acceptance of the *wedding-basket* sent by the Chevalier *de Valmont*. First of all you must know, if you have not already some idea of it, that Mademoiselle *d'Almane* has declared she will neither accept of diamonds nor trinkets; in fact, the gifts of Madame *d'Almane* and the presents from uncles and aunts would have been sufficient to gratify the wishes of a much less sensible and moderate young person, than our charming *Adelaide*. At five o'clock the arrival of the basket was announced, which made us eager to have a peep at it. Madame *d'Olcy*, with whom I am a favourite, whispered me, that she had not been consulted, and she was sure, it would be in a frightful taste. She went into Mademoiselle *d'Almane*'s closet, where we saw the basket, and it really was rather a mean-looking one. Madame *d'Olcy* put on a scornful look; I winked at her, and opened the basket; being a nice observer, she presently judged the contents (millenary) were not worth 4000 livres. Judge, Madam, of her indignation: while she was attacking her sister and nephew with the most ill-natured pleasantry, Madame *de Limours* finished emptying the basket, and discovered a very pretty pocket-book at the bottom, on which was written *Hermione*'s name. Little *Hermione* came running to us quite delighted: Madame *de Limours* gave the pocket-book to Mademoiselle *d'Almane*, who opening it,

found written on a piece of paper, with something incloſed therein, *A wedding gift from Madame de Valmont to her daughter.* *Adelaide* bluſhed and looked at her mother, who, on opening the paper, found it incloſed a ſettlement of 4000 livres a year on *Hermione* during her life. Madame *d'Almane*, and Madame *de Limours* embraced the Chevalier *de Valmont*. Madame *d'Olcy* in a cold conſtrained manner exclaimed, *that is delightful!* and Mademoiſelle *d'Almane* with a moſt inchanting grace took *Hermione* by the hand, and ſaid, you may accept of this preſent, my dear girl, for to-morrow he will be your father. Then leading *Hermione* to him, told her to embrace him, and he returned it with the greateſt tranſports, holding her for ſome time in his arms. All this while *Theodore*, from whom no ſecrets are hid, being impatient that all the treaſures of the baſket ſhould be diſcovered, lifted up a kind of pocket which contained a bit of paſteboard. —Here is a plan, ſaid he, for a charity-ſchool for ten young girls; it is you, ſiſter, who are to be the foundreſs, and for whom this is intended, as what was ſuppoſed would be the moſt agreeable to you. Here Madame *d'Olcy* cried out again, *delightful, delightful!* Becauſe ſhe is all politeneſs; but I am very ſure ſhe thought that a baſket made by Miſs *Bertin*, would have been much more deſirable than this. You will allow, Madam, that ſuch wedding-gifts as theſe are ſtill more honourable to thoſe that receive, than to thoſe that give them. For my part, what I almoſt as much admired, was, that out of ſixty perſons, who have been here to pay their compliments to Madame *d'Almane* for the laſt two hours, there is not one knows the contents of the baſket. It is true, Madame *de Limours* went

home,

home, or she alone would have made it public; for Monsieur and Madame *d'Almane* never speak of what passes in the family to those whom it does not concern. Besides, in this house, great, delicate, and virtuous actions are not remarked; they give satisfaction and pleasure, but never that extreme surprise which makes them esteemed miraculous, and worthy of being the common talk of the week: as a proof, after having examined the basket, we left the closet; and though there was none but the family, Madame *d'Almane* changed the conversation, and no more was said of the basket. There is in this simplicity of acting something so sublime, that it demands from the bottom of the soul the utmost of our admiration.

Porpyhry is just arrived in time to compose the nuptial songs. I am writing, Madam, in a closet adjoining the saloon, and am interrupted every minute by one or other with some message for you: among others, there is *Porphyry*, who complains of your silence; and Madame *de Puisigny*, the widow of a relation of Madame *de Valmont*, who spent some time with you in Champagne, at your mother-in-law's. This Madame *de Puisigny* is one of the most agreeable persons I ever met with: she is lively and easy, without being capricious: she argues without severity, and contradicts without displeasing; she has read and seen a great deal, and her conversation is as instructive as it is entertaining: in short, the goodness of her heart keeps pace with her wit and agreeable manner, and must be productive of the most lasting and solid friendship. It gives me pain that you were only eighteen years old when you last met her, as I am afraid you will not recollect her, particularly

particularly as her age would make you feel so much reſpect for her, that you could not form an exact eſtimate of her worth. Adieu, Madam; accept with your uſual goodneſs, my profeſſions of that real attachment for you, which I have vowed for life. The only perſon in the world, who can poſſibly love you better, inſiſts upon my pen, and I cannot refuſe it.

Oh! my daughter! my dear daughter! to-morrow is the day! It muſt be within twelve hours!.... Conſider the agitation and confuſion I am in!.... I can write no more; my hand trembles ſo, and my heart is ſo full! Adieu, my child!....I am happy....and I love you *beyond expreſſion*.

LETTER LXIX.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

Saint ***.

Tueſday April 18.

She is married!....O God, grant that it may be for her happineſs!.... that hope alone directed me. Neither intereſt nor ambition determined my choice: I may therefore be allowed to expect from this union all the joy of my life.

You will credit me, that I never cloſed my eyes this night: No ſooner did I behold the firſt dawn of day, than I rung. I roſe haſtily, and was going down to Monſieur *d'Almane*, when my daughter came into my room: ſhe threw herſelf into my arms; afterwards ſhe fell at my feet, bathed in tears, and eagerly embracing my knees..... Oh, Mamma,

Mamma! exclaimed she, you are going to give me a new master; but in delegating to him those sacred rites which you have over your daughter, promise me at least to preserve and exert them yourself in their full extent. On my part I vow you the same submissive obedience I have ever paid you. The first and dearest wish of my heart is, to take you for my model, to copy you, if it be possible; to observe all your advice, to devote my love to you. I am sensible, that all your happiness depends on my conduct. Ah! I will justify your expectations!..... Did I not respect my duties, I would fulfill them, to insure your felicity; I would fulfil them for your sake, who was to me in the place of a Governess and an instructress; who was my dear benefactress, my tender mother!.... At these words she raised her arms towards me; and looked at me with those melting eyes, which so justly describe the tenderness and purity of her soul!.... I raised her up, and embraced her a thousand times. I could not speak, but she saw into my heart.

In about half an hour Monsieur *d'Almane* and *Theodore* came to seek us. My son, already dressed, hastened us to our toilets. Mine did not take long. I would myself dress *Adelaide*. What a pleasure I felt in decorating her; in placing in her head that little sprig of orange flowers! * in putting on her nuptial robe!..... *Adelaide*, who is commonly only pretty, was beautiful to day. A soft melancholy was spread over her features, and added to the beauty and nobleness of her figure, made her modesty more affecting.

* A consecrated nosegay, always worn by Brides.

I shall

I shall not pretend to describe what I felt in conducting her to church; in seeing her at the altar!... You will one day marry a daughter, and you will then know all, that passed in my heart..... As soon as the ceremony was over, we all set out for *Saint* **; where I shall remain all the Summer and Autumn; my son-in-law, or rather my second son, and *Theodore*, will stay till the time of the Summer campaign; that is to say till the month of June. The poor Viscountess is obliged to leave us to-morrow, in order to return to her attendance on Madame *de Valcé*, who cannot live a week longer. It is settled, that *Theodore* and *Constantia* shall only reside four years with Monsieur *d'Almane*; and then they are to take possession of an apartment, which is allotted them in the house which the Viscountess is building. It is but just, that he should enjoy the company of the only child that is left him, and for whom he has for these last two years conceived the most tender affection. In four years *Theodore* will be twenty-four; he may then quit the paternal dwelling without danger: besides, the Viscountess's house will be so near this, that this separation cannot be felt.

I am now, my dear child, going to give you a description of the wedding present I made my children. I took *Adelaide* and *Theodore* into my closet; and fetching from my beaureau two copies of a Work in three thick volumes: This, said I, my children, is all I have left to give you. It is written for you; and intitled, LETTERS ON EDUCATION.... You will find in them a faithful picture of the manners and fashions of the world. In this sketch of human life, I wished to point out to you the road which leads to happiness; to mark the

the rocks you ſhould avoid, the croſſes and errors from which you ſhould preſerve yourſelves. This undertaking required courage!.....I knew it; nor was I ignorant of the numberleſs dangers to which we expoſe ourſelves by attacking without reſerve vice and folly!..... But neither fear, nor any other conſideration could ſtop me when I was writing for you. I had no difficulty, or even any merit in ſpeaking the truth: my wiſh was to inlighten you. It was labouring for your happineſs and my own. I am ſtill young enough to flatter myſelf with the hopes of ſuperintending the education of your children: but if death ſhould rob you of your mother, you will find in theſe books all the advice ſhe could have given you. This book is adapted to youth, not to childhood: it reveals all the ſecrets of education. If you adopt my method, do not give it your children before their wedding-day. In fine, you alone can judge, and prove to others, if my ſyſtem really deſerves to be preferred. If you never ſwerve from your duties, if you preſerve your principles untainted, if you are always virtuous and benevolent; if your knowledge and your talents daily procure you new pleaſures; in ſhort, if you find an inexhauſtible ſpring of happineſs in the conſtant purſuit of benevolence, and the practice of every virtue.... then my plan is a good one; my ſyſtem is not chimerical; and my work is no romance. O, my dear children! I do not doubt but you will prove the utility of this work;—when your characters and your hearts are known, the method I have followed will be applauded.

FINIS.

Course of Reading pursued by ADELAIDE, *from the Age of six Years, to Twenty-two.*

ADELAIDE could read perfectly well at *six* years old; but then she only read by way of lesson, and did not understand what it was about. And though by that time she knew the History of the Bible, she learned it solely, by means of the Magic Lanthern. She had also some notion of Geography, which she learned by means of Perspective Glasses; and she had seen Pekin, Canton, Moscow, Kola, &c. a thousand times. She not only knew the Capitals, but the principal rivers, and other things worth notice; which she learnt in the same manner, by amusing herself with Madame *d'Almane* and Miss *Bridget*, in looking through the Perspective Glass. She spoke French and English equally well. Such were *Adelaide*'s improvements, when she arrived in Languedoc. Although she appeared to have both penetration and sense at that age, yet Madame *d'Almane* did not think it would be any advantage to her to read those little Tales, which are composed for children in their infancy. She thought it better to give her six months preparation for reading them, by teaching her to read little true stories still better adapted to her capacity, but which were not worthy the notice of the publick. Madame *d'Almane* had five or six sets of these little works printed; but took care to conceal her being the author. When she arrived in Languedoc, she waited for a proper opportunity to produce them; for she would not give them to her daughter,

ter, but at the time when they might be useful. *Adelaide* was very impatient to read to herself; and her eagerness was encreased by deferring to satisfy it;—however, one day, that she had been contradicting her brother, there came a pedlar to the Castle with books, one of which she was permitted to choose; she did not fail to take the only one which was bound; indeed it was in Red Morocco, with a gilt edge; when she had purchased it, she found it was called, The History of Cephisa, a charming little girl, very mild and obedient, who never contradicted her brother in her life. She read this history with great delight; and that very evening *Adelaide* asked her brother's pardon, and assured him she would never more behave ill to him. A week after came another pedlar, and brought another book, which was a new lesson *. In short, in six months *Adelaide* had read, and got by heart, all the little neatly bound books, in which were Madame *d'Almane*'s histories.

At *seven* years old she had read The Bible, The Conversation of Emilius, and *Les Hochets Moraux*, by Monsr. *Monget*; which are pleasing Tales in verse, dedicated to Mademoiselles *d'Orleans* and

* Madame *d'Almane* made use of, more than once, this indirect method of giving instruction. When *Adelaide* left Languedoc to return to Paris, she was ten years old, and during that Winter she used every morning at breakfast to read aloud the Paris Gazette. During this Winter, she read near sixty false sheets, which her mother had caused to be printed expressly for her, and substituted instead of the real news-papers; *Adelaide* and *Theodore* read all these with inexpressible delight. They contained pleasing histories; proofs of great courage; benevolence; filial affection, &c. &c. and many other similar lessons, which were thought necessary for the particular occasion.

de

de Chartres; these *Adelaide* got by heart †. At *seven* years and half she read Plays and Dialogues for Children, written by Madame *de la Fite*, a work in two volumes, equally valuable and interesting, as well for the use it is of to children, as by the wit and graces with which it abounds. At *eight* years old she read the seven volumes *des Annales de la Vertu*; *La Géographie comparée*, by Monsr. *Mentelle*, and a Treatise on Heraldry. By this time *Adelaide* began to write a large hand pretty well, and instead of giving her one single sentence for a copy, she had a different page every day. The first she began with, was *le Catéchisme Historique*, which lasted her six months; and the next six months, she wrote *l'Abregé de la Géographie*, by Monsr. *le Ragois*.

At *nine* years old she wrote *l'Abregé de l'Histoire Poétique*, and *l'Instruction sur les Métamorphoses d'Ovide*, also by *Ragois*; which lasted her till she was *ten*, when she read, and acted, five Comedies of the *Theatre d'Education: Agar dans le Désert*; *les Flacons*; *la Colombe*; *l'Enfant Gâté* and *l'Aveugle de Spa*. To these were added *Eléments de Poésie Françoise*, three Volumes in Twelves, and Robinson Crusoe. By this time her lessons for writing, were an Abridgement of The Beauties of History, as she then began to write English, which before she could only speak. When she had written her English copy, we made her read it in order to pronounce it properly; and this taught her to read English; so that one lesson contained three, Writing, History, and the English Language.

At *eleven* years old she wrote over again all

† Les Hochets Moraux are to be had at Lambert's and Baudoüin's rue de la Harpe.

those

thoſe books, which we have juſt mentioned; and ſhe knew by heart the *Annales de la Vertu* ſo much the better, for having ſeen in the tapeſtries and magic lantherns the moſt remarkable incidents in Hiſtory. She alſo read at this age, Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory, The Imitation of Jeſus Chriſt, The Father's Inſtructions to his Children; and *le Theatre de Campiſtron*.

At *twelve* years old ſhe received the Sacrament; ſhe read *les Quatre fins de l'Homme*, by Monſieur *Nicole*; an excellent book, which, read in early youth, makes an impreſſion not to be effaced. Echard's Roman Hiſtory; *le Theatre de la Grange-Chancel*; and Macaulay's Hiſtory of England.

At *thirteen* ſhe read the Princeſs of Cleves, Zaide, Cleveland, the Deane of Coleraine, Anecdotes of the Court of Philip Auguſtus, the reſt of the *Theatre d'Education*; a book on Mythology, by Madame *d'Almane*, and the Travels of Cyrus: and in the courſe of this year ſhe wrote for her copies, a Collection of Poems taken from different authors; ſuch as *Bertaut*, *Godeau*, *Pavillon*, *Deſmahis*, &c. At *fourteen* ſhe read Tremblay's Inſtructions from a Father to his Children; a good book, which contains a courſe of inſtruction well written upon all ſubjects; The Hiſtory of France, by *Velly*, &c.; *le Theatre de Boiſſy*; *le Theatre de Marivaux*, *le Spectacle de la Nature*, by Monſ. *Pluche*; *Hiſtoire des Inſectes*, in two vols. and Lady M. W. Montague's Letters. *Adelaide* began at this time to read Italian, which ſhe already ſpoke very well, and ſet out with the tranſlation of the Peruvian Letters, and *les Comedies de Goldoni*. She continued writing the Poems before mentioned, and began to anſwer the Letters written by Madame *d'Almane*, as mentioned

in

in the third volume, and also took Extracts of what she read.

At *fifteen* she read *les Synonymes de l'Abbé Girard*, *la Maniere de bien penser dans les ouvrages d'esprit*, one vol. *Reflexions critiques sur la poesie & sur la peinture*, by the *Abbé Dubos*; *Histoire de Pierre le-Grand*; *Voltaire*'s Universal History; *Theatre de Destouches*; *Theatre de la Chaussée*; *D. Quichotte*; *la Poétique de Marmontel*; Hume's History of England, and the Works of Metastatio in their original languages; and this year she only wrote her Copies with a Master twice a week; she finished the Answers to Madame *d'Almane*'s Letters; and made Extracts from the English and Italian Histories. At *sixteen* she read Virgil's Æneid and his Georgics, translated by Monsr. *l'Abbe de l'Isle*; Madame *Sevigny's Letters*; *Fontaine's Fables*; Translation of the Greek Theatre; *Theatre de Crebillon*, and some detached Pieces, as *Manlius*, *de la Fosse*; *Ariane*, and the *Comte d'Essex*, *de Thomas Corneille*; *la Metromanie*; *Ines de Castro*; the Translations of Plautus and Terence; Clarissa, and Thomson's Works in English; and Pasto Fido, in Italian.—This year *Adelaide* left off writing Copies, and only wrote Extracts, and made Verses. She also began again to compose Answers to the Letters Madame *d'Almane* had written; and in six months she had written forty Answers. At *seventeen* she read *Voltaire*'s *Age of Lewis Fourteenth*, and his *History of Charles the Twelfth*; the *Poems of Madame Des Houlières*; the Works of *Gresset*; *Theatre du Grand Corneille*; *Theatre de Racine*; *Theatre de Voltaire*; *les Sermons de Bourdaloue*; and Sir Charles Grandison and Pamela in English; with Arioso in Italian. She made Extracts from History, and from *Corneille*; she read *Voltaire*'s Edition of the latter, in order to judge

judge of it herſelf. When ſhe had made her Remarks, Madame *d'Almane* corrected her opinions, by ſhewing her *Voltaire*'s; at the ſame time obſerving, that his were not all equally juſt. * Between *eighteen* and *nineteen* ſhe read *Theatre de Moliere*; *Boileau*'s Works; *Regnard*; *Dufreni*; the Poems of *J. B. Rouſſeau* †; *Sermons de Maſſillon*; with the Spectators in Engliſh, and Petrarch in Italian.

After the marriage of *Adelaide*, Madame *d'Almane* engaged her to continue her reading as uſual, which ſhe did at her toilet; and as ſhe received no company at her houſe for two years after ſhe was married, ſhe had time to purſue her ſtudies from eighteen and a half to twenty years and a half. She read during that time Letters on Education; *Emilius* and *Odyſſey*; *Buffon*'s *Natural Hiſtory*; *Telemachus*, *Flechier*, *Boſſuet*, *Maſcaron*; *les Ca-*

† Among others, the criticiſm on that beautiful imprecation of Camilla, in the Horaces;—and in that line in Rodugune is admirable, becauſe it comes from Cleopatra; whoſe deſperate character and motives of action it points out ſo well: after having heard her ſay theſe words: *Fall upon me Heaven*, &c. &c. we are not ſurpriſed to ſee her poiſon herſelf with a view of being revenged. Take away this ſingle ſpeech of the Play, and the plot, which is the moſt beautiful of any on the Theatre, would appear no longer probable. The Author of Zara ought to feel, better than any one, the ſuperior merit of the above excellent line.--Oſmyn ſays, *I am not jealous: Have I ever been ſo!*—This beautiful piece of oratory, prepares us for every thing: it gives us the character of Oſmyn; it ſhews us the unravelling of the plot. Take away this one line from the Play, and the murder of Zara would only inſpire one with horror and amazement, and the cataſtrophe would appear no longer probable.

† The great merit of Rouſſeau's Poems depend leſs on his thoughts than on his harmony. It is neceſſary to have read a great deal of Poetry in order to taſte the beauties of his; and for this reaſon Madame *d'Almane* did not hurry herſelf to give them to her daughter.

racteres

racteres de la Bruyere; *Rochefoucault*'s *Maxims*; and in Engliſh Pope's Works, and Locke, including the Iliad of Pope ſo elegantly tranſlated; with the Hiſtory of Italy by *Guiciardini*, and the Works of *Dante*, in Italian.

From the age of *twenty* and a *half* to *twenty-two*, ſhe read *the Penſées de Paſcal*; Gil Blas; *Memoirs of the Hiſtory of France*; Hamilton's Works; Treatiſe on Wiſdom, by *Charron*; Perſian Letters; and *l'Eſprit des Loix*; in Engliſh, Milton and Shakeſpeare, and in Italian, La Jeruſalem délivrée.

At *twenty-two* Madame *d'Almane* gave her notice of all the New Works which were worth reading; and adviſed her to read over again the books ſhe had been accuſtomed to from ſixteen to twenty-two; which would laſt her, with ſome additional books which it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould be acquainted with, ſuch as *Fontenelle*'s *Plurality of Worlds*, *ſes Diſcours Academiques*, and ſome others, till ſhe was ſeven or eight-and-twenty. This Plan of Study ſeems to be carried to a great length; yet it does not take in many works of which there are Extracts to be met with in the ſeven volumes of *Annales des Vertu*; ſuch as the Hiſtories of Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Poland, Turkey, Arabia, and Ruſſia. It is remarkable that this plan of reading, at the beginning, only required half an hour each day; and only three quarters of an hour from the age of thirteen to twenty two, even ſuppoſing they did not read faſt. There are only two or three of the Works which are voluminous; and there is not a year where one has more than fifty volumes to read. It muſt be obſerved that Plays are read in much leſs time than other books, becauſe the names of the perſons take up a great part of the room.

The ſtudies of *Theodore* were much more extenſive

tenſive. Many Latin Books, of which *Adelaide* never read even the tranſlations, as well as many books on Laws and Political Subjects, were comprized in his reading. Yet there was not more time employed on that account. *Theodore*, from the age of ſixteen to twenty-two, read every day about two hours and a half. He learned no muſic nor ſinging; he did not draw ſo long at a time as his ſiſter. When the weather was not fit for walking, *Adelaide* amuſed herſelf with Embroidery, or other little works of that kind, and *Theodore* read, played at billiards, &c. So that *Theodore* had read infinitely more than *Adelaide*; yet ſhe met with very few women who had ſo much knowledge as herſelf, or whoſe ideas were more clear and juſt; for ſhe had learned and digeſted every thing ſhe had read.

A Mother, who wiſhes to adopt this method of ſtudying for her daughter, and who at the ſame time does not intend her to learn Engliſh or Italian, will have very little to alter. It will only be neceſſary to ſubſtitute tranſlations from the principal Works in thoſe languages. Therefore it will only be diſpenſing with ſeven books, which are not abſolutely neceſſary to be read, and which *Adelaide* had learned by her Copies from ten years old to thirteen. Theſe books are the Beauties of Hiſtory; Father's Inſtructions; Macaulay's Hiſtory; the Travels of Cyrus; Lady M. W. Montague's Letters; The Peruvian Letters; and Goldone's Comedies. Inſtead of theſe, you may take *Modeles Militaires*, in two volumes, *Hiſtoire generale des Voyages*, abridged by Monſ. *de la Harpe*, twenty-one vols.; the Tranſlation of the Fables of Phædrus; and Advice from a Mother to her Daughter, and to her Son, by Madame *de Lambert*. One may add

more French Books, if one does not teach them Engliſh, becauſe one can read much faſter in one's own language, unleſs one is quite perfect in others, and then it makes little or no difference. But when *Adelaide* read Engliſh and Italian, they were not ſo eaſy to her as her own tongue; and therefore I have ſubſtituted for the foreign Works, more voluminous Works in French.

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* The Author has not entered into particulars relative to the Education of a Prince, becauſe ſhe has written a Comedy on the ſubject, called *Vatheck, or the Governor of a Prince*, in her Theatre of Education; and therefore would not repeat herſelf in this Work.

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Ducrest de Saint-Aubin
Adelaide and Theodore

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